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**THE NEW GRANT WHITE  
SHAKESPEARE**

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**VOLUME II**

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**BEATRICE AND BENEDICK**

From the painting by H. Merle

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act IV, Sc. i**



THE NEW GRANT WHITE SHAKESPEARE

THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,  
TRAGEDIES, AND POEMS OF  
**William Shakespeare**

WITH MEMOIR, INTRODUCTIONS, AND  
NOTES BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE

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THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

*In Eighteen Volumes*

VOLUME TWO

*MEASURE FOR MEASURE  
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS  
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*

<sup>c</sup><sub>2</sub>  
BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1912

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# CONTENTS

## VOLUME TWO

---

<b>MEASURE FOR MEASURE . . . . .</b>	<b>PAGE 1</b>
Act First. . . . .	13
Act Second . . . . .	29
Act Third . . . . .	57
Act Fourth . . . . .	77
Act Fifth . . . . .	99
<b>THE COMEDY OF ERRORS . . . . .</b>	<b>131</b>
Act First. . . . .	141
Act Second . . . . .	151
Act Third . . . . .	165
Act Fourth . . . . .	179
Act Fifth . . . . .	198
<b>MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING . . . . .</b>	<b>223</b>
Act First. . . . .	233
Act Second . . . . .	248
Act Third . . . . .	274
Act Fourth . . . . .	296
Act Fifth . . . . .	312



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## VOLUME TWO

*Photogravured by Goupil & Co., Paris*

✓ BEATRICE AND BENEDICK. <i>Much Ado about Nothing.</i> Act IV., Sc. i. . . . .	Frontispiece
From the painting by H. Merle.	
✓ ANGELO AND ISABELLA. <i>Measure for Measure.</i> Act II., Sc. iv. . . . .	53
From an engraving by W. Schmidt, after the painting by A. Spiers.	
✓ ISABELLA AND CLAUDIO. <i>Measure for Measure.</i> Act III., Sc. i. . . . .	61
From the painting by Holman Hunt.	
✓ THE TWO DROMIOS. <i>The Comedy of Errors.</i> Act V., Sc. i. . . . .	214
From an engraving by J. Bauer, after the painting by Richter.	
✓ THE CHURCH SCENE. <i>Much Ado about Nothing.</i> Act IV., Sc. i. . . . .	296
From the painting by J. Forbes Robertson.	

## EXTRA ILLUSTRATIONS

*Photogravured by G. W. H. Ritchie, New York*

✓ E. L. DAVENPORT AS BENEDICK AND JOHN GILBERT, AS DOGBERRY. <i>Much Ado about Nothing.</i> . . . .	272
From engravings.	

## FACSIMILE

✓ Much adoe about Nothing. 1600. <i>Title-page</i> . . .	224
--	-----



# **MEASURE FOR MEASURE**

**VOL. II. — 1**

*Measure for Measure* occupies twenty-four pages in the folio of 1623 ; viz., from p. 61 to p. 84, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes and is followed by a list of the Dramatis Personæ under the head, "The names of all the Actors." From this list, however, *Varrius* and the *Justice* are omitted : above it is "*The Scene Vienna.*"

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

## INTRODUCTION

**S**HAKESPEARE found the plot and the principal characters of this play made to his hand in the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone which was published in 1578, but never acted. Whetstone founded his play upon the fifth Novel of the eighth Decade of Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* (1565), a collection of tales similar to Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, and in which also Shakespeare found the tale upon which he constructed his *Othello*. The course of the story in Cinthio's novel [which appears founded on fact; see *Notes and Queries*, July 29, 1893] is indicated with sufficient particularity in its long title, which is as follows:—“*Juriste* is sent by the Emperor Maximilian to Inspruch, where he causes a young man, who has violated a virgin, to be arrested, and condemns him to death: his sister endeavours to free him: *Juriste* holds out hopes to the lady that he will marry her and liberate her brother: she lies with him, and the same night *Juriste* causes the young man's head to be struck off, and sends it to his sister. She complains to the Emperor, who causes *Juriste* to marry the lady; after which he orders him to be put to death: the lady saves him, and lives with him most lovingly.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “*Juriste* e mandato da Massimiano, Imperadore, in Ispruchi, ove fa prendere un giovane, violatore di una vergine, e condannalo à morte: la sorella cerca di liberarlo: *Juriste* da speranza alla donna di pigliarla per moglie, e di darle libero il fratello: ella con lui si giace, e la notte istessa *Juriste* fa tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla sorella. Ella ne fa querela all' Imperadore, il quale fa sposare ad *Juriste* la donna; poscia lo fa dare ad essere ucciso. La donna lo libera, e con lui si vive amorevolissimamente.”

[Cinthio also made a tragedy, *Epitia*, out of the story. Authorities are divided as to whether Shakespeare knew Cinthio in the original, whether of the romance or of the tragedy. Cf. Lee, *William Shakespeare*, p. 237, and Ward, *Hist. Eng. Dram. Lit.*, II. 154.]

Whetstone himself published in 1582 a book of tales similar to that of Cinthio, which he called the *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, and one of these tales he founded on Cinthio's story of *Juriste*. The following argument, prefixed to his play of *Promos and Cassandra*,<sup>1</sup> gives a very good description of the course of its incidents, but is defective in two or three points important to the student of Shakespeare:—

“In the Cytie of Julio (sometime under the dominion of Corvinus, King of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so ever committed Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparell, during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord Promos auctority: who, convicting a yong Gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother: but, wicked man, tounring his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her Brothers life: chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no persuasion would

<sup>1</sup> “The right excellent and famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, divided into Commical Discourses: In the fyrste Parte is showne the unsufferable abuse of a lewde Magistrate, the vertuous behaviours of a chaste Ladye, the uncontrold leawdeness of a favoured Curtisan, and the undeserved Estimation of a pernicious ParasYTE: In the second Parte is discoursed the perfect Magnanimitye of a noble Kinge, in checking Vice and favouringe Vertue: Wherein is showne the Ruyne and Overthrowe of dishonest Practises, with the Advancement of upright Dealing.”

Both Whetstone's tale and Cinthio's are printed in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*.

yeald to this raunsome. But, in fine, wonne with the importunitye of her Brother, (pleading for life,) upon these conditions she agreede to Promos. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos as feareless in promisse, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygnd her conditions : but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other : for to keepe his authoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandrac's clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The Gayler, [touched] with the outcryes of Andrugio, abhorrying Promos lewdenes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the Gaylor, who was set at libertie) was so agreede at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl herselfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos. And, devisyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne unto the kynge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos : whose judgment was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased honour : which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This marryage solempnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life : the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale, before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare Historye, in action lyvely followeth."

By this it will be seen that Whetstone improved greatly upon the plot of Cinthio's tale, for dramatic purposes, by causing the brother to be condemned for a far more venial fault than that laid to his charge by the Italian author, and by substituting another prisoner as the victim of the governor's faithless cruelty. Upon Whetstone's plot, Shakespeare again improved by still further mitigating the brother's error, by making the monarch himself the principal agent in working out the denouement, and, above all, by the introduction of another female character, betrothed (which in early times was about the same as married) to the deputy, and whose intervention saves his intended victim from compliance with his conditions, while he is yet made answerable for the same

crimes of which he is guilty even in the original Italian story. But Shakespeare not only adopted, with these great improvements, Whetstone's variations from Cinthio's novel : he found in *Promos and Cassandra* another set of characters, the Bawd, the Fantastic, the Clown, and the Constable, which he also introduced but re-created. He followed, too, in some measure, the arrangement of Whetstone's Scenes, and in certain passages of the earlier play we find the germs of others in the later. Thus, for instance, in these lines,

"Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,  
For in forst faultes is no intent of yll,"

is the origin of these,

"Our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than accompt."

So this passage, in a soliloquy by *Promos*, after *Cassandra* has yielded to him,

"No force for that my might commaundeth right ;  
Hir privie maimes hir open cryes will staye,  
Or if not so, my frowning will hir fright :  
And thus shall rule conceale my filthy deed,"

is plainly but the counterpart of the following, in *Angelo's* soliloquy, when he supposes himself to be in a similar position with regard to *Isabella* :—

"But that her tender shame  
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
How might she tongue me ! Yet Reason dares her on :  
For my authority here bears up a credent bulk  
That no particular scandal once can touch  
But it confounds the breather."

One of Whetstone's comic characters, too, says, "A holie hood makes not a frier devoute," which is but a slight metrical paraphrase of the Latin saw, "*Cucullus non facit monachum*," which Shakespeare puts in *Lucio's* mouth. These are but a few out of many similar instances ; and from all that has

gone before, the reader can form his own opinion as to the sort of obligation under which Shakespeare was to Whetstone. He will probably not agree with Collier, that "Shakespeare was not indebted to Whetstone for a single thought, nor for a casual expression, excepting as far as similarity of situation may be said to have necessarily occasioned corresponding states of feeling and employment of language," but he may safely rest assured that *Promos and Cassandra* is about as much like *Measure for Measure* as heaps of unshaped clay and pits of sand and lime are like an Elizabethan mansion. [For further information on these points cf. Ward, *Hist. Eng. Dram. Lit.*, II. 154-6, and K. Foth in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1878.]

The text of this play is generally well printed in the folio; but it contains several passages which give more trouble to the editor and the reader than any others which occur in that volume. To those not disciplined in the construction of language, and unaccustomed to trace the logical connection of thoughts apparently remote, the style of all the serious parts of *Measure for Measure* is involved and therefore more or less obscure; and hence the necessity for the explanation of passages which are not in any way corrupted, as well as the difficulty which has been found in restoring those that are, and the supposition by many intelligent editors and commentators that corruption existed in many passages, which, upon a closer and more analytical examination, have been found pure. The versification is rugged and irregular; but it seems to be so from design, not carelessness. Conjectural emendation is thrown entirely upon its own resources in restoring some extremely difficult and unquestionably corrupted passages in this play; for it receives no aid from any earlier copy than that of the first folio.

We have no means of determining with great approach to accuracy the time when *Measure for Measure* was written. [Barksted's poem *Mirra*, printed in 1607, contains a possible reminiscence of II. iv. 24-7.] That it was written in Shakespeare's maturity, its own profound philosophy, strikingly

akin to that of *Hamlet*, is sufficient evidence : that it had not been produced in 1597, we may feel quite confident, from the omission of it from the enumeration of its author's works in Meres' *Palladis Tamia* : that it was produced before 1604, we know, from an entry in the accounts of the Revels at Court from October, 1604, to October, 1605, in the following words : —

"By his Ma<sup>ty</sup> Plaiers. On St. Stivens night in the Hall, a Play caled Mesur for Mesur." [This entry is generally admitted to be a forgery, though based on authentic information. The metrical tests also place the play about the time of *Hamlet*.]

In a column of the account devoted to "The Poets which mayd the Plaies," the name of a Mr. "Shaxberd," apparently not so well known then as it is now, is entered. The passage in the first Scene [67-73], which contains a flattering allusion to the disposition of King James to deny his subjects access to his person, has been, with some reason, supposed to fix the date of the production of this play after the accession of that monarch ; and although it might have been inserted for the special occasion of the performance at court in 1604, and afterward retained, the supposition jumps so well with the character of the play itself and with our knowledge as to the date of the production of other plays, that we may safely conclude . . . *Measure for Measure* was written either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604. [Cf. also II. iv. 27-30. There have also been attempts to show that in I. ii. references to the plague of 1603 and the war with Spain of 1604 may be seen.]

The period of the action of this play, which has been hitherto considered, and even pronounced, to be undeterminable, is clearly defined by the first few lines of the second Scene of the first Act, and by our knowledge of the source of the plot. Whetstone tells us, as we have seen, that the incidents took place "in the city of Julio, sometime under the dominion of Corvinus, King of Hungary and Bohemia," and in his *Heptameron* [1582] the tale begins, "At what

time Corvinus, the scourge of the Turks, rayned as Kinge of Bohemia, for to well governe the free cities of his realme, he sent divers worthy magistrates," &c.: in the Scene mentioned, *Lucio* says, "If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the King": to which the reply is, "Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's." Now Corvinus, King of Hungary, was declared King of Bohemia in 1473, and reigned until his death in 1490. He was almost continually at war with the Duke of Austria, Frederic III. (whose court was at Vienna), and with the Turks. His expeditions were almost always successful against both; and he usually "conquered a peace" by a very bloody victory, so that his enemies might well pray for Heaven's peace, "but not the King of Hungary's." As he marched on Vienna and took it in 1485, the apprehensions expressed by *Lucio* and his acquaintance enable us to determine almost the very year of the supposed action, — an accuracy unattainable with regard to any other of these dramas not founded upon a historical subject. Shakespeare, with his usual tact in adapting his plays to the understanding of his audience, changed Whetstone's unknown city, Julio, to Vienna, a place almost or quite as well known in England then as now. With the place he also changed, of course, the prince whose delegated authority is abused; but he scrupulously retained the costume and all the traits and incidents which marked the period of the story on which he built his comedy, and added two or three allusions not to be found in Whetstone's play or story, as if for the very purpose of giving a local habitation and a time, as well as an air of reality, to this wonderful and admirable creation.<sup>1</sup> . . . [The time of action is four days. The play

<sup>1</sup> . . . The following lines are the principal part of what passes between the brother and sister in *Promos and Cassandra*, in the interview corresponding to that between *Claudio* and *Isabella* in *Measure for Measure*, III. j. By comparing them, a correct idea may be formed of the likeness — and the difference between the two plays.

"*Cassandra*. If thou dost live, I must my honor lose  
Thy raunsome is, to Promos fleshly wyl

has never been a very popular one, nor much imitated. In 1661-2 Davenant used it and *Much Ado about Nothing* as the basis of his *Law Against Lovers*.]

That I do yielde : than which I rather chose  
With torments sharpe myselfe he first should kyll.  
Thus am I bent : thou seest thy death at hand :  
O would my life would satisfie his yre,  
Cassandra then would cancell soone thy band !

*Andrugio.* And may it be a iudge of his account  
Can spot his minde with lawles love or lust ?  
But more, may he doome any fault with death,  
When in such faute he findes himselfe unjust ?  
Syster, that wise men love we often see,  
And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne.  
But who so loves, if he rejected be,  
His passing love to peevisch hate will turne.  
Deare sister then note how my fortune stands :  
That Promos love, the one is oft in use ;  
And sith he crave this kindnesse at your hands,  
Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse,  
I, in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Pecconi*.  
Here are two evyls, the best harde to digest ;  
But whereas things are driven unto necessity,  
There are we byd, of both evyls choose the least.

*Cassandra.* And of these evils the least, I hold, is death  
To shun whose dart we can no meane devise ;  
Yet honor lives when death hath done his worst :  
Thus fame then lyfe is of farre more comprise.

*Andrugio.* Nay, Cassandra, if thou thy selfe submit,  
To save my life, to Promos fleashly wyll,  
Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,  
For in forst faultes is no intent of yll.

*Cassandra.* How so th' intent is construed in offence,  
The Proverbe saies that tenne good turnes lye dead,  
And one yll deede tenne tymes beyond pretence  
By envious tongues, report abrode doth spread.  
*Andrugio*, so my fame shall vallewed bee ;  
Dispite will blase my crime, but not the cause ;  
And thus, although I fayne would set thee free,  
Poor wench, I feare the grype of slaunder's pawes.

*Andrugio.* Nay sweete sister, more slaunder would infame  
Your spotles lyfe to reave your brother's breath,  
When you have power for to enlarge the same ;  
Once in your handes doth lye my life and death.  
Way that I am the selfe-same flesh you are ;  
Thinke, I once gone, our house will goe to wrack :  
Knowe, forced faultes for slaunder neede not care :  
Looke you for blame, if I quail through your lack.  
Consider well my great extremitie ;

If otherwise this doome I could revoke,  
I would not spare for any jebardye  
To free thee, wench, from this same heavy yoke :  
But ah, I see else no way saves my life,  
And yet his hope may further thy consent ;  
He sayde, he maye percase make thee his wyfe,  
And 't is likelie he cannot be content  
With one night's joye : if love he after seekes ;  
And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe then be,  
Before he lose thy selfe that so he leekes,  
No doubt but he to marriage wyll agree."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*  
ANGELO, *the Deputy.*  
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*  
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*  
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*  
Two other like Gentlemen.  
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*  
PROVOST.  
THOMAS, } Two Friars.  
PETER, }  
A Justice.  
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*  
FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*  
CLOWN, *Servant to Mrs. Over-done.*  
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*  
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*  
  
ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*  
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*  
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*  
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*  
Mistress OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : Vienna.

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# Measure for Measure

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## ACT ONE.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

**DUKE.** Escalus!

*Escalus.* My lord.

*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;  
Since I am put to know, that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you; then no more remains  
But that, to your sufficiency, — as your worth is able, —  
And let them work. The nature of our people, 10  
Our city's institutions, and the terms  
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in  
As art and practice hath enriched any  
That we remember. There is our commission,

<sup>6</sup> *put*, constrained. So in III. ii. 255, "made to understand." Cf. "put to try," *Paradise Lost*, IV. 941.

<sup>6</sup> *lists*, limits. (α)

<sup>7</sup> This is the original text, with the mere substitution of the dash for the comma; and it plainly means, "then, as your worth is able (i. e. your high character rendering you competent), no more remains to your sufficiency (i. e. no more is wanting to complete your capacity for the fulfilment of your trust), but that (i. e.

that knowledge of government of which I have just spoken); and let them (i. e. that knowledge and your worth) work (together)." [Recent editors, following *Cambridge*, indicate at least a line missing after *sufficiency*.]

<sup>11</sup> *terms for common justice*, forms and technical phrases of the law. Shakespeare may possibly have had in mind the *Termes de la Ley*, written in Henry VIII.'s time.

<sup>12</sup> *pregnant*, fully prepared, competent, ready. (α)

From which we would not have you warp. — Call  
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo. —

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear ?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply,

Lent him our terror, drest him with our love, 20

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power. What think you of it ?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Duke.* Look, where he comes.

*Angelo.* Always obedient to your Grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.* Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to th' observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

Not light them for themselves ; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,

But to fine issues ; nor Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,

<sup>21</sup> *deputation*, office of deputy. ing (that they should waste themselves) is clear. (x)

<sup>20-1</sup> *belongings*, gifts. *proper*, peculiarly. (x) The passage is not grammatical, but the mean-

<sup>21</sup> *nor Nature never*. Shakespeare very frequently uses the double for a single negative.

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
 Herself the glory of a creditor —  
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
 To one that can my part in him advertise :  
 Hold, therefore, Angelo, [our place and power :]  
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself :  
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
 Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,  
 Though first in question, is thy secondary :  
 Take thy commission.

*Ang.*

Now, good my lord,  
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
 Before so noble and so great a figure  
 Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.*

No more evasion :  
 We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice  
 Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.  
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,  
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
 As time and our concernings shall importune,  
 How it goes with us ; and do look to know  
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :  
 To th' hopeful execution do I leave you  
 Of your commissions.

*Ang.*

Yet, give leave, my lord,  
 That we may bring you something on the way.

<sup>41</sup> *use, usury.* (a)

<sup>42</sup> *advertise* (accented on the penult), instruct. *Angelo* can, acting as Duke, teach himself how to govern. (a)

<sup>43</sup> *Hold, therefore, Angelo, [our place and power].* The original has only *Hold, therefore, Angelo ;*

the efforts to explain the imperfect line have been equally various and futile. [Recent editors note but do not seek to supply the gap.]

<sup>47</sup> *question*, natural order of choice, succession. (a)

<sup>48</sup> *bring*, accompany. (a)

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it ;  
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do  
 With any scruple : your scope is as mine own,  
 So to enforce or qualify the laws  
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,  
 I'll privily away : I love the people,  
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes.  
 Though it do well, I do not relish well 70  
 Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement ;  
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,  
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The Heavens give safety to your purposes ! —

*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness !

*Duke.* I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
 To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me  
 To look into the bottom of my place.  
 A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80  
 I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,  
 And we may soon our satisfaction have  
 Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour.  
 [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. — *A Street.*

*Enter* LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not  
 to composition with the King of Hungary, why then, all  
 the dukes fall upon the King.

<sup>68-71</sup> Editors have noted here an allusion to and apology for the ungracious manners of James I. on his coming to England. (R)  
<sup>71</sup> *aves*, acclamations. (R)  
<sup>72</sup> *affect*, care for. (R)

1 *Gentleman*. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

2 *Gent*. Amen.

*Lucio*. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent*. "Thou shalt not steal"?

10

*Lucio*. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent*. Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent*. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio*. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

20

2 *Gent*. No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent*. What, in metre?

*Lucio*. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent*. I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio*. Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent*. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Lucio*. I grant; as there may between the lists and 30 the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent*. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet: thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be pil'd, as thou art

<sup>28</sup> *proportion, measure.* (a)

<sup>29</sup> *there went but a pair of shears between us*, i. e. we were both of a piece. (w)

<sup>30</sup> *pil'd*. This is a quibbling

allusion to the pile of velvet and losing the hair, or being pil'd. (w) [A related pun is that of ll. 30-4, *lists . . . list . . . list.*]

pill'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dolours a-year. 50

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter Bawd.*

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

<sup>40</sup> I. e. to avoid contagion. (α)

<sup>46-7</sup> This appears as part of *Lucio's* speech in the original. The dialogue shows plainly both that it does not belong to *Lucio* and that it does belong to the 1st *Gentleman*. [It is given to *Lucio*, however, by recent editors, fol-

lowing *Globe* and *Cambridge*, but not *Rolfe*.]

<sup>42</sup> *French crown* [bald head]. *Lucio's* general habit of punning is characteristic of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan stage; the more vicious and the more far-fetched, seemingly the better enjoyed.

*Bawd.* Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested 60  
and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of  
you all.

*2 Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee ?

*Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio ; Signior Claudio.

*1 Gent.* Claudio to prison ! 't is not so.

*Bawd.* Nay, but I know, 't is so : I saw him arrested ;  
saw him carried away ; and, which is more, within these  
three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have  
it so. Art thou sure of this ? 70

*Bawd.* I am too sure of it ; and it is for getting  
Madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be : he promis'd to  
meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in  
promise-keeping.

*2 Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near  
to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*1 Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the procla-  
mation.

*Lucio.* Away ; let's go learn the truth of it. 80

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

*Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the  
sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I  
am custom-shrunk. How now ? what's the news with  
you ?

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Bawd.* Well, what has he done ?

*Clo.* A woman.

*Bawd.* But what's his offence ?

<sup>21</sup> *sweat*, the sweating sick-      vailed about the time when this  
ness, — a pestilence which pre-      play was written. (w)

*Clo.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Bawd.* What, is there a maid with child by 90 him?

*Clo.* No; but there's a woman with maid by him.

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

*Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down, too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Bawd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down? 100

*Clo.* To the ground, mistress.

*Bawd.* Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Clo.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service: you will be considered.

*Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw. 110

*Clo.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*]

\* in the suburbs. So "a house of Carnality ith' suburbs," *The Noble Stranger*, 1640, I. ii. [Cf. below, I. 100, and *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 285. These houses corre-

spond to the *petites maisons* of the French Old Régime.]

<sup>100</sup> *Thomas Tapster.* A tapster was called "Thomas," as an ostler was called "John." (w)

SCENE III. — *The Same.*

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers ; LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.*

*Claudio.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world ?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Provost.* I do it not in evil disposition,  
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, Authority,  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight. —  
The words of Heaven ; — on whom it will, it will, 120  
On whom it will not, so : yet still 't is just.

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio ? whence comes this restraint ?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty :  
As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,  
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,  
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, 130  
I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to  
say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom  
as the morality of imprisonment. — What's thy offence,  
Claudio ?

*Claud.* What, but to speak of, would offend again.

<sup>118</sup> There is, strictly speaking, no new Scene here [and recent editors make none]. One party merely goes off as the other comes on, which is made plain by the *Clown's* last speech. But the division is made in the original

and the stage is left vacant and an entirely new interest supervenes.

<sup>120</sup> *words of Heaven*, i. e. *Romans* ix. 15, 18. (R)

<sup>133</sup> *morality*. The original has *mortality*.

*Lucio.* What is 't ? murther ?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery ?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir : you must go. 140

*Claud.* One word, good friend. — Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they 'll do you any good. — Is lechery so look'd after ?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me : — Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed :

You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order : this we came not to,

Only for preservation of a dow'r

Remaining in the coffer of her friends, 150

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps ?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke, —

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know 160

<sup>147</sup> *denunciation*, declaration.

<sup>149</sup> *preservation*. The original has *propagation*, which has been [and is still by many editors, following *Globe* and *Cambridge*] assumed to be *propagation* with the slight misprint of a letter

[the idea being that while she remained unmarried, relations would profit by the interest on what they must else have paid as dower].

<sup>157</sup> *glimpse*, imperfect vision. (a)

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur :  
 Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
 Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
 I stagger in ; — but this new Governor  
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,  
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall  
 So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round  
 And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,  
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act  
 Freshly on me : — 't is surely, for a name. 170

*Lucio.* I warrant it is ; and thy head stands so tickle  
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may  
 sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found.  
 I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service.  
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,  
 And there receive her approbation :  
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;  
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends 180  
 To the strict deputy : bid herself assay him :  
 I have great hope in that ; for in her youth  
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,  
 Such as moves men : beside, she hath prosperous art,  
 When she will play with reason and discourse,  
 And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray she may : as well for the encourage-  
 ment of the like, which else would stand under grievous  
 imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, which I would

<sup>184</sup> *stagger in*, am uncertain about. (a)

<sup>178</sup> *approbation*, i. e. enter upon her probationary term — her noviciate. (w)

<sup>183</sup> *prone and speechless*, humble [and eager].

<sup>180</sup> *which*. The original has

*who*, which Collier and Knight, as well as most earlier [and later] editors, retain ; but it is plainly a misprint for "*which*." Shakespeare would not write "the like *which*" and "thy life *who*" in the same sentence. (w)

be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick- 190  
tack. I'll to her —

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio, —

*Lucio.* — within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, Officer ; away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [III.]— *A Monastery.*

*Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.*

*Duke.* No, holy Father ; throw away that thought :  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of Love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

*Friar.* May your Grace speak of it ?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10  
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo  
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me, why I do this ?

*Fri.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,

<sup>190</sup> *tick-tack.* This was played  
with the backgammon board, and  
was sometimes called "trick-  
track." As to his meaning, *Lucio*  
is his own commentator. (w)

<sup>2</sup> *dribbling*, sinking. Used of  
an arrow too weakly shot. (n)  
<sup>10</sup> *bravery*, finery. (n)

(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,) 20  
 Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep,  
 Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,  
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,  
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch  
 Only to stick it in their children's sight  
 For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
 Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;  
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose,  
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30  
 Goes all decorum.

*Fri.* It rested in your Grace  
 To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd,  
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
 Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful :  
 Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,  
 'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
 For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,  
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my Father,  
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office, 40  
 Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,  
 And yet my nature never in the fight,  
 To do in slander. And to behold his sway,  
 I will, as 't were a brother of your order,  
 Visit both Prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,  
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

<sup>20</sup> *steeds*. The original has  
*woods*. Theobald's emendation.

<sup>21</sup> *sleep*. The folio [and recent  
 editors], *slip*.

<sup>27</sup> *Becomes*. This word, which,

or an equivalent, is required by  
 the sense, was first supplied by  
 Davenant.

<sup>40</sup> *do in slander*, perform this  
 office in the face of slander.

How I may formally in person bear  
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,  
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;  
 Only, this one : — Lord Angelo is precise ; 50  
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses  
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
 Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,  
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. [IV.] — *A Nunnery.*

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isabella.* And have you nuns no farther privileges ?

*Francisca.* Are not these large enough ?

*Isab.* Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more,  
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
 Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of St. Clare.

*Lucio.* [*Within.*] Hoa ! Peace be in this place !

*Isab.* Who 's that which calls ?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him :  
 You may ; I may not : you are yet unsworn.  
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,  
 But in the presence of the Prioress : 10  
 Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;  
 Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.  
 He calls again : I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be, — as those cheek-roses  
 Proclaim you are no less : Can you so stead me,

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
 To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? Let me ask,  
 The rather, for I now must make you know  
 I am that Isabella, and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.  
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! for what?

*Lucio.* For that, which, if myself might be his judge,  
 He should receive his punishment in thanks.  
 He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.

*Lucio.* 'Tis true. I would not (though 'tis my 30  
 familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,  
 Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:  
 I hold you as a thing enski'd, and sainted  
 By your renouncement, — an immortal spirit,  
 And to be talked with in sincerity,  
 As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis  
 thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: 40  
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time,  
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
 To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb  
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him? — My cousin  
 Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

<sup>20</sup> *story*, butt of mockery. (a) tary Notes. Also for *Fewness*, l.

<sup>21</sup> *lapwing*. See Supplement- 39, and *seedness*, l. 42. (a)

*Isab.* Adoptedly: as school-maids change their  
names

By vain though apt affection.

*Lucio.*

She it is.

*Isab.* O! let him marry her.

*Lucio.*

This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence ; 50

— Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand, and hope of action ; but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state,  
His givings-out were of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
And with full line of his authority,  
Governs Lord Angelo ; a man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60  
With profits of the mind, study, and fast.

He (to give fear to use and liberty,  
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,  
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an Act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it,  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo ; and that's my pith  
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother. 71

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life ?

<sup>51-2</sup> bore . . . in hand, kept in  
a state of expectation. (R)

<sup>54</sup> givings-out. The folios have  
giving-out.

<sup>60</sup> rebate, dull. his, its. (R)

<sup>62</sup> use and liberty, custom and  
license. (R)

<sup>66</sup> grace, good fortune. See  
Supplementary Notes. Also for  
*censur'd* l. 72, *owe* l. 83, and  
*success* l. 89. (R)

*Lucio.* Has censur'd him  
Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath  
A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! Alas! I doubt,—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight,  
No longer staying but to give the Mother  
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
Commend me to my brother: soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu. 90

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT TWO.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in ANGELO's House.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Officers, and other Attendants.*

**A**NGELO. We must not make a scare-crow of the  
law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it

Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.*

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas! this gentle-  
man

Whom I would save had a most noble father.

Let but your honour know,

(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)

That, in the working of your own affections, 10

Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood

Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,

Whether you had not, sometime in your life,

Err'd in this point which now you censure him,

And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,

Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20

Guiltier than him they try; what's open made

To justice, that justice seizes: what knows the law,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,

Because we see it; but what we do not see,

We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence

\* *fall*. See Supplementary Notes. (a)

<sup>12</sup> *your*. The original has *our*, — a palpable misprint. (w)

<sup>15</sup> *which*, i. e. for "in which." The folio has *which*, and the sense is clear, though the construction is grammatically loose, such looseness being a general Elizabethan characteristic. White's text had

*where*, but in *Riverside* in a note he justified the original *which*. *Globe* and *Cambridge* retain *which*. (a)

<sup>22</sup> *what knows the law*. The original has *what knowes the Lawes*. *To justice*, belonging to this line, ends the preceding one in the folio. [*Cambridge* reads *know* for *knows*.]

<sup>28</sup> *pregnant*, evident. (a)

For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me,  
 When I that censure him do so offend,  
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death, 30  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the Provost ?

*Enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See that Claudio  
 Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.  
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,  
 For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*

*Escal.* Well, Heaven forgive him, and forgive us all !  
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :  
 Some run from brakes of vice and answer none ;  
 And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

*Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.*

*Elbow.* Come, bring them away. If these be good  
 people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use  
 their abuses in common houses, I know no law : bring  
 them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir ! What 's your name, and  
 what 's the matter ?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's

<sup>28</sup> *For*, because. See Note on  
 "for catching cold," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. ii. 136.

<sup>29</sup> *brakes of vice*. In the original, *brakes of ice*. Rowe made the correction. *Brake* has its common meaning, "a thicket," in

contradistinction to the solitary fault spoken of in the next line ; and *answer* has the equally common sense of "answer for." [See Supplementary Notes.]

<sup>40</sup> *common houses*, houses of ill fame. (R)

constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Clo.* He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow. 60

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir — parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour, —

*Escal.* How! thy wife? 70

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman, —

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, Constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been

<sup>62</sup> *parcel-bawd*, i. e. part tapster, part bawd.

<sup>66</sup> *hot-house* [bathing-house], a *bagnio*, which used generally to

be about the same thing as the sort of house actually kept by the *Clown's* mistress. (w)

a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there. 80

*Escal.* By the woman's means ?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Over-done's means ; but as she spit in his face, so she defi'd him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man ; prove it.

*Escal.* [*To ANGELO.*] Do you hear how he misplaces ?

*Clo.* Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes : sir, 90 we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, — a dish of some three pence : your honours have seen such dishes ; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

*Escal.* Go to, go to : no matter for the dish, sir.

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin ; you are therein in the right ; but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and 100 having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly ; — for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clo.* Very well : you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the 'foresaid prunes.

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed. 110

*Clo.* Why, very well : I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why, very well then.

*Escal.* Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. — What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

120

*Clo.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clo.* Sir, by you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. — Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallownd eve.

*Clo.* Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, <sup>130</sup> sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; — 't was in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Clo.* Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,  
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,  
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,  
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all. <sup>140</sup>

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit ANGELO.]

<sup>119</sup> *Come vs.* The folio has *Come me*, which has been hitherto retained [and is still] as an instance of the "ethical" dative, which is not otherwise found with *come*, for *Much Ado about Nothing*, I. iii. 59, is not a parallel case. *Escalus* means "Let us come to what was done."

<sup>120</sup> *hallownd*, hallows, i. e. All Saints'. The inserted *w* was omitted in *Cambridge*. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, I. ii. 178, where *Cambridge* and *White* both have *All-hallownd*. (R)  
<sup>121</sup> *lower chair*, easy-chair. (W)  
<sup>122</sup> *Bunch of Grapes*. In Shakespeare's time the larger rooms of inns were named. (W)

Now, sir, come on : what was done to Elbow's wife, once more ?

*Clo.* Once, sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her ?

*Clo.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. — Good Master Froth, look upon his honour ; 't is for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face ? 150

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clo.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face ?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clo.* I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth 160 do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right, Constable ; what say you to it ?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest : thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected 170 with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

<sup>160</sup> *be supposed upon a book*, i. e. take oath, — a blunder for *deposed*.  
(R)

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? — Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! — If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. — Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it. — Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend?

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you sir.

*Escal.* So. — What trade are you of, sir?

200

*Clo.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Clo.* Mistress Over-done.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

<sup>174</sup> *Justice, or Iniquity*, referring to allegorical characters commonly found in the old Mysteries and Moralities. (w)

<sup>177</sup> *Hannibal*, i. e. Cannibal. (x)

*Clo.* Nine, sir ; Over-done by the last.

*Escal.* Nine !— Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters ; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them : get you gone, and let me hear no more of you. 210

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well ; no more of it, Master Froth : farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*]— Come you hither to me, Mr. Tapster. What's your name, Mr. Tapster ?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else ?

*Clo.* Bum, sir.

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing 220 about you ; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not ? come, tell me true : it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey ? by being a bawd ? What do you think of the trade, Pompey ? is it a lawful trade ? 230

*Clo.* If the law would allow it, sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey ; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

<sup>206</sup> draw you, "draw liquor for you" and "draw you to execution." A quibble. (a)

<sup>218</sup> drawn in, taken in, swindled. (a)

<sup>220</sup> greatest thing about you. This refers to the fashion of stuff-

ing out the dress around and behind the hips with horse hair or some like material, which prevailed in the time of Elizabeth and the early years of James. . . . (w)

*Clo.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a day! If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint what-soever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

<sup>246</sup> *three pence a day.* The original has *a bay*, by the most palpable and easiest of misprints. The fact that the distance between certain beams in a house was called "a bay" has caused that word to be retained in most, if not all, editions. But this is inconsistent both with the con-

text and the character of the person who uses it. The *Clown* means to say he could get houses very cheap; and three pence a day would give us the "fairest house in Vienna" at £4 11s. 3d., or, at the present value of money, about one hundred and forty dollars a year.

Whip me? No, no ; let carman whip his jade ;  
The valiant heart's not whipp'd out of his trade.

[Exit.

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow ; come 281  
hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in  
this place of constable ?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office,  
you had continued in it some time. You say, seven  
years together ?

*Elb.* And a half, sir.

*Escal.* Alas ! it hath been great pains to you.  
They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are 270  
there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters.  
As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for  
them : I do it for some piece of money, and go through  
with all.

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six  
or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir ?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well.

[Exit ELBOW.

What's o'clock, think you ?

280

*Justice.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio ;  
But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful :  
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;

<sup>285</sup> your. The original has *the*, — the result of mistaking *y<sup>r</sup>* for *y<sup>e</sup>*.  
(w)

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet, poor Claudio! — There is no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.* 300]

SCENE II. — *Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter Provost and a Servant.*

*Servant.* He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know

His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas!

He hath offended but as in a dream:

All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for it! —

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, Provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen 10

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place;

And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

<sup>4</sup> *offended but as.* The folio strange and contradictory as it [and recent editors], *but as* seems.

*offended*, which may be right, <sup>5</sup> *sects, classes, sorts.* (2)

*Ang.* Dispose of her  
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd  
Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, 20  
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,  
If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

*[Exit Servant.]*

See you the fornicatress be remov'd:  
Let her have needful but not lavish means;  
There shall be order for't.

*Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.*

*Prov.* Save your honour! *[Offering to retire.]*

*Ang.* Stay a little while. — *[To ISAB.]* Y'are  
welcome: what's your will?

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour,  
Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well, what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,  
For which I would not plead, but that I must; 31  
For which I must not plead, but that I am  
At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die:  
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother.

*Prov.* *[Aside.]* Heaven give thee moving graces!

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?  
 Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.  
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
 To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, 40  
 And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just, but severe law !  
 I had a brother then. — Heaven keep your honour !

[*Retiring.*]

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Give 't not o'er so : to him again,  
 intreat him ;  
 Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;  
 You are too cold : if you should need a pin,  
 You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.  
 To him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die ?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,  
 And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy. 50

*Ang.* I will not do 't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would ?

*Ang.* Look ; what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,  
 If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
 As mine is to him ?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd : 't is too late.

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,  
 May call it back again : Well, believe this ;  
 No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, 60  
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
 Become them with one half so good a grace  
 As mercy does.  
 If he had been as you, and you as he,

You would have slipp'd like him ; but he like you  
Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, begone.

*Isab.* I would to Heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?  
No ; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him ; there 's the vein.

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law, 71  
And you but waste your words.

*Isab.* Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;  
And he that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment should  
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that,  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made !

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid.

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother 80  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him : he must die to-morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow ? O, that 's sudden ! Spare him,  
spare him !

He 's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve Heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, bethink you :  
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence ?  
There 's many have committed it.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath  
slept :

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil, 91

If [but] the first that did th' edict infringe,  
 Had answer'd for his deed : now, 't is awake ;  
 Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,  
 Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils  
 (Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)  
 Are now to have no successive degrees,  
 But ere they live to end.

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all, when I show justice ; 100  
 For then I pity those I do not know,  
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,  
 And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfied :  
 Your brother dies to-morrow : be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence,  
 And he that suffers. O ! it is excellent  
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] That 's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder 110  
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;  
 For every pelting, petty officer  
 Would use his heaven for thunder ;  
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven !  
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
 Than the soft myrtle ; but man, proud man,

<sup>98</sup> The word in brackets is not in the original [and the line is left incomplete by recent editors]. . . . *Angelo* means to say that if but the first had been punished, the many would have been deterred. (w)

<sup>99</sup> *ere*. The original has *here*. Hamner read "ere," the only word applicable to evils in progress to be hatched and born.

<sup>107</sup> See Supplementary Notes.

(r) <sup>112</sup> *pelting*, insignificant. (r)

Drest in a little brief authority,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd, —  
 His glassy essence, — like an angry ape, 120  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,  
 As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,  
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] O, to him, to him, wench! He  
 will relent:

He's coming; I perceive 't.

*Prov.* [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven, she win him!

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:  
 Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them,  
 But in the less, foul profanation.

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Thou 'rt i' the right, girl: more  
 o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick word, 130  
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,  
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
 That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom;  
 Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know  
 That's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,  
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140  
 Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is  
 Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To her.*]

Fare you well.

<sup>120</sup> *glassy essence.* See Supplementary Notes. Also for l. 132.  
 (R)

<sup>123</sup> *spleens*, i. e. sense of humour, of which the spleen was the organ, as well as of anger. (R)

<sup>126</sup> *skins*, covers with a skin, or film. (R)

<sup>142</sup> *breeds*. The meaning is that her intelligence greatly stimulates his. (R)

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me. — Come again to-morrow.

*Isab.* Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord,  
turn back.

*Ang.* How ! bribe me ?

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share  
with you.

*Lucio.* [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor 150  
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there  
Ere sun-rise : prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* Well ; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio.* [*To ISAB.*] Go to ; 't is well : away !

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe !

*Ang.* [*Aside.*] Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship ?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon. 160

*Isab.* Save your honour !

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and PROVOST.*]

*Ang.* From thee : even from thy virtue ! —

What's this ? what's this ? Is this her fault, or mine ?

<sup>149</sup> *fond*, foolishly desired. (2)  
*shekels*. The folio, *Sickles*, a not  
uncommon orthography.

<sup>150</sup> *Where prayers cross*. *Angelo*,  
divided between his pas-  
sion and his sense of duty, is in  
that way of temptation in which

his prayers for preservation from  
wrong-doing cross those which  
he utters for the possession  
of *Isabella*. [Others think the  
"prayers" are *Isabella's* for his  
honour crossing thus *Angelo's*  
path.]

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!  
 Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,  
 That lying by the violet in the sun,  
 Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,  
 That modesty may more betray our sense  
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough, 170  
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
 And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!  
 What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things  
 That make her good? O, let her brother live!  
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her  
 That I desire to hear her speak again,  
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?  
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180  
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on  
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,  
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite. — Ever, till now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. — *A Room in a Prison.**Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.**Duke.* Hail to you, Provost; so I think you are.*Prov.* I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

<sup>180</sup> *Corrupt with virtuous season,* power, or heat, of the summer  
 i. e. grow corrupt through the season. (a)  
<sup>179</sup> *evils, privies.* (a)

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,  
I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison : do me the common right  
To let me see them, and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were  
needful.

*Enter JULIET.*

Look ; here comes one : a gentlewoman of mine, 10  
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,  
And he that got it, sentenc'd — a young man  
More fit to do another such offence  
Than die for this.

*Duke.* When must he die ?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow. —  
[*To JULIET.*] I have provided for you : stay a while,  
And you shall be conducted.

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

*Juliet.* I do, and bear the shame most patiently. 20

*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign your  
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

*Duke.* So then, it seems, your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed ?

*Juliet.* Mutually.

<sup>11</sup> *flames.* The original has *flaws* [which some editors retain, with misgivings]. The error was corrected by Davenant. (w)

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, Father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do  
repent,

30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame;  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven,  
Showing we would not spare Heaven as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear, —

*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

*Duke.* There rest.  
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.

*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law, 40  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — *A Room in ANGELO's House.*

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words,  
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name,  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The State, whereon I studied,

<sup>30</sup> *lest.* The folio has *least*, sequences had any effect upon  
but the two words used to be her life. Hanmer made the cor-  
pronounced alike. rection. (Some editors, with  
difficulty, retain *love*.)

<sup>38</sup> See Supplementary Notes.

(R)

<sup>40</sup> *law.* The original has *love*,  
but neither her love nor its con-

<sup>3</sup> *invention*, imagination. [Pope  
and] Warburton read *intention*.

Is, like a good thing being often read,  
 Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride, 10  
 Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume  
 Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!  
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
 To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter Servant.*

How now! who's there?

*Serv.*

One Isabel, a Sister,

Desires access to you.

*Ang.*

Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*

O Heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd King,

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

<sup>9</sup> *sear'd*. Most copies of the first folio have *feard*; but the Earl of Ellesmere's, as Collier tells us, has *seard* "as if the letter *s* had been substituted for *f* as the sheet was going through the press." Warburton [Heath] proposed the obvious correction, which needs no authority to sus-

tain it. [Recent editors read *feared*, but dubiously.] (w)

<sup>13</sup> *for vain*, in vain. (a)

<sup>17</sup> *not*. Johnson suggested *yet* for *not*, which is plausible. (a)

<sup>27</sup> *general*, public. So in *Hamlet*, II. ii. 456.

<sup>27-30</sup> These lines, like I. i. 68-71, may refer to the behaviour of James on his accession. (a)

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid ? 30

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better  
please me

Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so. — Heaven keep your honour!

*[Retiring.]*

*Ang.* Yet may he live a while ; and, it may be,  
As long as you, or I : yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence ?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you ? that in his reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted, 40  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha ! Fie, these filthy vices ! It were as good  
To pardon him that hath from Nature stolen  
A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image  
In stamps that are forbid. 'T is all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made,  
As to put metal in restrained means,  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'T is set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth. 50

*Ang.* Say you so ? then I shall pose you quickly.  
Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,  
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd ?

<sup>44</sup> *remit*, condone. (a)

<sup>48</sup> *restrained*, forbidden. (a)

*Isab.*

Sir, believe this :

I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than for accompt.

*Isab.*

How say you ?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak  
Against the thing I say. Answer to this : — 60  
I (now the voice of the recorded law)  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life :  
Might there not be a charity in sin,  
To save this brother's life ?

*Isab.*

Please you to do 't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul :  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do 't at peril of your soul,  
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven, let me bear it ! you granting of my suit, 70  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.*

Nay, but hear me.

Your sense pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,  
Or seem so, crafty ; and that is not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright  
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder 80  
Than beauty could, displayed. — But mark me :

<sup>57-58</sup> See Supplementary Notes.

(a) <sup>78</sup> of your answer, for you to  
answer for. (a)

<sup>76</sup> me not in the first, but supplied in the second folio.

<sup>79</sup> tax, reproach. (a)

<sup>80</sup> enshield, hidden. (a)

ANGELO AND ISABELLA

From an engraving by W. Schmidt, after the painting  
by A. Spiers

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act II, Sc. iv









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To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,  
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,)  
But — in the loss of question — that you, his sister, 90  
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-holding law, and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer,  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother, as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death, 100  
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing 'have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

<sup>88</sup> upon that pain, under that penalty. (a)

<sup>88-91</sup> There is a certain obscurity in this sentence, owing partly to its interwoven parentheses, and partly to the obsolete sense in which *question* is used. In the loss of *question* means "in the very waste of words," or, as Steevens says, "in idle supposition." In the folio the parenthesis begins at "As" and extends to "question," inclusively, thus making confusion. For, exclud-

ing all parenthetical matter, the sentence is "Admit no other way to save his life, but that you, his sister, finding," &c.; and the "but" must not be shut out of the direct construction.

<sup>94</sup> all-holding. The folio has *all-building* [i. e. shaping the social structure of the world, and this is retained by recent editors, following *Cambridge*.]

<sup>108</sup> 'have. So the folio, eliding the pronoun, as often. Many editors read *I've*.

*Ang.* Then must  
Your brother die.

*Isab.* And 't were the cheaper way.  
Better it were, a brother di'd at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so? 110

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a  
tyrant;  
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment, than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we  
mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a feodary but only he  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view them-  
selves,

<sup>111</sup> *Ignomy*. An old form of  
"ignominy," which occurs again  
in *Troilus and Cressida*, V. x. 33.  
(w)

<sup>122</sup> *feodary* [spelled *fedaris* in  
the folio], associate, fellow. Cf.  
*Cymbeline*, III. ii. 21.

<sup>123</sup> *Owe*, possess. *succeed*, fol-

low, take after. Cf. *All's Well*,  
I. i. 70. [*thy*. Malone and some  
recent editors read *this*. The  
sense of the whole speech appears  
to be—If my brother is not a  
partner in this common vice, but  
is sole proprietor of it—then let  
him die.]

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
 Women ! — Help Heaven ! men their creation mar  
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;  
 For we are soft as our complexions are,  
 And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I think it well ; 130  
 And from this testimony of your own sex,  
 (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,  
 Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold :  
 I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
 That is, a woman ; if you be more, you 're none ;  
 If you be one, (as you are well express'd  
 By all external warrants,) show it now,  
 By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one : gentle my lord,  
 Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet : and you tell me,  
 That he shall die for 't.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know, your virtue hath a license in 't,  
 Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
 To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,  
 My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd,  
 And most pernicious purpose ! — Seeming, seeming ! —  
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for 't : 150  
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
 Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud  
 What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel ?  
 My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,

<sup>180</sup> *prints, impressions.* (a)

<sup>147</sup> *pluck on.* See Supplementary Notes. (a)

My vouch against you, and my place i' the State,  
 Will so your accusation overweigh,  
 That you shall stifle in your own report,  
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
 And now I give my sensual race the rein : 160  
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite :  
 Lay by all nicety and proluxious blushes  
 That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother  
 By yielding up thy body to my will,  
 Or else he must not only die the death,  
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
 To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you, —  
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. 170

[*Erit.*]

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this  
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!  
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
 Either of condemnation or approof,  
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will,  
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,  
 To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother :  
 Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,  
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
 That had he twenty heads to tender down 180  
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
 Before his sister should her body stoop  
 To such abhorr'd pollution.  
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :  
 More than our brother is our chastity.  
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Erit.*]

<sup>160</sup> *race, disposition.* (x)

## ACT THREE.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter DUKE, as a Friar, CLAUDIO, and Provost.*

**DUKE.** So then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

**Claud.** The miserable have no other medicine,  
But only hope.

I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

**Duke.** Be absolute for death ; either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life : —  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,  
Servile to all the skyey influences  
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st 10  
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's Fool ;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
And yet run'st toward him still : thou art not noble ;  
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,  
Are nurs'd by baseness : thou art by no means valiant ;  
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

<sup>2-4</sup> The arrangement of this passage varies slightly from the original [printed as prose].

<sup>5</sup> *Be absolute for*, make up your mind to. (R)

<sup>9</sup> *influences*. Shakespeare very probably wrote *influence* here and in *Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 426. The rhythm suggests this, and the plural as applied to planetary effects is rare, at least in the sense of "in-flowing."

<sup>10</sup> *dost*. See Supplementary Notes. (R)

<sup>11</sup> *Merely*, absolutely. (R)  
*Death's Fool*. The reference here, as Steevens and Douce . . . pointed out, is to the introduction of Death and a Fool in the rude old plays and dumb shows, — the sport being made by Death's endeavours to surprise the Merry Andrew and the finally unsuccessful efforts of the latter to elude them. (W)

<sup>14</sup> *accommodations*, comforts. (R)

<sup>15</sup> *nurs'd by baseness*, i. e. have a mean origin. (R)

Of a poor worm : thy best of rest is sleep,  
 And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more : thou art not thyself ;  
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20  
 That issue out of dust : happy thou art not ;  
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
 And what thou hast, forget'st : thou art not certain ;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
 After the moon : if thou art rich, thou 'rt poor ;  
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And Death unloads thee : friend hast thou none ;  
 For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
 For ending thee no sooner : thou hast nor youth nor age,  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsi'd eld ; and when thou art old and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,  
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid more thousand deaths ; yet death we fear, 40  
 That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.*

I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,  
 And seeking death, find life : let it come on.

*Isab.* [*Without.*] What, hoa ! Peace here ; grace  
 and good company !

*Prov.* Who's there ? come in : the wish deserves a  
 welcome.

<sup>31</sup> *serpigo*, a skin disease. (R)

<sup>35</sup> *as*, i. e. as though it were. (R)

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. Look, signior; here's  
your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you. 50

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may  
be conceal'd. [*Exeunt DUKE and Provost.*]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why, as all comforts are; most good, most  
good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:

Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy? 61

*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

<sup>50</sup> *Bring me to hear them.* The folio has *Bring them to hear me.* Strangely enough, it was left for Steevens to make the required transposition of the pronouns.  
(w)

<sup>58</sup> *leiger*, resident ambassador.  
(w)

<sup>59</sup> *appointment*, preparation.  
(a)

*Isab.* Ay, just ; perpetual durance : a restraint —  
Though all the world's vastidity you had —  
To a determin'd scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature ? 70

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to 't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you  
bear,

And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point.

*Isab.* O ! I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I quake  
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect,  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame ?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness ? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother : there my father's  
grave  
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die :  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90  
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil ;  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as Hell.

<sup>82-8</sup> See Supplementary Notes.  
(x)

<sup>91</sup> *emmew*, coop up. A term  
of falconry. (x)

ISABELLA AND CLAUDIO

From the painting by Holman Hunt

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act III, Sc. i





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*Claud.* The priestly Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 't is the cunning livery of Hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In priestly guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou might'st be freed.

*Claud.* O, Heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give't thee from this rank  
offence,

So to offend him still. This night's the time 101  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do 't.

*Isab.* O! were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,  
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin; 110  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd? — O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

<sup>94</sup> *priestly*. The folio has *prezies* [i. e. prim, accepted by recent editors as identical with Scottish "primsie"], both here and in l. 97. But *Isabella's* phrases, *this outward sainted*

*deputy* who is yet a devil, suggest that priestly *guards* (i. e. facings) were the marks of the livery with which Hell invests such as he.

<sup>100</sup> *give 't*, allow. (R)

<sup>108</sup> *affections*, passions. (R)

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not  
where ;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;  
This sensible warm motion to become 120  
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world ; or to be, worse than worst,  
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine, howling ! — 't is too horrible.  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment 130  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas ! alas !

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live.  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O, you beast !  
O, faithless coward ! O, dishonest wretch !  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?  
Is't not a kind of incest to take life  
From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ?  
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair ! 141

<sup>121</sup> *delighted*. . . . *Claudio* says  
that the body which is sensible  
and warm is to become a clod,  
and that the spirit which is *de-*  
*lighted* (i. e. enjoys what John  
Bunyan calls the delight of life) is  
to suffer the torment of fire or ice,

or imprisonment in the winds.  
. . . (w)

<sup>130</sup> *penury*. The first folio has  
*periury*, which was corrected in  
the second. (w)

<sup>136</sup> *dispenses with*, excuses. (n)  
<sup>141</sup> I. e. God forbid that you  
should be my brother. (n)

For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance :  
Die ; perish ! might but my bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie !

Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :

150

'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

*Claud.* O hear me, Isabella !

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young Sister ; but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will ?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure : my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while. 160

*Duke.* [*To CLAUDIO.*] Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with 170

<sup>142</sup> *slip of wilderness*, a wild slip, not from the true stock. . . . (w)

hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die. Go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there : farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

*Enter* Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, Father?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid : my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company. 180

*Prov.* In good time. [*Exit* Provost.]

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute<sup>180</sup> and to save your brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss ; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation : — he made trial of you only. Therefore, fasten your ear<sup>200</sup> on my advisings : to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that

<sup>181</sup> *In good time.* See Supplementary Notes. Also for *discover*, l. 196. (a)

you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit<sup>210</sup> to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: <sup>220</sup> between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrack'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 230

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

<sup>220</sup> *by oath.* The preposition was supplied in the second folio.

<sup>220</sup> *combinato*, contracted [betrothed]. Cf. IV. iii. 147. (w)

<sup>228</sup> *pretending.* See Supplementary Notes. (r)

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of240 this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good Father.

*Duke.* This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his250 requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage, — first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and260 here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy foiled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this — as you may — the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

<sup>262</sup> *foiled.* The first folio has *sealed*, spelled of course with a long *s*, — a very easy misprint. This word has been [generally] retained as “weighed,” but *Angelo* had been already weighed and found wanting, and the *Duke’s*

proposition involved no further test. The only object of the *Friar-Duke*, as far as *Isabella*, *Claudio*, and *Mariana* were concerned, was to *foil* the corrupt Deputy. [White retained *foiled* in *Riverside*; *Cambridge*, *sealed*.]

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

270

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the Moated Grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good Father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. — *The Street before the Prison.*

*Enter DUKE as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

*Duke.* O Heavens! what stuff is here?

*Clo.* 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsè allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

10

<sup>276</sup> *Grange*, originally a farmhouse attached to a monastery; this one was, or had been, attached to that of St. Luke, mentioned just before by the *Duke*. The word finally came to be applied to a country house.

dedicated in the folio, but *Elbow* and the rest join the *Duke*; — an arrangement plainly the result of the want of scenery on Shakespeare's stage. (w)

<sup>4</sup> *bastard*, a kind of sweet wine, made of raisins. (w)

<sup>1</sup> No change of Scene is in-

*Elb.* Come your way, sir. — Bless you, good Father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir ?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law : and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir ; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah : a bawd, a wicked bawd ! 20  
The evil that thou causest to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think  
What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,  
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself,  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending ? Go mend, go mend.

*Clo.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir ; but yet, 30  
sir, I would prove —

*Duke.* Nay, if the Devil have given thee proofs  
for sin,  
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer :  
Correction and instruction must both work,  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the Deputy, sir ; he has given him warning. The Deputy cannot abide a whore-master : if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40  
Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free !

<sup>18</sup> brother father. *Elbow* calls the *Duke* "father brother" (*frère*), and the *Duke* in return calls him "brother father." (w)

<sup>20</sup> array. The folio has away.

<sup>41</sup> In the folio this line is printed thus : "From our faults, as faults from seeming free" [and

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist — a cord, sir.

*Clo.* I spy comfort: I cry bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? 50 Is 't not drown'd i' th' last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words, or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus: still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

*Clo.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

*Lucio.* Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it 60 must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

this is retained by recent editors]. The initial *Free* was supplied in the second folio. The other equally needed emendation is here first made. The *Duke* speaks not of faults, but of men. *Elbow's* eulogy of "the precise *Angelo*" causes his better informed hearer to wish that all men were as free from faults as some seem to be free from them. [Hanmer anticipated White.]

<sup>42</sup> An allusion to the cord worn by Franciscans as a girdle. (R)

<sup>49</sup> *extracting it clutch'd.* The folio omits it. *Lucio* asks the bawd if there are any women to be had for money.

<sup>50</sup> *in the tub.* The allusion is to the powdering tub in which beef was powdered, i. e. salted . . . (W) [See Supplementary Notes.]

<sup>52</sup> *unshunn'd*, inevitable. (R)

*Clo.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he, 70 doubtless, and of antiquity too — bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey; commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Clo.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. — Bless you, Friar. 80

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Clo.* You will not bail me then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now. — What news abroad, Friar? What news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

*Lucio.* Go; to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

90

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say, he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never

<sup>70</sup> wear, fashion. (a)

born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence : he 100  
puts transgression to 't.

*Duke.* He does well in 't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no  
harm in him : something too crabbed that way, Friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must  
cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great  
kindred : it is well allied ; but it is impossible to extirp  
it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put down. 110  
They say, this Angelo was not made by man and  
woman, after this downright way of creation : is it true,  
think you ?

*Duke.* How should he be made then ?

*Lucio.* Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him :  
some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes ; but  
it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is  
congeal'd ice : that I know to be true ; and he is a  
motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. 120

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him,  
for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of  
a man ? Would the Duke that is absent have done  
this ? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting  
a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nurs-  
ing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport : he  
knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent Duke much detected  
for women : he was not inclin'd that way. 130

*Lucio.* O, sir ! you are deceiv'd.

<sup>119</sup> *motion*, puppet. *ungenera-  
tive*. The original has *generative*.  
Theobald made the change, the  
necessity of which will be appar-  
ent to any one who considers An-

*gelo's* character and what *Lucio*  
has just said and soon after says  
of him. . . . (w) [Recent editors  
retain the reading of the folio.]

<sup>120</sup> *detected*, censured. (a)

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who? not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing. 140

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No, — pardon: — 't is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, — the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise? why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business 150 he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love. 160

<sup>124</sup> *clack-dish.* Beggars used to have a dish for the receipt of alms with a hinged cover, which they clacked to attract attention. It is almost needless to say that *Lucio* makes a very poor pun for

the sake of a very indecent jest. (w)

<sup>128</sup> *inward*, intimate. (w)

<sup>144</sup> *file of the subject*, number of the subjects. (a)

<sup>160</sup> *dearer*. The folio has *deare*, a contracted form. (w)

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him : if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke. 170

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O ! you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceiv'd in me, Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no ? 180

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir ?

*Lucio.* Why ? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again : this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency ; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd ; he would never bring them to light : would he were return'd ! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good Friar ; I 190 pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it ; yet,

<sup>182</sup> *tun-dish*, funnel. (a)

<sup>184</sup> *ungenitur'd*, impotent. (a)

<sup>190</sup> *untrussing*, unfastening the hose-laces. (a)

<sup>192</sup> *mutton on Fridays*. *Lucio's*

charge of the violation of a fast day involves also an innuendo, from the application of "mutton" to prostitutes. (w)

and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?  
But who comes here?

200

*Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

*Escal.* Go: away with her to prison!

*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

*Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information <sup>210</sup> against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license: — let him be call'd before us. — Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio <sup>220</sup> must die to-morrow. Let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

<sup>225</sup> *Philip and Jacob, i. e. May 1st. (R)*

*Escal.* Good even, good Father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you.

*Escal.* Of whence are you? 230

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now  
To use it for my time: I am a Brother  
Of gracious order, late come from the See,  
In special business from his Holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' th' world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on  
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it:  
novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be  
aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be con-  
stant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth 240  
enough alive to make societies secure, but security  
enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this  
riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old  
enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of  
what disposition was the Duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended  
especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than 250  
merry at any thing which profess'd to make him re-  
joice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we  
him to his events, with a prayer they may prove  
prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find  
Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you  
have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister

<sup>238</sup> *and it is.* The folio has *and as it is*, the sentence nevertheless being closed at "undertaking" with a full point, and the next

word beginning with a capital. . . . (w)

<sup>241</sup> *security*, i. e. requests to friends to stand as sureties. Cf. *Proverbs*, xi. 15. (a)

measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he 260 framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him; and now is he resolv'd to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the Heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed — Justice. 270

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go; 280

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

<sup>268</sup> *resolv'd*, prepared. (R)

<sup>277-96</sup> These lines are not interwoven with the Scene, but "tacked on" it. They are superfluous, having no dramatic purpose, and uttering no moral truth that has not had infinitely better utterance before; their rhythm

is entirely inconsistent with their sentiment and with the diction of the serious parts of this play; in short, they are not Shakespearian and not Shakespeare's.

<sup>280</sup> The fault of this bad English is not in the printer, but the author.

To weed my vice, and let his grow !  
 O, what may man within him hide,  
 Though angel on the outward side !  
 How may likeness wade in crimes,  
 Making practice on the times, 290  
 To draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most pond'rous and substantial things !  
 Craft against vice I must apply.  
 With Angelo to-night shall lie  
 His old betrothed, but despised :  
 So disguise shall, by th' disguised,  
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
 And perform an old contracting. [Exit.]

## ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. — *A Room at the Moated Grange.*MARIANA *discovered sitting: a Boy singing.*

## SONG.

TAKE, O ! take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn :  
 But my kisses bring again,  
bring again,  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
seal'd in vain.

<sup>290</sup> *wade*. Malone's emendation for the folio, *mads*. But perhaps the author had only a confused notion of what he wanted to say.

<sup>1-6</sup> This most exquisite of love songs reappears in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* (1639),

where these lines follow, which were by some attributed without reason to Shakespeare : —

“ Hide, oh, hide those hills of  
snow  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick  
away :

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. —

[*Exit Boy.*

*Enter DUKE.*

I cry you, mercy, sir, and well could wish 10  
You had not found me here so musical :  
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good : though music oft hath such a  
charm,  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me  
here to-day? Much upon this time have I promis'd  
here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after : I have 20  
sat here all day.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you. — The time is  
come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a  
little : may be, I will call upon you anon for some  
advantage to yourself.

On whose tops the pinks that  
grow  
Are of those that April wears ;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by  
thee."

The two stanzas will not make  
one song, except at great violence  
to both the form and spirit of the  
first. For that is written so that  
the music shall repeat the last  
three syllables of each of the last

two lines, which is impossible  
with the other. The stanza added  
by Fletcher is palpably addressed  
to a woman, while this is just as  
certainly and as clearly, though  
not just as palpably, addressed  
to a man. The command to the  
*Boy*, to break off his song, is but  
a dramatic contrivance to produce  
the effect of an intrusion upon  
*Mariana's* solitude.

<sup>21</sup> *constantly*, firmly. (R)

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [Exit.

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good Deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with  
brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;

And to that vineyard is a planched gate, 30

That makes his opening with this bigger key :

This other doth command a little door,

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;

There have I made my promise

Upon the heavy middle of the night

To call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this  
way ?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't :

With whispering and most guilty diligence,

In action all of precept, he did show me 40

The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance ?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' th' dark ;

And that I have possess'd him my most stay

Can be but brief : for I have made him know,

I have a servant comes with me along,

That stays upon me, whose persuasion is,

I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'T is well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana

A word of this. — What, ho ! within ! come forth.

<sup>30</sup> *planch'd*, planked.

second beginning with *Heavy*.

<sup>34-6</sup> *There . . . him*. Tennyson  
and S. Walker conj. White re-  
garded the lines as prose. The  
folio, two lines of verse, the

<sup>42</sup> *observance*, the way she  
should act. (x)

<sup>44</sup> *possess'd*, told. *most*, ut-  
most. (x)

*Enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid : 51  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have  
found it.

*Duke.* Take then this your companion by the hand,  
Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will 't please you walk aside ?

*[Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.]*

*Duke.* O place and greatness ! millions of false eyes 60  
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious quests  
Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rack thee in their fancies !

*Enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome ! How agreed ?

*Isab.* She 'll take the enterprise upon her, Father,  
If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say,  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
"Remember now my brother."

*Mari.* Fear me not. 70

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.  
He is your husband on a pre-contract :  
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,

Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go :  
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter Provost and Clown.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head ?

*Clo.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir ; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine : here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper ; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem 10 you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

*Prov.* What hoa, Abhorson ! Where 's Abhorson, there ?

20

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhorson.* Do you call, sir ?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-

<sup>76</sup> *flourish*, embellish. (R)

<sup>76</sup> *tilth's*. The folio has *Tithes*, corrected by Warburton. Cf.

*Tempest*, II, i. 152. [Some later editors follow the folio.]

<sup>6</sup> *snatches*, quips. (R)

morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you : he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather 30 will turn the scale. [Exit.]

*Clo.* Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should 40 be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

50

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hang-man is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

<sup>30</sup> *estimation*, standing. (R)

<sup>39</sup> *mystery*, trade. The word is placed upon later. (R)

<sup>33</sup> *favour*, face. (R)

<sup>45-6</sup> See Supplementary Notes. Also for l. 53. (R)

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, — four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade : follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, sir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare ; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe<sup>60</sup> you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*

Th' one has my pity ; not a jot the other,  
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here 's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :  
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine ?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour,  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones :  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him ? 70  
Well, go ; prepare yourself. But hark, what noise ?

[*Knocking within.*

Heaven give your spirits comfort ! — By and by : —

[*Exit CLAUDIO.*

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,  
For the most gentle Claudio. — Welcome, Father.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night  
Envelop you, good Provost ! Who call'd here of late ?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

<sup>60</sup> *yare, ready.* The folios, y'are. (A)

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere 't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There 's some in hope. 80

*Prov.* It is a bitter Deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power  
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that  
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

[*Knocking within.*

But this being so, he 's just. — Now are they come. —

[*Exit Provost.*

This is a gentle Provost: seldom, when  
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.* 90  
How now! What noise? That spirit 's possess'd with  
haste,  
That wounds th' unlisting postern with these strokes.

*Enter Provost.*

*Prov.* [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must  
stay, until the officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,  
But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov.* None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

<sup>80</sup> *qualify*, abate. *meal'd*, sprinkled, possibly defiled. White thought that there was probably a misprint. (x)

<sup>92</sup> *unlisting*, unregarding. The folio has *enlisting*, the emendation being Monck Mason's. [Recent editors follow the folio and explain "unresisting."]

*Prov.* Happely,  
 You something know ; yet, I believe, there comes  
 No countermand : no such example have we. 100  
 Besides, upon the very siege of justice,  
 Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
 Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger.*

This is his lordship's man.

*Duke.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Messenger.* My lord hath sent you this note ; and  
 by me this further charge, that you swerve not from  
 the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or  
 other circumstance. Good morrow ; for, as I take it,  
 it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.* 110

*Duke.* This is his pardon ; purchas'd by such sin,  
 [*Aside.*

For which the pardoners himself is in :  
 Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
 When it is borne in high authority.  
 When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
 That for the fault's love is th' offender friended. —  
 Now, sir, what news ?

*Prov.* I told you : Lord Angelo, belike thinking  
 me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted

<sup>99</sup> *Happely*, hap-ly, "by hap," formerly spelled *happa*. The old orthography and pronunciation are retained on account of the rhythm.

<sup>101</sup> *siège*, seat. (a)

<sup>102</sup> In the original folio the half line is assigned to the *Duke*, and

l. 104 to the *Provost* ; but there can be no doubt that Tyrwhitt was right in suggesting the transposition of the prefixes ; for the *Duke* would not know, or, at least, seem to know, his lordship's man ; and the *Provost* was far from expecting *Claudio's* pardon. . . . (w)

putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used <sup>120</sup> it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [Reads.] "*Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*"—

What say you to this, sir?

130

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in th' afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him: <sup>140</sup> and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: <sup>150</sup> insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none. He hath evermore had

<sup>120</sup> *putting-on*, urgency. (A)

<sup>141</sup> *fact*, deed.

<sup>151</sup> *desperately mortal*, probably,

doomed to die without hope of salvation. See Supplementary

Notes. (A)

the liberty of the prison : give him leave to escape hence, he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it : it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 170

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what ?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack ! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo ? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order, I warrant you : if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo. 180

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

*Duke.* O ! death 's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and dye the beard ; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared

<sup>174</sup> *limited*, appointed. (R)

<sup>182</sup> *favour*, face. (R)

<sup>184</sup> *dye the beard*. [Simpson's conjecture.] The folio has *tie the beard*. It is required by IV. iii.

74. As it was customary for men to dye the beard and women the hair, materials could easily be procured. [See Supplementary Notes.]

before his death : you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good Father : it is against my oath. 190

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy ?

*Prov.* To him and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing.

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that ?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. 200 Look you, sir ; here is the hand and seal of the Duke : you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the Duke : you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor ; per- 210 chance, of the Duke's death ; perchance, entering into some monastery ; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, th' unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with

<sup>210</sup> The folio [followed by recent editors] omits *here*, which is necessary to the sense, and was sup-

plied by [Hanmer]. (w) [*unfolding*, i. e. summoning the shepherd to "unfold" his flock.]

Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn.

220

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter Clown.*

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think it were Mistress Over-done's own house ; for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash ; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master 10 Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey, the rapier-and-dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd Lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's 20 sake.

<sup>4</sup> *Master Rash.* The original has *Mr.* throughout this speech, except in the case of Three-pile.

<sup>6</sup> *brown paper and old ginger.* Usurers in Shakespeare's day, as they do now, made their unfortunate clients take part of

their loan in some sort of rubbish.

<sup>12</sup> *peaches, impeaches.* (x)

<sup>20</sup> *for the Lord's sake.* This is an allusion to the practice of permitting prisoners for debt to ask alms of visitors and passers. . . . (w)

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Clo.* Mr. Barnardine ! you must rise and be hang'd,  
Mr. Barnardine.

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine !

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats ! Who  
makes that noise there ? What are you ?

*Clo.* Your friends, sir ; the hangman. You must  
be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away ! I am  
sleepy. 30

*Abhor.* Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly  
too.

*Clo.* Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are  
executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming, sir, he is coming : I hear his  
straw rustle.

*Enter BARNARDINE.*

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?

*Clo.* Very ready, sir.

*Barnar.* How now, Abhorson ? what's the news  
with you ? 40

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into  
your prayers ; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night :  
I am not fitted for 't.

<sup>28</sup> hang'd, i. e. executed. (R)

<sup>28</sup> Master Barnardine. The  
Clown who has just said Mr.  
Barnardine ! you must rise and be  
hang'd, now, when he coaxes, (R)

says, Pray, Master Barnardine.

. . . (W) [Globe and Cambridge  
drop this distinction.]

<sup>41</sup> clap into, get to work on.

(R)

*Clot.* O, the better, sir ; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Abhor.* Look you, sir ; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you ?

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing 50 how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Barnar.* Friar, not I : I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

*Duke.* O, sir, you must ; and therefore, I beseech you,  
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Barnar.* I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion. 60

*Duke.* But hear you, —

*Barnar.* Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Provost.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die. O, gravel heart ! —  
After him, fellows : bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*

*Prov.* Now, sir ; how do you find the prisoner ?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ;

<sup>60</sup> *gravel heart.* This reading is from the folio text, *gravell heart*, and should be retained. and read *grovelling beast*. The change is too great for so slight authority. (a)  
White followed the Collier folio

And to transport him, in the mind he is, 70  
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, Father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years ; his beard and head  
Just of his colour. What if we do omit  
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd,  
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

*Duke.* O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides !  
Dispatch it presently : the hour draws on 80  
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,  
And sent according to command, whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good Father, presently.  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon ;  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come,  
If he were known alive ?

*Duke.* Let this be done. — Put them in secret holds,  
Both Barnardine and Claudio :  
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting 90  
To th' under generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch, and send the head to An-  
gelo. [Exit Provost.]

<sup>90-1</sup> The metrical arrange-  
ment here is that of the original,  
which was needlessly changed by  
Steevens to accommodate the  
rhythm to a necessary change in  
the original text, which has *To*  
*yond generation*. The error re-

sulted from the compositor's mis-  
taking "y<sup>e</sup> und<sup>r</sup>" (abbreviated for  
*the under*) for "yond." This re-  
stores alike rhythm and sense,  
for it is not the world outside the  
prison that is meant, but the an-  
tipodes. [Hanmer's emendation.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,  
(The Provost, he shall bear them) whose contents  
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound,  
To enter publicly. Him I'll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount, 100  
A league below the city ; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift return,  
For I would commune with you of such things,  
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

*Isab.* [*Within.*] Peace, hoa, be here !

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. — She's come to know,  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither ; 110  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Hoa ! by your leave.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious  
daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.  
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

112 *her*, i. e. for her. (a)

*Duke.*

It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience. 120

*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow; — nay, dry your eyes: 130

One of our covent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your

wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

*Isab.*

I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give; 140

'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you

Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.

<sup>121</sup> *covent*, an old form of "con-  
vent." Cf. Covent Garden.

<sup>122</sup> *instance*, intimation. (R)

<sup>127</sup> *bosom*, heart's desire. (R)

<sup>144</sup> *perfect him*, post him on. (R)

<sup>147</sup> *combined*, pledged. (R)

Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart : trust not my holy order, 150  
If I pervert your course. — Who 's here ?

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* Good even.  
Friar, where is the Provost ?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,  
to see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient. I  
am fain to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare  
not, for my head, fill my belly : one fruitful meal would  
set me to 't. But they say the Duke will be here to-  
morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother : 160  
if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been  
at home, he had lived. [*Exit ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding  
to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as  
I do : he 's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

*Duke.* Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye  
well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry ; I 'll go along with thee. I can 170  
tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already,  
sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench  
with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing ?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I ; but I was fain to for-  
swear it : they would else have married me to the  
rotten medlar. 180

<sup>166</sup> *woodman*, a hunter after deer, and so after *dears*. *Falstaff* double meaning, "Am I a wood-  
man ?" (w) [*Merry Wives*, V.  
asks *Mrs. Ford*, with a similar v. 30.]

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest.  
Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, Friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Room in ANGELO's House.*

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd [the] other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring, that if any crave redress of in- 10 justice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: betimes i' th' morn, I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit, as are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.* 20]

*Ang.* Good night. —

<sup>2</sup> The article, necessary to the sense, is omitted in the folio (w) [and by some recent editors, following *Cambridge*].

<sup>6</sup> *re-deliver.* The folio misprints *reliwer.* (x)

<sup>10</sup> *sort and suit*, rank and service. Men of suit are those bound to feudal attendance. (x)

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,  
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,  
 And by an eminent body, that enforc'd  
 The law against it! — But that her tender shame  
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her on;  
 For my authority bears up a credent bulk  
 That no particular scandal once can touch,  
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,  
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, 31  
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life  
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!  
 Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,  
 Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *Fields without the Town.*

*Enter DUKE, in his own habit, and Friar PETER.*

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me.  
 The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.

<sup>22</sup> *unpregnant*, unready. (R)

<sup>27</sup> I. e. "Reason is on my side, and dares her to denounce me; for should she do so, my mere reputation and authority would at once confound her." The folio has *Yet reason dares her no*. [Recent editors accept this in the sense of "not to do it."]

<sup>28</sup> *bears up*. The folio, *bears of*, which has hitherto been endured, or cured by reading *bears off* or *here's of*, or by boldly dropping the particle altogether. *Angelo's* thought is plainly that his

position and reputation will *sustain* his denial of any scandalous story. [See Supplementary Notes. Also for *credent bulk*.]

<sup>29</sup> *particular*, private. (R)

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson thought that this Act should end with Scene IV., because a night intervened and the scene changed, while between IV. iv. and V. i. there is no break of time nor change in scene. But with Act V. begins a grand and entirely new dramatic interest — that attaching to the

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
 And hold you ever to our special drift,  
 Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,  
 As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,  
 And tell him where I stay : give the like notice  
 To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;  
 But send me Flavius first.

*Friar Peter.*

It shall be speeded well. 10

[*Exit Friar.*]

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made good  
 haste.

Come, we will walk : there's other of our friends  
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *Street near the City Gate.*

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loath :  
 I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,  
 That is your part ; yet I'm advis'd to do it,  
 He says, to veil full purpose.

*Mari.*

Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure  
 He speak against me on the adverse side,

exposure of *Angelo*. Up to the  
 conclusion of the next and last  
 Scene of the present Act (IV.) we  
 see the toils of the *Friar-Duke*  
 closing round his victim : after  
 that there is no further plotting,  
 and no disguise, except the mo-  
 mentary one necessary to the

complete working out of former  
 designs. A clock and a good  
 memory will preserve the unities  
 of time and place, but for the  
 preservation of the far more im-  
 portant unity of dramatic interest,  
 it is better to trust to Shakespeare.

<sup>9</sup> trumpets, trumpeters. (R)

I should not think it strange ; for 't is a physic,  
That 's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would, Friar Peter —

*Isab.* O, peace ! the Friar is come.

*Enter Friar PETER.*

*F. Peter.* Come ; I have found you out a stand most  
fit,

10

Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets  
sounded :

The generous and gravest citizens  
Have hent the gates, and very near upon  
The Duke is ent'ring : therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. — *A Public Place near the City Gate.*

*Enter, severally, DUKE, VARRIUS, and Attendant Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens. During their interview, enter MARIANA, (veiled,) ISABELLA, and Friar PETER, at a distance.*

**DUKE.** My very worthy cousin, fairly met : —  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.  
*Ang. and Escal.* Happy return be to your Royal  
Grace !

<sup>12</sup> *generous*, best born. (x)

<sup>14</sup> *hent*, taken possession of.

<sup>1</sup> [*Enter, severally.*] The folio directs, *Enter at several doors*, all entrances being made from doors on Shakespeare's stage, from want of scenery. In the folio,

too, *Friar Peter* and *Isabella* are not directed to enter until just as the former says *Now is your time* ; but we know, from the foregoing Scene, that the poet had in his mind's eye the arrangement indicated in this stage-direction.

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.  
We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield forth to you public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should  
wrong it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10  
When it deserves with characters of brass  
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus,  
You must walk by us on our other hand ;  
And good supporters are you.

*Friar PETER and ISABELLA come forward.*

*F. Peter.* Now is your time. Speak loud, and  
kneel before him.

*Isab.* Justice, O Royal Duke ! Vail your regard 20  
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !  
O worthy Prince ! dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object,  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice. Justice ! justice ! justice !

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs : in what ? by whom ?  
Be brief.

<sup>1</sup> *forth to you.* The folio has  
you forth to — an evident trans-  
position [though followed by re-  
cent editors]. The *Duks* yielded  
*Angelo* forth to no public thanks ;

but he gave him his own thanks  
publicly. See the first two lines  
of his next speech. (w) [*Cam-  
bridge* follows the folio.]

<sup>20</sup> *vail*, lower. (a)

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O, worthy Duke !  
You bid me seek redemption of the Devil.  
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak 30  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here !

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,  
Cut off by course of justice.

*Isab.* By course of justice !

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.  
That Angelo's forsworn ; — is it not strange ?  
That Angelo's a murderer ; — is 't not strange ?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ; —  
Is it not strange, and strange ?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo,  
Than this is all as true as it is strange :  
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth  
To th' end of reck'ning.

*Duke.* Away with her. — Poor soul !  
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

*Isab.* O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50  
That I am touch'd with madness : make not impossible  
That which but seems unlike. 'T is not impossible,  
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,  
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,

<sup>52</sup> *unlike*, unlikely. (R)

<sup>54</sup> *absolute*, faultless. (R)

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, Royal Prince :  
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad, as I believe no other, 60  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense, —  
Such a dependency of thing on thing, —  
As e'er I heard in madness.

*Isab.* O, gracious Duke !  
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason  
For inequality ; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,  
And hide the false seems true.

*Duke.* Many that are not mad,  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What would you  
say ?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70  
To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo.  
I, in probation of a Sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother, — one Lucio  
As then the messenger —

*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your Grace.  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he, indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

<sup>60</sup> *characts*, characters, outward seeming. (w)

<sup>63</sup> *As*, for "that." The construction is : "Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense that e'er

I heard in madness." The intervening line is interjectional.

<sup>66</sup> *inequality*, inconsistency.

<sup>67</sup> *the false seems true*. "Which" is understood.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord ;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then :  
Pray you, take note of it ; and when you have 80  
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then  
Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself : take heed  
to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right ; but you are i' the wrong  
To speak before your time. — Proceed.

*Isab.* I went  
To this pernicious, caitiff Deputy.

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it :  
The phrase is to the matter. 90

*Duke.* Mended again : the matter ? — Proceed.

*Isab.* In brief, — to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd me, and how I repli'd,  
(For this was of much length,) — the vile conclusion  
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,  
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, 100  
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,  
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely.

<sup>84</sup> *refell'd*, refuted [or rebutted]. (w)

<sup>100</sup> *remorse*, pity. (a)

*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true!

*Duke.* By Heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not  
what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,  
In hateful practice. First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,  
That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, 110  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:  
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?

Then, O! you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened time,  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up  
In countenance!—Heaven shield your Grace from  
woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke.* I know, you 'd fain be gone.—An officer!—120  
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.  
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly Father, belike.—Who knows that  
Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him: 't is a meddling friar;  
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,

<sup>104</sup> *as like*. . . The *Duke*,  
throwing doubt upon her assertion,  
says, ironically, "This is  
most likely to be true;" and  
she, knowing it to be virtually  
true, and wishing it to be so re-

ceived, replies, "O, that it were  
as like 'to be believed' as it is  
true!" . . . (w)

<sup>110</sup> *ripened*, read as *ripened*.

<sup>118</sup> *countenance*, authority. (n)

<sup>120</sup> *practice*, conspiracy. (n)

For certain words he spake against your Grace  
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly. 130

*Duke.* Words against me? This' a good friar, be-  
like!

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute! — Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that  
friar —

I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*F. Peter.* Blessed be your Royal Grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, 140  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.  
Know you that Friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?

*F. Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy;  
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously: believe it.

*F. Peter.* Well, he in time may come to clear  
himself, 150

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint  
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,

<sup>131</sup> *This' a good friar.* The apostrophe marks the elision of *is*; as in *What' fool for what a fool*. Cf. *Two Gentlemen*, I. ii. 53. (w)

<sup>145</sup> *temporary meddler.* i. e. meddler in temporary affairs. (x)  
<sup>152</sup> *mere*, particular; or, solely at his request. (x)

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know  
 Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath,  
 And all probation, will make up full clear,  
 Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman :  
 To justify this worthy nobleman,  
 So vulgarly and personally accus'd, 160  
 Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
 Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.*

Good Friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off guarded ; and  
 MARIANA comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ? —  
 O Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools ! —  
 Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo ;  
 In this I'll be impartial : be you judge  
 Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, Friar ?  
 First let her shew her face, and after speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face  
 Until my husband bid me. 170

*Duke.*

What, are you married ?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.*

Are you a maid ?

*Mari.*

No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow, then ?

*Mari.*

Neither, my lord.

*Duke.*

Why, you

Are nothing, then : neither maid, widow, nor wife ?

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of  
 them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

*Duke.* Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause  
 To prattle for himself.

<sup>158</sup> *convented*, summoned. (x)

<sup>180</sup> *vulgarly*, publicly, with per-

haps some reference to coarseness. (x)

<sup>168</sup> *her*. The folio has *your*.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married ;  
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid :  
I have known my husband, yet my husband knows not  
That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk then, my lord : it can be no  
better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert  
so too ! 190

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to 't, my lord.  
She that accuses him of fornication,  
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time  
When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms  
With all th' effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me ?

*Mari.* Not that I know. 200

*Duke.* No ? — you say your husband ?

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord ; and that is Angelo,  
Who thinks, he knows that he ne'er knew my body,  
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse. — Let's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me : now I will unmask.  
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking 'on :  
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body 210  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman ?

<sup>206</sup> *abuse*, imposition. (a)

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more.

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess I know this woman ;  
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage  
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,  
Partly, for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition ; but, in chief, 220  
For that her reputation was disvalued  
In levity : since which time of five years  
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her  
Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari.* Noble Prince,  
As there comes light from heaven, and words from  
breath,  
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,  
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly  
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,  
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,  
He knew me as a wife. As this is true 230  
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,  
Or else for ever be confixed here,  
A marble monument.

*Ang.* I did but smile till now :  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;  
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
These poor informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member,  
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart ;

<sup>219</sup> *proportions*, portion, dower.

(R) <sup>220</sup> *composition*, stipulation. (R)

<sup>226</sup> *informal*, ill regulated, dis-  
tracted. See *Comedy of Errors*,  
V. i. 105. (W)

And punish them unto your height of pleasure. 240

Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy  
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,  
That's sealed in approbation? — You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin : lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.  
There is another friar that set them on ;  
Let him be sent for.

*F. Peter.* Would he were here, my lord ; for he,  
indeed, 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint.  
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,  
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go, do it instantly. — [*Exit Provost.*  
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
In any chastisement : I, for a while,  
Will leave you ; but stir not you, till you have well  
Determined upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. — [*Exit 260*  
*DUKE.*] Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that  
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person ?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in  
nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke  
most villainous speeches of the Duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he

<sup>240</sup> *unto.* [Pope's change.] The  
folio has *to.*

<sup>242</sup> *compact*, having an under-  
standing with. (a)

<sup>248</sup> *Cucullus non facit mona-*  
*chum.* The cowl does not make  
the monk. (w)

come, and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again : [*To 270 an Attendant.*] I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question ; you shall see how I'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you ?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately she would sooner confess : perchance, publicly she'll be asham'd.

*Enter Officers, with ISABELLA, the DUKE, in a Friar's habit, and Provost.*

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way ; for women are light at 280 midnight.

*Escal.* Come on, mistress. [*To ISABELLA.*] Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of ; here, with the Provost.

*Escal.* In very good time : — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Escal.* Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo ? they have confess'd you did. 290

*Duke.* 'T is false.

*Escal.* How ! know you where you are ?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place ! and let the Devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne. — Where is the Duke ? 't is he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The Duke's in us, and we will hear you speak : Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least. — But, O, poor souls!  
 Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300  
 Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?  
 Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,  
 Thus to retort your manifest appeal,  
 And put your trial in the villain's mouth  
 Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!  
 Is 't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women  
 To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,  
 And in the witness of his proper ear, 310  
 To call him villain? and then to glance from him  
 To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?  
 Take him hence; to the rack with him: — We'll  
 touze you  
 Joint by joint but we will know his purpose. —  
 What! unjust?

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the Duke dare  
 No more stretch this finger of mine than he  
 Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,  
 Nor here provincial. My business in this State  
 Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble 320  
 Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,  
 But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes  
 Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
 As much in mock as mark.

<sup>318</sup> *provincial*, of this province, and under its authorities.

<sup>321</sup> *stew*, caldron. See Supplementary Notes. (a)

<sup>323</sup> *forfeits in a barber's shop*. . . . Dr. Kenrick states, in his *Suffolk Words*, that, in 1750, he saw a metrical list of forfeits in

a barber's shop to be enforced against those who meddled with the razors or surgical instruments; for barbers were surgeons of old. We may well believe that these forfeits were "as much in mock as mark." (w)

*Escal.* Slander to the State! Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord. — Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your<sup>330</sup> voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

*Lucio.* O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of<sup>340</sup> him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest, I love the Duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark how the villain would glose now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: — Away with him to prison. — Where is the Provost? — Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more. — Away with those giglots<sup>350</sup> too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hand on the Duke.*]

<sup>348</sup> *glose*, i. e. smooth over his treasonable abuses. The folio has *close*, an evident misprint, as the *Duke* shows no intention to close

the discussion, — yet hitherto retained [with the interpretation “make terms”]. (w)

<sup>350</sup> *giglots*, loose girls. (w)

*Duke.* Stay, sir; stay a while.

*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Shew your knave's visage with a pox to you! shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour. Will 't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood.*]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke. —

360

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three. —

Sneak not away, sir; [*To LUCIO.*] for the Friar and you

Must have a word anon. — Lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down. [*To ESCALUS.*]

We'll borrow place of him: — Sir, by your leave.

[*The DUKE takes ANGELO's seat.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,  
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O, my dread lord!

370

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good Prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana. —

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

<sup>714</sup> *passes, trespasses.* (R)

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

380

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.  
Do you the office, Friar ; which consummate,  
Return him here again. — Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, Friar PETER,  
and Provost.

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,  
Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel.  
Your Friar is now your Prince : as I was then  
Advertising and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.

*Isab.* O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty !

390

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel :  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;  
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,  
Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid !  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose : but, peace be with him !  
That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your  
comfort,  
So happy is your brother.

400

<sup>382</sup> *consummate*, having been  
accomplished. (R)

<sup>387</sup> *Advertising*, instructing. (R)  
*holy*, solely devoted. (R)

<sup>390</sup> *pain'd*, put to pains. (R)

<sup>390</sup> *remonstrance*, used in its  
radical sense of "showing again,"  
not "expostulation."

*Enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching  
here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudg'd your brother,  
(Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,) 410  
The very mercy of the law cries out,  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,  
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,  
Like doth quit like, and *Measure*, still, *for Measure*.  
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,  
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee van-  
tage.

We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. —  
Away with him.

*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord! 420  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a hus-  
band.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,  
Although by confiscation they are ours,

<sup>408</sup> *salt*, salacious. (R)      *confutation*, corrected in the  
<sup>427</sup> *confiscation*. The folio has      second folio.

We do instate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O, my dear lord !

I crave no other, nor no better man. 430

*Duke.* Never crave him : we are definitive.

*Mari.* Gentle my liege, — [Kneeling.

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death. — Now, sir, [to LUCIO.] to  
you.

*Mari.* O, my good lord ! — Sweet Isabel, take my  
part :

Lend me your knees ; and, all my life to come,  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her :  
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel, 440

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me :  
Hold up your hands : say nothing ; I'll speak all.  
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad : so may my husband.  
O Isabel ! will you not lend a knee ?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous sir,  
[Kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds 450  
Till he did look on me : since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he di'd :

428 widow you, i. e. give you a widow's allowance. (R)

For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no sub-  
jects —  
Intent but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable : stand up, I say. —  
I have bethought me of another fault. — 460  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour ?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

*Prov.* No, my good lord ; it was by private mes-  
sage.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office :  
Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble Lord :  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,  
Yet did repent me, after more advice ;  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have di'd, 470  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he ?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. —  
Go, fetch him hither : let me look upon him.

[*Exit* Provost.]

*Escal.* I am sorry one so learned and so wise  
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ;  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,

That I crave death more willingly than mercy : 480  
 'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Enter* PROVOST, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man. —  
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
 That apprehends no farther than this world,  
 And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd ;  
 But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,  
 And pray thee, take this mercy to provide  
 For better times to come. — Friar, advise him :  
 I leave him to your hand. — What muffled fellow's  
 that ?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd, 491  
 That should have di'd when Claudio lost his head,  
 As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.]

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, [*to* ISABELLA.] for  
 his sake

Is he pardon'd ; and for your lovely sake  
 Give me your hand, and say you will be mine :  
 He is my brother too. — But fitter time for that.  
 By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe :  
 Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye. —  
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well : 500  
 Look that you love your wife ; her worth, worth  
 yours. —

I find an apt remission in myself ;  
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon. —

<sup>488</sup> *give.* See Supplementary Notes. (R)

<sup>500</sup> *quits,* lets you off. (R)

<sup>502</sup> *apt remission,* readiness to pardon. (R)

You, sirrah, [*to LUCIO.*] that knew me for a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman :

Wherein have I so deserved of you,

That you extol me thus ?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may ; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd. 510

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after. —

Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,

If any woman 's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,

(As I have heard him swear himself there 's one

Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,

And he shall marry her : the nuptial finished,

Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore ! Your Highness said even now I made you a duke : good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal

Remit thy other forfeits. — Take him to prison,

And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a Prince deserves it. —

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. —

Joy to you, Mariana ! — love her, Angelo : 530

I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue. —

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :

There 's more behind that is more gratulate.

<sup>508</sup> *luxury*, lust. (a)

<sup>509</sup> *trick*, fashion.

<sup>518</sup> *woman's*. Late editors read, with the folio, *woman*. (a)

<sup>622</sup> *gratulate*, gratifying. (a)

Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place. —  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :  
Th' offence pardons itself. — Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good ;  
Whereto if you 'll a willing ear incline, 540  
What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. —  
So, bring us to our palace ; where we 'll show  
What 's yet behind that 's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>548</sup> *that 's.* The original has *that.* (w)

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

The citations made by White from Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* do not at all points of spelling and punctuation agree with the text given in the second edition of *Shakespeare's Library*, Vol. VI, but only two slight corrections have been deemed necessary. With regard to the relation of Davenant's *Law against Lovers* with *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, see George Illies' dissertation (Halle, 1900). Charles Gildon's fine adaptation, *Measure for Measure*, or *Beauty the Best Advocate*, was printed in 1700. For a good modern criticism of Shakespeare's noble play, see Walter Pater's *Appreciations*. The communication of L. L. K. to *Notes and Queries*, July 29, 1893, referred to in the Introduction, is very curious. The story told by the young Hungarian student in Vienna in 1547 seems very circumstantial and accords well with the version given in Goulart's "*Histoires Admirables, etc.*" 1618. A similar story was told of the infamous Kirke.

- I. i. 4. *t' affect*. So the folio. *Cambridge, to affect*.  
 I. i. 7. A large number of attempts have been made to amend this passage by interpolations. For example, Theobald made it read:—

"then no more remains  
 But that to your sufficiency *you add*  
*Due diligency*, as your worth is able."

Other editors have treated it as corrupt and have changed various words. It is certainly better to print the passage as defective than to attempt to supply whole phrases; it seems equally certain that the emendations of the original words as we have them are none of them satisfactory. The interpretations of the text as it stands — e. g. White's, given in the footnote, and Staunton's, who makes the *Duke* tender his commission (cf. l. 14) and regards *that* as referring to it — are not, however, convincing. Perhaps as simple a suggestion as any is to read *You* for *And* of l. 10 and regard *them* as referring to *properties* used as equivalent to *elements* of

government. These elements are given in ll. 10–14, and the idea of letting them *work* stands in natural contrast to *affecting speech and discourse* about them.

- I. i. 12. *y' are*. So the folio. *Cambridge, you're*.
- I. i. 28. *character*. White's original note on this passage seems to show that he took *character* in its usual sense, yet it may be used figuratively as equivalent to handwriting.
- I. i. 43. [*our place and power*]. White derived the inserted words from iv, 13 below. In *Riverside* he transposed the substantives.
- I. i. 57. *importune*. Accented on the penult. (W. condensed.)
- I. i. 4. *its*. Rare in Shakespeare.
- I. ii. 12. *Why* is followed in the folios by a note of interrogation.
- I. ii. 15. *before*. Altered by Hanmer to *after*, an emendation supported by the fact that in the old graces used at colleges the prayer for peace comes after meat. Cf. *Cambridge*. *doth* is Hanmer's reading for the original *do*. *Cambridge* retained the latter. *relish*. Rowe's reading. The two early folios spell *rallish*.
- I. ii. 25. *Ay*. The folio regularly *I*. So l. 51; II. i. 4, 71, 82, 110, 151; II. ii. 20, 70, 89, 147, etc.
- I. ii. 43. At this point the folios make the *Bawd* enter. Theobald transferred the direction to l. 57.
- I. ii. 50. *dolours*. As White observed, there is no need to follow Pope's change to *dollars*. Folios, *dollours*.
- I. ii. 63. *pr'ythee*. The folio, *pray thee*; *Cambridge*, *pray thee*. But usually as in I. iii. 175, iv. 45, III. ii. 141, 191 folio, *prethee*; *Cambridge*, *prithes*.
- I. ii. 68. *head's*. Capell's reading. Folio, *head*.
- I. ii. 80. [*Exeunt*.] The first folio has *Exit*.
- I. ii. 84. [*Enter Clown*.] Modern editors, following *Globe* and *Cambridge*, read *Enter Pompey*, and make the necessary changes before the proper speeches.
- I. ii. 105. There is no need of a comma after *change*.
- I. iii. 120. The punctuation by which *The words of Heaven* is separated from l. 119 is not warranted by the folio and is omitted in *Cambridge*.
- I. iii. 133. *morality*. The misprint *mortality* "was corrected by Davenant in his *Law for Lovers*—an adaptation of this play." (w)
- I. iii. 147. *denunciation*. White's original note on this word illustrated his acuteness in following up and rejecting the "corrections" of the Collier MS.
- I. iii. 149. *preservation*. White in *Riverside*, when he adopted the reading *propagation*, explained it as "used in the sense of payment."
- I. iii. 167. *nineteen*. In view of the *fourteen* of the next Scene the

latter number has been suggested here, with unnecessary efforts to secure accuracy.

- I. iii. 183. *prone*. Various explanations of this word have been given, but that adopted in the footnote seems the most satisfactory.
- I. iii. 184. *moves*. The folios read *move*, adopted by the *Cambridge* text.
- I. iii. 189. *which*. In *Riverside* White, as so often in that edition, followed the Cambridge editors in returning to the folio. Yet his earlier argument that *who* was a misprint still has weight on account of the unpleasant collocation of sounds. But *who* where we should say *which* is fairly frequent in Shakespeare.
- I. iv. 3. *complots*. Accented, as often, on the penult.
- I. iv. 10. *and witless*. So the three later folios. The first folio has simply *witless*. "With" and "a" have been suggested in place of "and." Cf. *Cambridge*.
- I. iv. 12. *stricture*. Davenant read *strictness*.
- I. iv. 21. *sleep*, which White retains in *Riverside*, was Davenant's emendation.
- I. iv. 43. *To do in slander*. Various suggestions have been made to explain or correct this phrase. *It* and *me*, for example, have been proposed for *in*. But if the comma be omitted after *fight*, as in *Cambridge*, the meaning seems plain. The *Duke's* weak nature will not be obliged to do justice in the face of slander.
- I. iv. 47. *bear*. Modern editors, following *Globe* and *Cambridge*, follow Capell in reading *bear me*, although *me* is authorized by none of the folios. In either case it means *behave*.
- I. iv. 48. *Mors*. Folios, *moes*.
- I. v. 30. *'Tis true, &c.* White follows the folios. *Cambridge* adopts the reading followed by modern editors, — viz., letting *Lucio's* speech begin in l. 29 with "It is true." The rest of l. 30 in the present text follows as a complete verse.
- I. v. 31. *seem the lapwing*, i. e. delude, as the lapwing does sportsmen, whom it draws away from its nest by its cries.
- I. v. 39. *Fewness and truth*, an apparently affected phrase for "briefly and truly."
- I. v. 40. *lover* is not infrequently used in a feminine sense.
- I. v. 42. *sedness*. A curious word, but, as White remarked in his first edition, plain in meaning and not to be displaced.
- I. v. 69. *grace*, probably, good fortune, the grace of Providence being shown if her prayers soften *Angelo*.
- I. v. 71. *Of business*. Printed in the folio at the end of the preceding line, which, as White noted, was unrhythmical and was an illustration of the very irregular arrangement of the folio at this point. White followed Capell's rearrangement. *Cambridge* and other late texts follow the folio.

- I. v. 72. *consur'd*, judged.
- I. v. 72-77. Capell's arrangement as long lines of verse. The folios print as ten short lines, ending *so, . . . life? . . . already, . . . warrant . . . execution . . . poore . . . good . . . have . . . doubt . . . traitors*.
- I. v. 74. *for his*. Capell's reading to suit his new metrical arrangement, and so *Cambridge*. The folios, *For's*. Cf. II. ii. 6, *for it*; *Cambridge* and folios, *for't*; l. 25 all copies, *for't*; II. iv. 143, *Cambridge*, *for it*; l. 150, all copies, *for't*.
- I. v. 78. *maka*. Folios, *makes*.
- I. v. 83. *ows*, have. The passage is equivalent to — they would get what they ask for as freely as if they had the granting of their own petitions.
- I. v. 89. *word of my success*, i. e. of how I prosper.
- II. i. 6. *fall*, i. e. fell, but it may possibly be intransitive.
- II. i. 32. Stage-direction *Enter Provost* is omitted by modern editors, following *Globe* and *Cambridge*. The folios give it after l. 31. Of course the editors that omit it place the *Provost* among the characters at the beginning of the Scene. The direction below, *Exit Provost*, is omitted by the folios.
- II. i. 37. *Cambridge* inserts the direction [*Aside*].
- II. i. 39. *from brakes*. In *Riverside* White changed to *through brakes*. Various suggestions have been made with regard to this tangled passage, but no one has bettered Rowe, who is also responsible for the reading *through*. Perhaps, "some run free tracks of vice and answer none" may be no more hazardous than many of the proposed readings.
- II. i. 87. Stage-direction [*To ANGELO*]. This is due to Capell, not to the folio. *Globe* and *Cambridge* omitted it, but *Escalus'* comment on *Elbow's* ludicrous misuse of words would naturally have been made to *Angelo*.
- II. i. 90. *prunes*. Cf. *Merry Wives*, I. i. 286.
- II. i. 91-2. *very distant time*. For *distant* the later folios have *instant*, a plausible reading.
- II. i. 119. *come vs*. White retained this reading in *Riverside* in spite of his later tendency to cling to the folio through thick and thin.
- II. i. 141. Stage-direction [*Exit ANGELO*] follows l. 140 in the folios.
- II. i. 165. *an*. Folios, *and*.
- II. i. 215. Stage-direction [*Exit FROTH*], due to Rowe. White's text follows the folio literally and distinguishes *Master Froth* and (twice) *Mr. Tapster*. *Cambridge*, *Master*, throughout, as the folio uses both forms elsewhere indiscriminately.
- II. i. 234. *splay*, Steevens' reading for *splay*.
- II. i. 240. *ars*. The folio has *is*.

- II. i. 256. The Cambridge editors inserted [*Aside*] after the first line of the *Clown's* speech.
- II. ii. 6. *for it*. This reading was due to Pope. Cambridge, *for 't*.
- II. ii. 22. Stage-direction [*Exit* Servant], due to Theobald. The two stage-directions immediately below, ll. 25-6, were due to Malone. Cambridge adopted the first and the last.
- II. ii. 26. *F'ars*. So the folio. Cambridge, *You 're*.
- II. ii. 42. Stage-direction [*Retiring*], due to Malone, omitted in Cambridge.
- II. ii. 58. *back*. Omitted in first folio, supplied by later folios.
- II. ii. 63-4. These form one line in the folios; l. 83 forms two lines.
- II. ii. 74. *ha*. Capitalised in Cambridge and late texts as is also *he* of l. 76.
- II. ii. 98. *successive*. Accented on first syllable.
- II. ii. 107. *And he that suffers*. A comma after *he*, as is found in Cambridge, makes the construction plainer. The phrase is equivalent to "and he the first that suffers."
- II. ii. 111. *ne'er*. The folio has *neuer*.
- II. ii. 116. *split'st*. The folio has *splits*, a contraction, not a grammatical slip or a misprint.
- II. ii. 120. *glassy essence*. This not very clear expression may mean, as commentators have opined, the essential nature of man which is like glass in power of reflection and in fragility. Syntactically it seems to be the object of both *ignorant of* and *assur'd [of]*.
- II. ii. 122. *makes*. The folios have *makes*.
- II. ii. 132. *avis'd*, assured. It is not clear whether *Lucio* is addressing *Angelo* or *Isabella*. The fact that he asks a question seems to favour the idea that he is addressing *Angelo*, but he has been indulging in encouraging asides to *Isabella*, and perhaps this is only a semi-humorous commentary upon her illustration drawn from a profession of which her knowledge must be slight.
- II. ii. 150. *rates*. The folios have *rate*.
- II. ii. 164. *Ha!* Cambridge made this word a separate line.
- II. iii. 26. *offenceful*. The first folio has *offence full*.
- II. iii. 33. After *spare* supply *to offend*, or a similar phrase. The sentence is not broken off in the folios, but is closed with a period.
- II. iv. 2. *several subjects* is followed by a period in Cambridge.
- II. iv. 7. *State*. Cambridge discards the unnecessary capital.
- II. iv. 18. *How now, &c*. In Cambridge this fills out l. 17; l. 18 ends with *you*; l. 19 with *Heavens*.
- II. iv. 27. The punctuation adopted makes *general* a noun, *subject* an adjective, which seems almost certainly what Shakespeare meant.
- II. iv. 46. *forbid* is followed by a colon in Cambridge.

- II. iv. 48. *means* — “mints” and “moulds” have been suggested.  
 II. iv. 53. *or*. The folios have *and*.  
 II. iv. 58. *number*, &c., i. e. sins forced upon us are more likely to be counted numerically than accounted for by way of punishment.  
 II. iv. 75. *crafty*. *Cambridge* adopted Rowe’s reading *craftily*, after Davenant. *that is*. The Collier MS. reading. *Cambridge*, *that’s*, after the folios.  
 II. iv. 88–90. In *Riverside* these lines are pointed as follows : —

“ Admit no other way to save his life,  
 As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
 But (in the loss of question), — that you, his sister.”

- II. iv. 101. *I’d*. The folios, *I’ld*, as also in l. 103.  
 II. iv. 104. *Then must*. Collier’s reading dividing the sentence between the two lines. In *Cambridge* *your brother die* is added to these words, filling out l. 104. In the folios the five words constitute a short line.  
 II. iv. 143. *for’t*. So the folios. *Cambridge* adopted Pope’s reading *for it*.  
 II. iv. 147. *pluck on*, draw on, i. e. probably, to confess a like weakness.  
 III. i. 10. *dost*. So the folios, and modern editors retain, either adopting Porson’s explanation that *breath* is the antecedent of *that*, or treating it as one of Shakespeare’s irregularities. Yet one would prefer Keightley’s reading *doth*, if there must be an irregularity, for it is difficult to resist the conclusion that it is the *skyeey influences* that *afflict*. Hammer boldly read *do*. See White’s long original note.  
 III. i. 15. *thou art*. *Cambridge* discards this reading of Steevens, and retains the original *thou’rt*. The punctuation of the whole speech is varied in *Cambridge* by substituting periods for colons.  
 III. i. 20. *exist’st*. Folios, *exists*.  
 III. i. 40. *more*. *Cambridge* follows the folios in reading *mos*.  
 III. i. 53. *Why*. A separate line in the folios. The reading of the text as a long line is Keightley’s.  
 III. i. 82. *Think you*, &c. A vexed passage. *Claudio* seems to ask whether he, a man, is to be furnished with courage by a woman, or else by the concluding words of *Isabella*’s preceding speech.  
 III. i. 127. *thoughts*. This is Theobald’s reading. Folios and *Cambridge*, *thought*.  
 III. i. 176. Stage-direction, *Enter Provost*. It seems best, as in *Cambridge*, to let this direction follow l. 177.  
 III. i. 181. *In good time*. Not as in the phrase “all in good time,” but “very well.” Cf. the French *à la bonne heure*.

- III. i. 196. *discover, &c.*, expose his method of government, i. e. by leaving such a substitute as *Angelo*. Or *his* may refer to *Angelo*, as the reply of the *Duke* seems to indicate.
- III. i. 233. *pretending, &c.*, i. e. putting forward as a pretext dishonourable things he claimed to have found out about her.
- III. i. 257. *and now follows all*. This phrase is cut off with dashes in *Cambridge*, — a much better punctuation. In ll. 264–5 the phrase set off in dashes probably gains in point as compared with its setting, without dashes, in *Cambridge*.
- III. ii. 6. *usuries*. Collier's MS. has *usances*.
- III. ii. 29, 30. Pope's reading as prose. Two lines, as if verse, in the folios, as III. ii. 247–8, 271. Cf. III. ii. 80, two short lines in the folios; IV. ii. 3–5, 105–9, 118–21, 177–80; IV. iii. 43–4, 170–1; V. i. 282–5.
- III. ii. 41. Stage-direction, *Enter Lucio*, follows l. 44 in *Cambridge*.
- III. ii. 59. *tub*. It is probable that there is a double allusion here, the second being to a remedy used in the "French disease." Cf. White's note in *Riverside*.
- III. ii. 175. *too*. Folio, *to*.
- III. ii. 192. *He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he, &c.* This is essentially the folio reading: *He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee, &c.* *Cambridge* follows Hamner and alters *now to not*, punctuating differently, and associating *not* with *yet*: *He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he, &c.*
- III. ii. 204. *forfeit* is probably an adjective here.
- III. ii. 277–98. Later editors incline to agree with White as to the spuriousness of these poor lines. See his original note for a fuller treatment, and *Cambridge* for the many attempts that have been made to amend the passage. It is not entirely safe to reject the verses, in view of the corrupt state of other portions of this play, and of other examples of doggerel octosyllabics to be found in other plays; yet one does not care to associate them with Shakespeare's name.
- IV. i. 1–6. It need scarcely be noted that White's date 1639 in connection with *The Bloody Brother* refers to its first publication, not to its first acting, and that Beaumont could have had nothing to do with its composition. While perhaps Ben Jonson and William Rowley did assist in it, the play was probably written after the beginning of 1624.
- IV. i. 26. *welcomes*. The folios have *well come*, which *Cambridge* adopts.
- IV. i. 34–5. *Cambridge* divides into three lines ending with *promise*, *night*, and *him*. This is not orthodox blank verse, but it is rhythmical and satisfactory to some ears.
- IV. i. 40. *In action all of precept*. She probably means that *Angelo*

carefully pointed out — made his actions instruct her in — the way she should go.

- IV. i. 50. *hoa!* *Cambridge* has *ho!* So below, ii. 19, and elsewhere.
- IV. i. 64. *dream*. *Cambridge* substitutes *dreams* (Rowe's reading) for the reading of the folios. Two lines above all texts read *quests* for the *quest* of the first folio.
- IV. i. 66-7. Prose. The folio and *Cambridge* print as verse, dividing after *father*.
- IV. ii. 4. *he is*. Pope's reading. The folio and *Cambridge*, *he's*.
- IV. ii. 45-9. *Cambridge* and other late texts add this speech to *Abhorson's*, urging that *Pompey* should not be made to answer his own question. Cf. Rolfe.
- IV. ii. 53. *forgiveness*, always asked of his victim by the hangman.
- IV. ii. 63. *Th' one*. So the folios. *Cambridge* seldom elides, and reads *The one*.
- IV. ii. 79. *ere't*. The folio, *er't*.
- IV. ii. 89. *seldom*. The folio, *sildoma*.
- IV. ii. 98. *Happely*. The folio prints as a special line. The first two folios, *Happely* i. e. haply; the later folios and *Cambridge*, *Happily*.
- IV. ii. 103. *lordship's*. The folios have *Lords*.
- IV. ii. 105-9. Printed as verse in folios, as also ll. 118-21 and ll. 177-82.
- IV. ii. 151. *desperately mortal*, "desperate in incurring death," and other phrases have been suggested as possible interpretations.
- IV. ii. 184. *dys*. White retained this reading in *Riverside*. *tide* and *time* have also been suggested, but those editors seem well advised who hold that the beard was sometimes tied to keep it out of the way of the axe. The use of *bared* (folio *bar'de*) would thus be doubly justified.
- IV. ii. 199. *my*, due to Rowe, omitted in *Cambridge*. *attempt*, we should now say "tempt."
- IV. ii. 200. *farther*. The folio and *Cambridge*, *further*, as often.
- IV. ii. 213. *unfolding*. Editors pertinently quote *Comus*, l. 93: "The star that bids the shepherd *fold*."
- IV. iii. 16. *Lusty*. With a small letter in *Cambridge*, which has *Forthright*, however, as here, though the folios have *Forthlight*. In l. 13 the first folio has *Dizie*, the later folios *Dizy*. In l. 18 *shootie* (first folio, *Shootie*) the later folios and *Cambridge* have *Shooty*, but White in *Riverside* read *Suily*, and explained it as satirizing the habit of dandy travellers to return with a number of outlandish suits of clothes.
- IV. iii. 20. *for the Lord's sake*, in quotation marks in *Cambridge*.
- IV. iii. 36. Stage-direction, *Enter BARNARDINE*, follows l. 38 in *Cambridge*; so the stage-direction after l. 63 is placed after l. 65, and there are other similar variations.

- IV. iii. 88. *Let this be done* forms the conclusion of the preceding line in *Cambridge*. *Put them . . . Claudio* is a long line in the folios and *Cambridge*.
- IV. iii. 102. *weale-balano'd*. The folio *weale-balano'd*, which White noted as "a palpable misprint."
- IV. iii. 119, 120. The folio arrangement, save that *It is no other* is printed as an independent line. *Cambridge* begins a new line with *It is no other*, ending it with *daughter*, thus throwing *In your close patience* into a special line.
- IV. iii. 135. *If you can, pass*. Some editors omit the comma.
- IV. iii. 151. *Good even*. Joined to the next line in *Cambridge*, whereupon *where is*, l. 152, becomes *where's*.
- IV. iv. 28. *bears up*. Recent editors do not accept the emendation — even White in *Riverside* omitted *of* — but they do not offer anything better. *credent bulk*, weight of credit.
- IV. vi. 13. *generous*, as the footnote indicates, is to be taken as superlative, along with *graves*.
- V. i. 13. *ma*. The first and second folios read *wa*.
- V. i. 63. *to it*. *Cambridge* rejects this reading of Capell's and prints *to't*.
- V. i. 91. *Mended*. Malone suggested *Mend it*.
- V. i. 95. *vile*. Folio, *vild*.
- V. i. 102. *purpose surfeiting*. In *Riverside* White thought that not improbably Shakespeare wrote *promise forfeiting*. *forfeiting* is the reading of the fourth folio.
- V. i. 103. *likely*. *Cambridge* makes this sentence exclamatory.
- V. i. 120. *you'd*. The folio and *Cambridge*, *you 'ld*.
- V. i. 171–6. Steevens' arrangement as verse. *Cambridge* and the folios print as short prose lines, and so join *why, you* (l. 177) to the following line as prose.
- V. i. 189. *'would*. *Cambridge* prints *would*.
- V. i. 199. *more*. The folios, *mos*.
- V. i. 203. *Cambridge* omits the commas.
- V. i. 219. *promised*. The folios spell *promis'd*, which makes *proportions* quadrisyllabic.
- V. i. 257–9. The arrangement of lines here followed is due to Theobald. Cf. *Cambridge* for another arrangement, lines 257 and 258 ending with *will leave you* and *determined*. In the folios ll. 257 and 258 end with *while* and *have*.
- V. i. 282–3. Two lines of verse in the folios ; so also l. 325.
- V. i. 313. *you*. In *Riverside* White adopted Malone's conjecture, *him*. Recent editors print as in the folio without comment, yet there seems to be a blunder either in *you* or *his*.
- V. i. 315. *dars*. So the folio at the end of the line. *Cambridge* follows Capell and begins the following line with *Dars*.

- V. i. 319. *a looker-on here in Vienna*. Cf. the much quoted, "a looker-on in *Venice*."
- V. i. 321. *stew*. Some see a reference to *stew*, brothel.
- V. i. 350. *giglots*. *Cambridge* reads *giglots*, discarding Capell's emendation.
- V. i. 357. *sheep-biting*, perhaps = thievish. *hang'd an hour*. "Anon" and other suggestions have been made. Perhaps *Lucio* only means that the sheep-stealer must be strung up for a sufficient length of time.
- V. i. 374. *passes*. Staunton conjectured *lapses*, which makes the passage less poetical.
- V. i. 400. *brain'd*, "knocked on the head."
- V. i. 454. *For Angelo*. Johnson's arrangement as a separate line. The folio prints as part of the following line.
- V. i. 468. *advice*. It seemed scarcely necessary to point out in the footnotes, and it is, perhaps, needless to observe here that, as in more than one place in *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, *advice* means here "reflection," "consideration." In *The Tempest*, V. i. 191, it seems to have its modern meaning.
- V. i. 496. *Give* is used in a conditional sense, if we follow *Globe* in placing commas after *and* and *sake* in l. 495 and after *mine* in l. 496.
- V. i. 543. *You all*. A frequent plural idiom in Shakespeare.

Variations in White's text:—

- I. iii. 136. *is't*. White, *is it*.
- II. i. 15. *where* has been changed to *which*.
- II. i. 220. An apostrophe in *Troth* has been deleted, also in *Faith*, II. i. 272 and V. i. 508; in *Pray*, II. ii. 3 and 125; in *Save*, II. ii. 96; and in *Bless*, III. ii. 12.
- III. i. 202. A comma has been deleted after *believe*.
- IV. i. 35-6. *There have . . . upon him*. Misprinted as two lines of prose in White's first edition.
- IV. iii. 64. *gravel heart*. White, *grovelling beast*.
- V. i. 502. A comma after *myself* has been changed to a semicolon.

# **THE COMEDY OF ERRORS**

*The Comedie of Errors* first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it occupies sixteen pages, viz., from p. 85 to 100 inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes. At the head of the first, third, fourth, and fifth Acts, however, "*Scena Prima*" appears. There is no list of *Dramatis Personæ*, which was first supplied by Rowe.

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

## INTRODUCTION

THERE is no doubt that *The Comedy of Errors* is an imitation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. [The first scene of Act III. suggests the *Amphitruo* of the same comedian.] But the question whether the imitation was direct or indirect has not been decided. We know, from the Record of the Revels at Court, that a play called *The History of Error* was in existence in the year 1576-7; for among the entries for that year is the following:—

“The Historie of Error, shewn at Hampton Court on New yeres daie at night, enacted by the children of Pawles.”

Malone, who first directed attention to this memorandum, also pointed out a passage in the *Gesta Grayorum*—a contemporary record of the festivities at Gray's Inn, published in 1688—which shows that “a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his *Menechmus*, was played by the players” during the Christmas Revels at that venerable Inn of Court in December, 1594. In 1595 there was published in London a free translation of the *Menæchmi*.<sup>1</sup> Finally, Meres gives us evidence that Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was written at least as early as 1597. These are all the facts on record

<sup>1</sup> “A pleasant and fine Conceited Comœdie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus: Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in English by W. W. — London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratiouse streete. 1595.” 4to.

This W. W. is supposed by Anthony Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, to have been William Warner, the author of *Albion's England*, a sort of chronicle in verse, first published at London in 1586. 4to. [A view still generally held by editors, but seemingly abandoned by Ward.]

from which we can determine the origin of this comedy or the date of its production; but as the old *History of Error* is entirely lost, and as we do not know whether the play at Gray's Inn was Shakespeare's Comedy or the older History, we are unable to decide from these data whether Shakespeare's play existed in any form before the publication of the translation from Plautus. [It is generally thought that the Gray's Inn play was Shakespeare's.]

Of internal evidence upon this subject there is very little, and that not of much weight. *Dromio's* reply to *Antipholus*, III. ii. 125, that he found France in the forehead of the globe-like dame who asserted uxorial rights over him, "armed and reverted,<sup>1</sup> making war against her heir," is, however, so plainly a punning allusion to the war of the League [begun 1589], which was closed by Henry IV.'s apostasy in 1593, that there can hardly be a doubt as to the existence of the passage before that date. For although it is true that "heire" might be a misprint or loose spelling of "haire," to which it is changed in the folio of 1632, the allusion yet exists in as full force, in the otherwise senseless words "armed and reverted, making war," and the pun remains with a different spelling [III. ii. 138 points to the earlier years of that period and suggests 1589-91 as the date of the play]. The likeness between the phraseology of the translated *Menæchmi* and *The Comedy of Errors* is very slight indeed; and all other similarity is due, of course, to the original. *Adriana* says, II. i., "poor I am but his stale," and the Wife in the translated *Menæchmi* says, "He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke": W. W. translates,

"— nunc ibo in tabernam : vasa et argentum tibi  
Referam,"

"He go strait to the Inne, and deliver up my accounts and all your stuffe," and *Antipholus* of Syracuse says, "Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;" and although "stuff" and "stale" were generally used in Shakespeare's time

<sup>1</sup> White considered *reverted* a misprint. Cf. III. ii. 124, note. (x)

as they are here used, in these speeches they have somewhat the air of reminiscences.

That the author of *The Comedy of Errors* knew the story of the *Menæchmi* needs, of course, no setting forth; but that he had studied it closely either in the original or in a translation, is evident from similarity in minor points between the plays. In both the resident brother is married; in both the wife is shrewish; in both she has brought her husband a large dowry; in both the Courtesan appears; and in both the resident brother seeks refuge at her table from the jealous clamours of his wife; the incident of the chain is common to both, and is used by each dramatist, though with a difference, for the same purpose; in both the wandering brother gives his purse to his servant to be carried to the inn; in both the wife, on account of the behaviour of his double, finally supposes her husband to be lunatic, and in the one case sends and in the other brings a leech to take him in charge, who in both encounters the husband himself. It is also noteworthy that in the first stage directions of the original, one *Antipholus* is called "*Errotis*" [possibly with a reminiscence of the Courtesan Erotion] and the other "*Sereptus*," — misprints, doubtless, for "*Erraticus*" and "*Surreptus*," — meaning "wandering" and "stolen." Now, in *The Comedy of Errors* the resident brother is not stolen, but in the *Menæchmi* he is, and is designated as *Surreptus*; and the traveller, who is not called *Erraticus* in Plautus' *Dramatis Personæ*, but *Sosicles*, is, however, called "the Traveller" in W. W.'s translation. This translation, although not published until 1595 [reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, II. i.], had then been made and handed about for some time, as we know by the address of "The Printer to the Readers" which introduces it. In this he says, or, without doubt, the author for him, — "The writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad," &c.

In the absence of evidence which amounts to proof, we may yet form an opinion; and my own, based upon a consideration of the facts just stated and of the play itself, is, that Shakespeare, at the very beginning of his dramatic career, wishing to supply his theatre with an amusing comedy to take the place of a rude imitation of the *Menæchmi*, already somewhat known to the public, read that play in the original as thoroughly as his "small Latin" (small in the estimation of so complete a scholar as Jonson) enabled him to read it; that he also [may have] read W. W.'s translation in manuscript [with the earlier and freer adaptation *Jack Juggler*, (1568), one of many paraphrases in the chief literary languages (Gollancz)]; and that then, using for the more comic parts the doggerel verse in which the elder play was written, for the passages of sentiment the alternate rhymes of which *Venus and Adonis* and *Romeo and Juliet* show his early preference and his mastery, and for the serious Scenes the blank verse which he was the first to bring to perfection, and which appears in great though not yet matured beauty in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he wrote *The Comedy of Errors*: that, in the extravagant Scenes, he deliberately imitated, *populo ut placeret*, the versification of the old play, and perhaps adopted some of it with improvement; that this was done about 1589-90; and that the play thus produced may have been somewhat rewritten by him in its first and last Scenes in the long period during which it remained unprinted in the possession of the theatre.

It is to be observed that although the poetical value of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is much greater than that of *The Comedy of Errors*, the dramatic arrangement of the latter is much more skilful, and indicates longer theatrical experience on the part of the author. [Suggestions of other early plays are significant. The pun on *ship* and *sheep* (IV. i. 93) recurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 72. The change of *Dromio* of Syracuse to an ass, II. ii. 200, recalls *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. i. 119.]

The difference between the comedy of the Latin and that

of the English dramatist is very wide, both in the way of addition and alteration; the most important addition being that of another pair of twins as attendants upon those who figure in the Latin play. The introduction of these tends greatly to complicate the confusion out of which the fun of this extravaganza arises. Whether the thought was original with Shakespeare or was taken from the old play, we have no means of ascertaining<sup>1</sup>; but in the use made of the bondsmen we recognize the younger hand of him in whose maturer works his perception of the ridiculous and enjoyment of the broadest humour are no less apparent than his delight in all that is grand and beautiful in Man and Nature. Yet the very passages in which the *Dromios* are most prominent are those which seem most unmistakably the production of an inferior and more ancient writer. How difficult is it to believe that the rhyming part of III. i., for instance, was written at any time or for any purpose, by the author of the fine blank verse, which precedes and follows it! It is more than possible that the two slaves were added in the older play to doubly supply the clown or buffoon, without which, on our ancient stage, a comedy was not a comedy. In the substitution of *Luciana*, the sister of *Adriana*, for the Father of the Latin comedy, we very surely have an indication of Shakespeare's dramatic skill; the expostulations which he puts into the mouth of the young woman are far more convincing and to the purpose than the reproaches which Plautus makes the old man deal out to both husband and wife. The introduction of *Luciana* also enabled the author to establish, in the relations between her and *Antipholus* of Syracuse, a new interest

<sup>1</sup> "P. Wislicenus, *Zwei neu-entdeckte Shakespearequellen*, in *Jahrbuch*, Vol. XIV. (1879) shows that . . . it derived from the *Amphitruo*, among other passages, the effective scene (Act III. sc. i.) in which Antipholus is excluded from his own house and wife by the 'double' servant of his 'double,' and indeed the notion of 'doubling' servants as well as masters, for superadding which Shakspeare has been so elaborately criticised and defended." Ward, *Hist. Eng. Dram. Lit.*, II. 75. (a)

## The Comedy of Errors

entirely wanting to the Latin play. The Parasite, who figures so largely in the *Menæchmi*, as in all Latin comedies, is omitted, as a character altogether foreign to the taste of an English audience, and needless to the production of that confusion which is the only motive of Shakespeare's play; in which, too, the action is more intricate than in its model, the movement more rapid, and the spirit much more lively, light, and humorous.

Concerning the place and the period of the action of this play, it seems that Shakespeare did not trouble himself to form a very accurate idea. The Ephesus of *The Comedy of Errors* is much like the Bohemia of *The Winter's Tale* — a remote, unknown place, yet with a familiar and imposing name, and therefore well suited to the purposes of one who as poet and dramatist cared much for men and little for things, and to whose perception the accidental was entirely eclipsed by the essential. Anachronisms are scattered through it with a profusion which could only be the result of entire indifference — in fact, of an absolute want of thought upon the subject. The existence of an abbey in Ephesus, however, is not to be considered as among them. For Christianity was established there about the middle of the fourth century; and Ephesus remained a Greek and Christian city till about A. D. 1313. The action of the play may, perhaps, be referred to about the middle of this period. [Although Shakespeare treated his materials romantically enough, he closely adhered to the classical unities, then and for long after so great a bone of contention.]

The text, the only source of which is the first folio, exists there in a state approaching purity, the errors being altogether due to the accidents of the printing office, and, generally, easy of correction. Some were, however, left to be for the first time rectified in this [i. e. White's first] edition.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, Sons to*  
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Emilia.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, Attendants on*  
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *the two Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

A Merchant, *Creditor of Angelo.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster.*

EMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE : Ephesus.

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# The Comedy of Errors

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## ACT ONE.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE of Ephesus, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

**ÆGEON.** Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.

I am not partial, to infringe our laws :

The enmity and discord, which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen, —

Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,

Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods, —

Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks. 10

For, since the mortal and intestine jars

'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,

To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :

Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,

Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs, —

<sup>8</sup> *guilders* [money]. The guilder is both a Flemish and a German coin ; the former being about thirty-eight cents in value, the latter about eighty-seven. (w)

<sup>11</sup> *intestine* and *seditious* (12) do not refer to civil strife but to fac-

tious discord without open war. (a)

<sup>14</sup> *Both by the Syracusians.* This is the uniform orthography of the folio, showing plainly that the presence of the *i* is not accidental, and indicating the pronunciation of the word. . . . (w)

Again, if any Syracusian born  
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies ; 20  
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort ; when your words are  
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusian ; say, in brief, the cause  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home, 30  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable ;  
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,  
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In Syracusa was I born, and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
 And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
 With her I liv'd in joy : our wealth increas'd, 40  
 By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,  
 And the great care of goods at random left,

<sup>27</sup> *this* = this is. *done*, accomplished. (a)

<sup>28</sup> *nature*, natural impulse. (a)

<sup>29</sup> *too*, omitted in the first, was added in the second folio. (w) [*Cambridge* omits *too*, *our* being probably made dissyllabic.]

<sup>41</sup> *made*. A merchant was said to make a voyage when he sent a ship on one. It is evident,

from the context, that *Ægeon* did not go to Epidamnum until after the death of his factor there. (w)

<sup>42</sup> *Epidamnum*. This word is uniformly spelled *Epidamium* in the first folio ; but being a proper name, it is corrected. . . . Epidamnum is the town at which the travelling brother in the *Menachmi* arrives. (w)

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself (almost at fainting under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear)  
 Had made provision for her following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
 There had she not been long, but she became 50  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
 A meaner woman was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return : 60  
 Unwilling, I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard !  
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm :  
 But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
 Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd, 70  
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,

<sup>65</sup> *meaner*. The folio has *means*, the *r* having dropped out. This slight error not having been perceived, the second folio reads *poor means*. The use of the compara-

tive implied no positive meanness of condition in *Egeon's* wife. Cf. *Tempest*, IV. i. 35, and *3 Henry VI.*, IV. i. 71.

<sup>66</sup> *instance*, warning. (R)

Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
 And this it was, — for other means was none. —  
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.  
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 80  
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:  
 To him one of the other twins was bound,  
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast,  
 And, floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
 Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us, 90  
 And by the benefit of his wish'd light  
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
 Two ships, from far making amain to us;  
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
 But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!  
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man: do not break  
 off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Ege.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100  
 For, ere the ships could meet, by twice five leagues,  
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,

<sup>88</sup> *Were carried towards Corinth.* The original has *Was carried.* Perhaps this antique rudeness should not be polished away, but the text has been for

many years regulated according to established usage. [*Cambridge* reads *Was.*]

<sup>90</sup> *offended, embarrassed.* (n)

Which being violently borne upon,  
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;  
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
 Fortune had left to both of us alike  
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
 Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened  
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
 Was carried with more speed before the wind ; 110  
 And in our sight they three were taken up  
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
 At length another ship had seiz'd on us ;  
 And knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrack'd guests,  
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;  
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course. —  
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,  
 That by misfortunes was my life prolonged, 120  
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest  
 for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full  
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Ege.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
 At eighteen years became inquisitive  
 After his brother, and importun'd me,  
 That his attendant (so his case was like,

<sup>108</sup> *upon*. The original has *up*, the second folio *up upon*. The correction required is obvious. (w)

<sup>115</sup> *healthful*. The second folio needlessly substituted *helpful*, which many editors adopted. (w)

<sup>124</sup> *hath . . . thee*. The original has *have* and *they*. The correction was made in the second folio. (w)

<sup>125</sup> *youngest*. This seems to contradict l. 79. (n)

Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)  
 Might bear him company in the quest of him ; 130  
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia ;  
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,  
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought  
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life ;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the Fates have mark'd  
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap !  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But though thou art adjudged to the death,  
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd  
 But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can : 150  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
 To seek thy life by beneficial help.  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live ; if no, then thou art doom'd to die. —  
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

*Gaoler.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,  
 But to procrastinate his liveless end. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>131</sup> *of.* Cf. Supplementary <sup>145</sup> *disannul*, annul. (R)  
 Notes. (R) <sup>152</sup> *life*. See Supplementary  
<sup>154</sup> *clean*, entirely, perfectly. Notes. Also for *liveless*, L. 159. (R)

SCENE II. — *A Public Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

*Merchant.* Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusian merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Antipholus of Syracuse.* Go, bear it to the Centaur,  
where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return and sleep within mine inn,  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

*Dromio of Syracuse.* Many a man would take you  
at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir ; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20

<sup>1</sup> [*Enter ANTIPHOLUS.*] The folio has *Enter ANTIPHOLUS Erotas*. Later he is *ANTIPHOLUS Erotis*. See *Introduction*.

<sup>9</sup> *host*, lodge. (R)

<sup>18</sup> *peruse*, etc. Observe the merchants, or look into their windows. (R)

<sup>18</sup> *mean*, means. (R)

<sup>19</sup> *villain*, faithful bondman : the original signification of the word. So *Iago* speaks of "honest knaves." [*Others take it for "rogue," playfully.*]

Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
 What, will you walk with me about the town,  
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,  
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
 And afterwards consort you till bed-time:  
 My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then. I will go lose myself, 30  
 And wander up and down to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Erit.*

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,  
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
 I, to the world, am like a drop of water  
 That, in the ocean, seeks another drop;  
 Who, failing there to find his fellow forth,  
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date. —  
 What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

*Dromio of Ephesus.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.

<sup>26</sup> Soon, about. (α)

<sup>28</sup> It is more than probable that "with" has dropped, or was omitted, between *consort* and *you*; but "consort" was used without the preposition; and the rhythm of the line may be pre-

served by making *bed-time* a spondee. (ω)

<sup>27</sup> *failing*. The folio reads *falling*, which is retained by recent editors. See Supplementary Notes. (α)

<sup>41</sup> *almanack*, &c., i. e. one born at the same hour with him. (α)

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,  
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell ;  
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
 The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
 You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;      50  
 But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,  
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray ;  
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*Dro. E.* O ! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last  
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper.  
 The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now.  
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?  
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust      60  
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.  
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;  
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,  
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,  
 And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come ; these jests are out of  
 season :

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?      70

*Dro. E.* To me, sir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

<sup>49</sup> *stomach*, appetite. (a)      the post thus scored was prob-  
<sup>64</sup> *post*. Scores were kept on      ably the door-post. (w)  
 posts. . . . See the third of *Three*      <sup>66</sup> *clock*. The folio has *cooke*,  
*Curious Ballads*, published by      — a manifest error, corrected by  
 the Shakespeare Society. But      Pope. (w)

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave ; have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.

My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,  
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd. 80  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate ;  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave,  
hast thou ?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phoenix ;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold  
your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other  
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.  
They say, this town is full of cozenage ;

<sup>96</sup> *o'er-raught*, over-reached (w) [cheated].

<sup>97</sup> *cozenage*, swindling. (R)

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
 Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
 Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100  
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
 And many such like liberties of sin :  
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave :  
 I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit.

## ACT TWO.

SCENE I. — *Court in the House of ANTIPHOLUS.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

**ADRIANA.** Neither my husband, nor the slave  
 return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master ?  
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

**Luciana.** Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.  
 A man is master of his liberty :

<sup>102</sup> *liberties*, licensed practisers.  
 (R)

<sup>1</sup> [*Court in the House of ANTIPHOLUS.*] The original is without stage directions, or division into Scenes. Modern editors, from and including Malone, have most unaccountably made the interviews between *Adriana* and her sister and *Dromio* and others occur in "A Public Place." Setting aside the absurdity of making two women walk out into a

street or square on either of the occasions in question, on this, *Adriana* says that neither husband nor slave has *returned* ; and when *Dromio* appears, she tells him twice to go *back* to his master and fetch him *home*, and he replies, *Go back again, and be new beaten home?* It is almost needless to say that the place of the Scene is the house of *Antipholus*. . . . (W) [See Supplementary Notes.]

Time is their master ; and, when they see time,  
They 'll go, or come : if so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more ? 10

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O ! know he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under Heaven's eye,  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these, 20  
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some  
sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where ? 30

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she  
pause ;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

<sup>12</sup> *ill.* So the second folio ;  
the first *thus.* (a)

<sup>15</sup> *lash'd*, scourged, or better,  
tied to. (a)

<sup>22</sup> *pause.* Cf. Supplementary  
Notes. (a)

<sup>23</sup> *other cause*, i. e. cause to be  
otherwise. (a)

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain ;  
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
 With urging helpless patience would 'st relieve me :  
 But if thou live to see like right bereft,  
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

40

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try. —  
 Here comes your man : now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that  
 my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him ? Know'st  
 thou his mind ?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay ; he told his mind upon mine ear.  
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel  
 his meaning ?

50

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well  
 feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that I could  
 scarce understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home ?  
 It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-  
 mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain !

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad ;  
 But, sure, he is stark mad.  
 When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

60

<sup>41</sup> *fool-begg'd*, foolishly asked.

(R)

<sup>46</sup> *understand*. A plain pun.

(R)

<sup>58</sup> *Horn-mad*, mad as a bull.

The allusion is usually to marital  
 jealousy, as we see from l. 59. (R)

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :  
 'T is dinner-time, quoth I ; my gold, quoth he :  
 Your meat doth burn, quoth I ; my gold, quoth he :  
 Will you come home, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :  
 Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?  
 The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; my gold, quoth he :  
 My mistress, sir, quoth I ; hang up thy mistress ;  
 I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress !

*Luc.* Quoth who ?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master :

70

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress.  
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
 I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders ;  
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home ?  
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other  
 beating.

Between you, I shall have a holy head.

80

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant ! fetch thy master  
 home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,  
 That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?  
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :  
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face.

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,

<sup>61</sup> *thousand*. The original has *hundred*,—an error which was corrected in the second folio. (w)

<sup>64</sup> *home*. Not in the folios, supplied by Hanmer. (a)

<sup>62</sup> *round*, plain-spoken. Note the word-play. (a)

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
 Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took  
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it : 90  
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?  
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
 Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.  
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
 That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state.  
 What ruins are in me, that can be found  
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground  
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair  
 A sunny look of his would soon repair;  
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, 100  
 And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy! — fie! beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage other where,  
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?  
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain:  
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,  
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
 I see, the jewel best enamelled  
 Will lose his beauty: yet though gold 'bides still, 110  
 That others touch, an often touching will

<sup>98</sup> *fair*, beauty. (x)

<sup>101</sup> *stale*. Steevens takes this to mean "pretended wife," the sportsman's stalking horse having been called a stale; but is not the more obvious signification of the word the more appropriate? (w) [It is certainly that in which it is used of *Adriana's* prototype in W. W.'s translation of the *Menachmi*. She says her husband "makes me a stale

and a laughing-stock to all the world."]

<sup>108</sup> *dispense*, excuse, pass over, put up with. (x)

<sup>106</sup> *lets*, hinders. (x)

<sup>107</sup> The original has a *love* for the second *alone*, — an obvious error, corrected in the second folio. (w)

<sup>110</sup> *though*. The folio, *the*.

<sup>111</sup> *an*. The folio, *and*.

Wear gold ; and no man that hath a name,  
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Public Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 By computation, and mine host's report,  
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
 You know no Centaur ? You receiv'd no gold ?  
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ? 10  
 My house was at the Phœnix ? Wast thou mad,  
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir ? when spake I such a  
 word ?

<sup>113</sup> *Wear.* The folio, *Where*.  
 [Recent editors change *Where* to  
*Wear*, but retain *the* and *and*, ex-  
 plaining that though the jewelry,  
 character, may be tarnished, in  
 men of assured reputation, the  
 public esteem (the gold setting)  
 will not be forfeited by domestic  
 infidelity. Gollancz paraphrases :

"The wife (the jewel) soon loses  
 her beauty and ceases to attract,  
 but man (the gold) still stands the  
 test assayed by other women,  
 and although gold wears out if  
 assayed too often, yet a man of  
 good reputation is not shamed by  
 his falsehood and corruption."  
 See Supplementary Notes.]

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner ;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein. 20  
What means this jest ? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth ?  
Think'st thou I jest ? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beats him.*]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake ! now your jest is  
earnest :

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.  
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport, 30  
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.  
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it ? so you would leave  
battering, I had rather have it a head : An you use  
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and  
insconce it too ; or else I shall seek my wit in my  
shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten ?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know ? 40

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir ; but that I am beaten.

<sup>28</sup> *seq.* *Hold, sir — pray, sir —*  
*Nothing, sir — Ay, sir.* This use  
of "sir" . . . the Great Britons  
of to-day [1858] sneer at as an  
Americanism ! It occurs here, in

a short dialogue, at least twenty  
times, and in V. i. 378-82 five  
times in five consecutive lines.  
(w)

<sup>29</sup> *common, play-ground.* (a)

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first, — for flouting me; and then, wherefore, — for urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,  
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme  
nor reason? —

Well, sir, I thank you.

50

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir; what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

60

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

70

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

<sup>61</sup> *In good time*, really, indeed. was thought to be fostered by  
(2) dry and hot foods. (2)

<sup>62</sup> *choleric*. This "humour"

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath so given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers, without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

90

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.

<sup>74</sup> *fine and recovery.* This is a law term for a now obsolete mode of converting an entail into a fee-simple in title to real estate. The frequent occurrence of such phrases in Shakespeare's works and his very accurate use of them have been considered as evidence that he had studied law.

<sup>75</sup> *excrement,* excrescence, outgrowth. (a)

<sup>80</sup> *men.* The original has *them*. Theobald made the necessary correction. (w)

<sup>84</sup> *in a thing falling.* The folio has *falsing* [i. e. delusive] with a long *s*, of course, — a very easy mistake for the word in the text, which is shown to be correct by *Antipholus'* expression *not sure* (for "sure" was of old opposed not to "false," but to "uncertain," "insecure"), and *Dromio's* *they should not drop*; and besides, in what possible sense is the hair *falsing*? Yet that word [is still] retained.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have prov'd there 100 is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, is no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew 't would be a bald conclusion.  
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

110

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, would'st vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

<sup>98</sup> *trimming*. The folio has *trying*, quite plainly an error for *trimming*, — the loss of a man's hair saving him, of course, all expense in getting it cut. Pope [and recent editors] read *tiring* [i. e. attiring], which is less conformable to the sense and the old word. . . . (w)

<sup>102</sup> *is*, for *there is*, — an elision, quite suitable to *Dromio* [and fre-

quent in Shakespeare, as is the elision of pronominal subjects, e. g. this very line and IV. ii. 43]. The first folio has *in*, — easily misprinted for *is*. The second folio, which Dyce would follow, cuts the knot by dropping the word altogether [and is followed by *Cambridge*. See Supplementary Notes.]

<sup>110</sup> *wafts*, beckons. (R)

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it, 120  
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
 That, undividable, incorporate,  
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;  
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall  
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
 Without addition or diminishing,  
 As take from me thyself, and not me too. 130  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious,  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate!  
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
 And break it with a deep divorcing vow?  
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it. 140  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:  
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.  
 Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;  
 I live distain'd, thou one dishonoured.

<sup>126</sup> *fall*, let fall. (R)

<sup>132</sup> *crime*. Warburton suggested *grime*. (A)

<sup>147</sup> *one dishonoured*. The folio, *undishonoured*, — a very easy typographical error, which has hitherto remained uncorrected

and has caused much trouble, and a perversion of the author's meaning. *Cambridge* retains *undishonoured*. Cf. the sentiment expressed in II. i. 109. For *distained* see Supplementary Notes.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you  
not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town as to your talk ;  
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd, 150  
Want wit in all, one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with  
you !

When were you wont to use my sister thus ?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio ?

*Dro. S.* By me ?

*Adr.* By thee ; and this thou didst return from  
him, —

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,  
Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 160

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-  
woman ?

What is the course and drift of your compact ?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words  
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our  
names.

Unless it be by inspiration ?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave, 170

<sup>151</sup> Never was point more  
needed, even in the prologue to  
*Pyramus and Thisbe*, to prevent  
plain sense from becoming ab-  
solute nonsense ; and yet the  
comma, which appears in the  
original folio, between *all* and

*one*, has, strangely enough, been  
omitted in every modern edition  
until the present [and is still by  
recent editors, who also read  
*wants*. *Riverside* omits comma  
but retains *want*].

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !  
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,  
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;  
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,  
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate :  
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion 180  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks ; she moves me for her theme !

What, was I married to her in my dream,  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the forced fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.  
 This is the fairy land : O, spite of spites ! 190  
 We talk with goblins, owles, [elves,] and sprites.  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

<sup>178</sup> *wrong not that wrong*, i. e. do not aggravate it, — the wrong that I suffer in your being separated (*exempt*) from me. (α)

<sup>177</sup> *communicate*, share with. (α)

<sup>178</sup> *possess*, i. e. dispossess. (α)

<sup>183</sup> *moves*, etc. See Supplementary Notes. Also for *this sure uncertainty*, l. 187. (α)

<sup>187</sup> *forced*. The original has *free'd*. *Adriana's* persistence, and *Antipholus'* phrase *sure un-*

*certainty* in the previous line, show that there was a misprint. [Recent editors prefer *offer'd*, Capell's reading.]

<sup>191</sup> *owles*, [elves]. The original [followed by recent editors] has *goblins*, *owles*, and *sprights*, thus leaving the line imperfect. The second folio has *goblins*, *owles*, and *elves sprights*. But Shakespeare rarely elsewhere designates sprites or fairies as elvish.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am I not?

*Ant. S.* I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass. 200

*Dro. S.* 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.  
Come, sir, to dinner. — Dromio, keep the gate. —  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. —  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master, 210  
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —  
Come, sister. — Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in Earth, in Heaven, or in Hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist, at all adventures, go.

<sup>196</sup> *Dromio, thou drone.* The original has *Dromio, thou Dromio*, which, if it stood alone, and *Luciana* were calling out to *Dromio* at a distance, would accord with the habit of the time; but she is evidently relieving her vexation and he stands close by.

<sup>200</sup> *ass.* This suggests Bottom's "translation" in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. See *Introduction*. (R)

<sup>214</sup> *well-advis'd*, in my sober senses. (R)

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late. 220

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THREE.

SCENE I. — *Before the House of ANTIPHOLUS.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.** Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

Say that I linger'd with you at your shop,

To see the making of her carcanet,

And that to-morrow you will bring it home;

But here 's a villain that would face me down

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house. —

9

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

<sup>1</sup> [*Before the House of ANTIPHOLUS.*] Since Malone's time the locality of this Scene has been, in all editions hitherto, "A Public

Place." But it plainly passes before the house of *Antipholus*. . . . (w)

<sup>4</sup> *carcanet*, necklace. (B)

*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear,  
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* Y' are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God  
our cheer  
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome  
here. 20

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,  
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl  
affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common, for that's  
nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry  
feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing  
guest:  
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,  
Gin'!

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-  
comb, idiot, patch! 32  
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.  
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such  
store,

<sup>24</sup> *churl*. Cf. Supplementary Notes. (a)

<sup>25</sup> *Mome*, idiot; *malt-horse*,

dray-horse; *patch*, fool, with allusion to the costume.

<sup>26</sup> *hatch*, half-door, i. e. the door has an upper and a lower part. (a)

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter?— My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir: I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day. 40

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for a face.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio: who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

<sup>42</sup> *own, own.* (2)

<sup>47</sup> *a face.* The folio [followed by recent editors] has *an asse*, with two long *s*'s. [Professor Herford says: "*Dromio* means that it *Dromio S.* had been in his place when he was flogged, instead of stealing the name *Dromio*, he

would have been glad to get rid of it, or else have proved himself an ass." Both the sense and the rhyme justify the reading in the text. [White retained *face* in *Reverside*. But cf. l. 18.]

<sup>48</sup> *coil*, disturbance. (2)

*Luce.* Faith, no ; he comes too late ;  
And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord ! I must laugh : — 50  
Have at you with a proverb. — Shall I set in my staff ?

*Luce.* Have at you with another : that 's — when ?  
can you tell ?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou  
hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion ? you 'll let us in,  
I hope ?

[  
*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* And you said, no.

*Dro. E.* So ; come, help ! well struck ; there was  
blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake ?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* Let him knock till it ache.

*Ant. E.* You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the  
door down.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in  
the town ? 60

*Adr.* [Within.] Who is that at the door, that  
keeps all this noise ?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with  
unruly boys.

<sup>59-4</sup> To understand *Dromio* of Syracuse's commendation of the girl's retort to his brother's proverb, it is necessary to remember that a pike was called a luce. (w)

<sup>64</sup> Malone's conjecture, that a line had been lost here, is sup-

ported by the subsequent context. *Luce's* reply to *Antipholus*, *Dromio* of Syracuse's reply to her, and his brother's remark upon the retort, are not only without point, but without a subject. [*Luce's* jeer indicated that the inquirer would get no reply.]

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave? go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

70

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*Dro. S.* It seems, thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

*Dro. E.* Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

<sup>71</sup> *seems.* In the original we have *seemas*, and perhaps it is to be regarded as a dissyllable.

*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in. Go, borrow me a crow. 80

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather? master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone: fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O! let it not be so:

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this, — Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

And, about evening, come yourself alone

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now, in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it; 100

And that supposed by the common rout,

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

<sup>80</sup> *Once*, i. e. once for all. (α)  
*her*. The folio has *your*, an error  
attributable to an old mode of

writing *yr* for *your*. [So also in  
l. 91.]

<sup>102</sup> *ungalled estimation*, un-  
blemished repute. (α)

For slander lives upon succession,  
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd : I will depart in quiet,  
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.  
I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle :      110  
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,  
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)  
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal :  
To her will we to dinner. — Get you home,  
And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 't is made :  
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;  
For there's the house. That chain will I bestow  
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)  
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.  
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,      120  
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some ex-  
pense.      [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Court in the House of* ANTIPHOLUS.

*Enter* LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?

<sup>106</sup> *lives upon succession*, i. e.  
with the secure title of a legal  
heir. (a)

<sup>116</sup> *Porpentine*. This is the  
regular orthography in the folio.  
"Porcupine" is meant.

<sup>3</sup> *love-springs*, shoots of young  
love. (a)

<sup>4</sup> *ruinous*. The folio has *ruin-*  
*ate*, which the rhyme shows to  
be wrong. The correction is Ma-  
lone's. The folio has also *build-*  
*ings* for *building*. (w)

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness ;  
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth :  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye :  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ; 10  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;  
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger :  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint :  
 Be secret-false ; what need she be acquainted ?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attain ?  
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board.  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20  
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,  
 Being compact of credit, that you love us ;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again :  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.  
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I  
 know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,) 30  
 Less in your knowledge, and your grace you shew  
 not,  
 Than our Earth's wonder ; more than Earth divine.

<sup>11</sup> *become disloyalty*, i. e. so  
 wear your disloyalty that it shall  
 seem becoming, attractive. (R)

<sup>21</sup> *but*. The folio has *not*. (W)  
<sup>22</sup> *compact of credit*, made up  
 of credulity. (R)

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak :

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you  
To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield. 40

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe :

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think 50  
He gains by death, that hath such means to die :

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink !

*Luc.* What ! are you mad, that you do reason so ?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, be-  
ing by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear  
your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on  
night.

<sup>44</sup> *decline*, incline.

<sup>45</sup> *train*, draw, entice. (x)

<sup>49</sup> *bed*. So the later folios, and recent editors, changing *thee* to *them*. The first folio, *bud*, which White thought a misprint, reading *bride*, after Staunton.

<sup>53</sup> *reason*, talk. (x)

<sup>54</sup> *mated*, bewildered. (x)

<sup>57</sup> *where*. The folio misprints, *when*. (w)

<sup>58</sup> *wink*, be blind. (x)

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That 's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No ; 60

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;  
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart ;  
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
 My sole Earth's-heaven, and my Heaven's claim.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.  
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :  
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.  
 Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir ! hold you still :  
 I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit.* 70

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, hastily.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio ! where run'st thou so fast ?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ? am I your man ? am I myself ?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass ; I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man ? and how besides thyself ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a 80 woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

<sup>60</sup> *aim*, seek. A common use. The folio [followed by *Globe* and *Cambridge*] has *am*. The correction is by Capell. [See Supplementary Notes.]

<sup>70</sup> *besides*, i. e. distracted ; the idea that he is another man than himself being conveyed by way of pun.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse ; and she would have me as a beast : not that, I being a beast, she would have me ; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she ?

*Dro. S.* A very reverend body ; ay, such a one as a <sup>90</sup> man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease ; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter : if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world. 100

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of ?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept : for why ? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir ; 't is in grain : Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name ?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir ; but her name and three quar- 110

<sup>91</sup> *sir-reverence.* Malone first quoted Blount's Glossography, 1682, to show that "sir-reverence" was a vulgar corruption of *salva reverentia* ! It was ; but that sense is not to the purpose, except in the way of pun. . . . (w) [It introduces gross allusions.]

<sup>108</sup> I. e. she sweats so that a man may go, &c.

<sup>107</sup> *in grain*, dyed in the wool. (B)

<sup>110</sup> *and.* The folio has *is*, — a palpable misprint. (w)

ters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip : she is spherical, like a globe ; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks : I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

120

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead ; arm'd and revolted, making war against her heir.

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them : but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

130

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot in her breath.

<sup>124</sup> *revolted, making war against her heir.* An allusion to the war of the League against Henry of Navarre, who became heir to the throne of France in 1589. See *Introduction*. The folio has *reverted* ; but although the latter word has been silently retained in the text hitherto [and by recent editors, who explain it as "turned back, revolted"], it is plainly a misprint. The former word was very rarely used in Shakespeare's day, and then exclusively in its

radical sense, to "return." [The pun is forced and made for the sake of the allusion. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne."] Cotgrave, Florio, Cooper, Phillips, and Littleton, as well as Minsheu, all completely sustain this emendation by their definitions. [Yet White with misgivings read *reverted* in *Riverside*.]

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands? 140

*Dro. S.* O! sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her: told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtall-dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently post to the road, 150  
And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk till thou return to me.  
If every one knows us, and we know none,  
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here,  
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence. 160  
She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

<sup>139</sup> *carracks*, galleons. *ballast*,  
i. e. ballasted, loaded. (N)

<sup>140</sup> *curtall*, with docked tail.  
Popularly confused with "cur-

tailed." (Old French, "cour-  
tault.") (N)

<sup>149</sup> *i' th' wheel*, i. e. for the  
roasting spit. (N)

<sup>150</sup> *road*, roadstead, harbor. (N)

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :  
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus ?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain.  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine ; 170  
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with  
this ?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir : I have made it for  
you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir ? I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you  
have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more. 180

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

*[Exit.]*

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot  
tell ;

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay :  
If any ship put out, then straight away. *[Exit.]*

## ACT FOUR.

SCENE I. — *A Public Place.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

**MERCHANT.** You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,  
 And, since, I have not much importun'd you ;  
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage :  
 Therefore make present satisfaction,  
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

**Ang.** Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
 Is growing to me by Antipholus ;  
 And, in the instant that I met with you,  
 He had of me a chain : at five o'clock, 10  
 I shall receive the money for the same.  
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus,  
 from the Courtezan's.*

**Officer.** That labour may you save : see where he comes.

**Ant. E.** While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
 And buy a rope's-end ; that will I bestow  
 Among my wife and her confederates,  
 For locking me out of my doors by day. —  
 But soft, I see the goldsmith. — Get thee gone ;  
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. 20

<sup>8</sup> *growing, accruing.* (a)

<sup>12</sup> *Pleaseth, if it please.* (a)

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a-year : I buy  
a rope. [Exit.]

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up that trusts to you :  
I promised your presence, and the chain ;  
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.  
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here 's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost caract,  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :  
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money ;  
Besides, I have some business in the town.  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof :  
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

*Ant. E.* No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time  
enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about  
you ?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,  
Or else you may return without your money.

<sup>21</sup> White originally had inter-  
rogation marks after *a-year* and  
*rope*. The meaning does not  
appear to be, as his punctuation  
would suggest, that *Dromio* is as  
little able to buy a rope as such  
an annuity, but rather that in  
buying a rope to hang *Ant. E.*'s  
wife he buys the equivalent of  
such an income. The folio has

a comma after *a year* and a period  
after *rope*. Cf. *3 Henry VI.*, II.  
ii. 144. (x)

<sup>22</sup> *caract*, "carat."

<sup>23</sup> *chargeful*, expensive. (x)

<sup>24</sup> *will*, instead of "shall,"  
is a Scotticism, says English  
Douce ; it is an Irishism, says  
Scotch Reed ; and an ancient  
Anglicism, says Irish Malone. (w)

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:  
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

I should have chid you for not bringing it,

50

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl,

*Mer.* The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me:— the chain.

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

*Ant. E.* Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me, or no?

60

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

<sup>60</sup> *me by.* This is the original text, and means "send some word by me which will be a token to your wife that I come from you." But perhaps we should read,

*send by me some token.* It is natural that the goldsmith should want the chain or a voucher for it.

<sup>60</sup> *whe'r, for whether.*

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to 70  
obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation. —  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had ?  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee : arrest him, officer. —  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir : you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail. — 80  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim : the merry wind 80  
Blows fair from land ; they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now ? a madman ? Why, thou peev-  
ish sheep,  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

<sup>78</sup> *apparently*, evidently. (R)

<sup>80</sup> *peevish*, silly. (W) [*sheep*,

<sup>84</sup> [*Enter DROMIO*, etc.] *from ship*. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*,  
*the bay*, adds the first folio. (W) II. i. 219.]

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me for a rope's-end as soon.

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure, 100

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats : let her send it.

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer,  
and ANT. E.]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana ? that is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband : 110

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. — *Court in the House of* ANTIPHOLUS.

*Enter* ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Ah ! Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest ? yea or no ?

Look'd he or red, or pale ? or sad, or merrily ?

<sup>98</sup> *hire*, a dissyllable ; it is spelled *hier* in the folio [*waftage*, passage]. (w)

<sup>99</sup> *rope's*. As Herford notes, the plural and genitive inflexion

as often makes such words dissyllabic in Elizabethan dramas. (R)

<sup>110</sup> *Dowsabel*, poetic name given to Nell in irony. (R)

<sup>2</sup> *austerely*, i. e. so expressed. (R)

What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

*Luc.* First he deni'd you had in him no right.

*Adr.* He meant, he did me none : the more my  
spite.

*Luc.* Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he  
were.

10

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he ?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit might  
move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

*Adr.* Didst speak him fair ?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still :

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where ;

20

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous, then, of such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah ! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away :

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do  
curse.

\* *Of.* The original has *Oh*.  
(w) [Editors suggest an allusion  
to the *Aurora Borealis*.]

<sup>1</sup> *deni'd* . . . *no*. This is a  
pure Greek construction. See

Note on "nor Nature never  
lends," *Measure for Measure*, I.  
i. 37. (w)

<sup>22</sup> *Stigmatical*, deformed. (x)

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go : the desk ! the purse ! sweet, now  
make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath ?

*Dro. S.* By running fast. 30

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than Hell :  
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,  
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;  
A fiend, a fairy pitiless and rough ;  
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;  
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-  
mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands :  
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;  
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to  
Hell. 40

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter ?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter : he is 'rested on  
the case.

<sup>32</sup> *Tartar*, with a play on *Tartarus*. (n)

<sup>33</sup> *everlasting garment*, i. e. as *Dromio* says soon after, "all in buff," the uniform of serjeants, which was very durable. (w)

<sup>34</sup> *fairy*. So the original, which was changed by Theobald to *fury* [which is retained by some recent editors], but there were fairies pitiless and rough ; and therefore the text must stand. [Cf. II. ii. 191-3, and *Hamlet*, I. i. 163.]

<sup>35</sup> *runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot*. Hunting cant. To run

*counter* is to run the wrong way ; to *draw dry-foot*, to hunt by the scent of the foot. (w) [There is a play on the name of the Counter prison.]

<sup>40</sup> *Hell*, a cant word for "prison." (w)

<sup>42</sup> *'rested on the case*. The "action on the case" was so called because it was brought upon the case as described, for a wrong done without force, for the redress of which there was no particular form of procedure provided by law. It is now, *ipso nomine*, obsolete. (w)

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested,  
well;

But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can  
I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money  
in his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister. — This I wonder at;

[*Exit* LUCIANA.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt: —

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; 50

A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were  
gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes  
one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O, yes; if any hour meet a serjeant, a'  
turns back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost  
thou reason!

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more  
than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say

That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60

<sup>46</sup> *is*, for *he is*; elliptical. See  
II. ii. 102.

<sup>48</sup> *That*. The folio has *Thus*,  
which the second folio corrected.  
(w)

<sup>49</sup> *band*, quibble on "neck-  
cloth" and "legal bond," as there  
is in IV. iii. 31 a quibble on  
"band" and "company." (R)

<sup>56</sup> *hour*. To understand *Dro-  
mio's* joke, it is necessary to  
remember that "hour" and  
"whore" could both be pro-  
nounced nearly like *hoor*. [a', he.]

<sup>58</sup> I. e. Time fails to fulfil our  
expectations of the seasonable.  
(R)

If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter* LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it  
straight,  
And bring thy master home immediately. —  
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit,  
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A Public Place.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,  
As if I were their well acquainted friend;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me;  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;  
Some offer me commodities to buy:  
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

10

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for.  
What have you got the picture of old Adam new  
apparell'd?

<sup>10</sup> *If he.* The folio has *If I*, which Malone corrected. Rowe read *If Time*, and is followed by Dyce [and the *Cambridge* editors], "I" being supposed to be a misprint for "T." used as an abbreviation for "Time."

<sup>11</sup> *conceit*, apprehension. (a)

<sup>6</sup> *Some other.* An old plural form.

<sup>11</sup> *Lapland*, supposed to be a home of the magic art. (a)

<sup>12</sup> *old Adam new apparell'd* was the serjeant in buff leather, whom *Dromio* compares to Adam

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

20

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a stop, and 'rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

*Ant. S.* What, thou mean'st an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the Serjeant of the Band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and

in his dress of skins, or, perhaps, in his own buff; and Collier says that *What have you got* is still a vulgar phrase for "What have you done with." . . . Theobald read "What, have you *got rid of*," &c. (w) [which probably represents the sense of the obscure passage].

<sup>24</sup> *stop*. The original has *sob*, a manifest misprint. In all modern editions hitherto, except Collier's,

who retains "*sob*" [and by recent editors] it has been changed to *fob* ["tap"]. . . . (w) [White read *fob* in *Riverside*.]

<sup>27</sup> *suits of durance*, "prison dress" or "durable dress." "Durance" seems to have been the name of a very durable fabric. *sets up his rest*, stakes his all, undertakes without reserve. (R)

<sup>28</sup> *morris-pike*, Moorish pike; an ancient weapon. (w)

then were you hindered by the Serjeant to tarry for the  
hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to  
deliver you. 40

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I ;  
And here we wander in illusions.  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

*Enter Courtezan.*

*Courtezan.* Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :  
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day ?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me  
not !

*Dro. S.* Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

*Ant. S.* It is the Devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse ; she is the Devil's dam ; 50  
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench : and  
thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me,"  
that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench."  
It is written, they appear to men like angels of light :  
light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light  
wenches will burn. Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry,  
sir.

Will you go with me ? we'll mend our dinner here.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, so  
bespeak a long spoon. 60

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that  
must eat with the Devil.

<sup>40</sup> *hoy*, a small sloop-rigged vessel. *angels*. The coin was about 10 shillings. (a)

<sup>60</sup> *mend*, supplement. (a)

<sup>60</sup> *so bespeak*. Folio misprints,

*or bespeak*. Capell's emendation. [Recent editors retain *or*, following the *Cambridge* text. White's first reading was *and*, changed to *so* in his *Supplementary Notes*.]

*Ant. S.* Avoid, thou fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 70

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone ;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise : an if you give it her,

The Devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* "Fly pride," says the peacock : Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.* 80

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats ;

And for the same he promis'd me a chain :

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, 90

"*Avoid, thou.* The folio [followed by recent editors] has *Avoid then*, the easiest of all misprints. "Then" has no rela-

tion. Just below *Antipholus* says, *Avaunt, thou witch* (l. 78). [*Cambridge* reads *then*.]

On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now, to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man ; I will not break away :  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,  
And will not lightly trust the messenger :  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,  
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man : I think he brings the money. —  
How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

*Dro. E.* Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them  
all.

10

*Ant. E.* But where 's the money ?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's-end, sir ; and to that end am  
I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats him.*]

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

20

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir; that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Ant. E.* Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, PINCH, and others.*

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's-end."

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk?

[*Beats him.*]

<sup>20</sup> ears, i. e. years. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare intended the pun, first indicated by *Cambridge*.

<sup>40</sup> wont, i. e. is wont to do. (N)

<sup>45</sup> like the parrot. It was the

custom to teach parrots to prophesy ill-luck. . . . (W) [*respice finem* is thought by the Cambridge editors to mark *prospice finem*, "Beware the rope."] ]

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less. —

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ; 50  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy !

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight :  
I conjure thee by all the saints in Heaven. 60

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

*Ant. E.* You minion, you ; are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house ?

*Adr.* O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home ;

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from these slanders and this open shame ! 70

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home ! Thou, villain, what say'st thou ?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

<sup>52</sup> *please*, i. e. by paying. (n)

<sup>54</sup> *ecstasy*, madness. (n)

VOL. II. — 13

<sup>53</sup> *customers*. Cf. Supplementary Notes. (n)

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity, you did: — my bones bear witness,

80

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dro. E.* Money by me! heart and good-will you might;

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

90

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her that she did.

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

<sup>74</sup> *Perdy*, a corruption of *par Dieu*. (w)

<sup>80</sup> *bear*. The folio has *bears*.  
See Note I. i. 88. These disa-

greements are so common in the old text of this play that further notice of them is needless. (w)

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
to-day,  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain ! thou speak'st false in  
both.

*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot ! thou art false in all,  
And art confederate with a damned pack  
To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me ;  
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and offer to bind ANTIPHOLUS  
and DROMIO.*

*Adr.* O bind him, bind him ! let him not come  
near me.

*Pinch.* More company ! — the fiend is strong within  
him. 110

*Luc.* Ah me ! poor man, how pale and wan he  
looks !

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler,  
thou,

I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue ?

*Off.* Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

<sup>108</sup> [*Enter three or four, &c.*] The folio, *Enter three or fours, and  
offer to binde him. He strives.* (x)

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner: if I let him go, 120  
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house. — O, most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O, most unhappy strumpet!

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for  
you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou  
mad me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,  
good master; 130

Cry, The Devil! —

*Luc.* God help, poor souls! how idly do they  
talk.

*Adr.* Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with  
me. —

[*Exeunt PINCH and assistants with ANTIPH-  
OLUS and DROMIO.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know  
him?

*Adr.* I know the man. What is the sum he  
owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it  
not.

*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day 140  
 Came to my house and took away my ring,  
 (The ring I saw upon his finger now)  
 Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it. —  
 Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is :  
 I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn,  
 and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy ! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords. Let's call  
 more help,  
 To have them bound again.

*Off.* Away ! they 'll kill us. 150

*[Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and Officer.]*

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She that would be your wife now ran  
 from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from  
 thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely  
 do us no harm : you saw they speak us fair, give us  
 gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that,  
 but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage  
 of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and  
 turn witch. 160

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town ;  
 Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>160</sup> *[Exeunt ADRIANA, &c.]* The  
 folio has *Runs all out*, after  
*Adriana's* speech, and after the

*Officer's, Exeunt omnes, as fast as  
 may be, frightened. (w)*  
<sup>168</sup> *stuff, luggage, baggage. Cf.  
 Luke xvii. 31.*

## ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. — *The Same. Before an Abbey.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

**ANGELO.** I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd  
you ;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

**Mer.** How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

**Ang.** Of very reverend reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city :  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

**Mer.** Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

**Ang.** 'T is so ; and that self chain about his neck, 10  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me ; I'll speak to him. —  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance and oaths so to deny  
This chain which now you wear so openly :  
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20  
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.  
This chain you had of me : can you deny it ?

**Ant. S.** I think I had : I never did deny it.

<sup>8</sup> bear, win. (R)

<sup>10</sup> circumstance, detail. (R)

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 't is pity that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

*Adr.* Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is  
mad. —

Some get within him; take his sword away.

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a  
house!

This is some priory: — in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO to the Abbey.]

*Enter the Lady Abbess.*

*Abbess.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you  
hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast 40

And bear him home for his recovery.

<sup>36</sup> Capell read, to complete the rhythm, *hear thee, sir*; but if a word be lost, which is not improbable, we should rather read *hear thee swear* [*hear* is dissyllabic].

<sup>34</sup> *within him*, i. e. within his guard. (w)

<sup>36</sup> *take*, i. e. betake yourself to. (x)

<sup>37</sup> [*Exeunt . . . to the Abbey.*]  
The folio has *Prioris*. (w)

*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry, now, that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad :

And much different from the man he was ;

But, till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye 50

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last ;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too. 60

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanc'd [at] it :

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And thereof came it that the man was mad :

<sup>45</sup> *sour*. Here and elsewhere  
"sour" is a dissyllable. . . . (w)

<sup>46</sup> The line is metrically bad  
and probably corrupt. The efforts  
to correct it are not, however, very  
successful. (x)

<sup>51</sup> *Stray'd*, caused to stray. (x)

<sup>52</sup> *copy*, that which was con-  
stantly before us, the subject.

<sup>53</sup> *at* is wanting in the origi-  
nal and omitted in recent edi-  
tions. *glanc'd*, hinted.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
 Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70  
 It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,  
 And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
 Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:  
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions;  
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:  
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:  
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
 But moody and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 80  
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.  
 The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly. —  
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof. — 90  
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No; not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,  
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

<sup>81</sup> *her heels.* Thus the folio.  
 Heath suggested and Malone read  
*their heels* because of the disagree-  
 ment in gender between "her"  
 and "kinsman"; but it is melan-

choly alone at whose heels follows  
 the infectious troop. Moreover,  
 kinsman may be feminine. Cf.  
*lord and master* in *Merchant of*  
*Venice*, III. ii. 169-70.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness ; for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney but myself ; 100  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient ; for I will not let him stir,  
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again.  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order ;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;  
And ill it doth beseeem your holiness 110  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart : thou shalt not have  
him. [Exit Abbess.

*Luc.* Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go : I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five :  
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120  
The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the Abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause ?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

<sup>100</sup> attorney, substitute. (x)

<sup>106</sup> formal, reasonable. See <sup>121</sup> death. The folio has *depth*,  
which Rowe corrected. . . . (w)  
*Measure for Measure*, V. i. 236. (w)

*Ang.* See, where they come: we will behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the Duke before he pass the Abbey.

*Enter DUKE attended: ÆGEON bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die: so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Ab-  
bess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your Grace, Antipholus, my  
husband,  
Who I made lord of me, and all I had,  
At your important letters, this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,  
That desp'rately he hurried through the street, 140  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,  
That here and there his fury had committed.  
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,  
He broke from those that had the guard of him,  
And with his mad attendant and himself, 150  
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,

<sup>143</sup> *tender*, regard, esteem. (a)

<sup>146</sup> *important*, for importunate,

<sup>151</sup> *Who*, for the object, as as often.

often. [*Cambridge, Whom.*]

<sup>148</sup> *strong*, effected by force. (a)

Chas'd us away : till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
 Into this Abbey, whither we pursu'd them ;  
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since thy husband serv'd me in my 161  
 wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
 To do him all the grace and good I could. —  
 Go, some of you, knock at the Abbey gate,  
 And bid the Lady Abbess come to me.  
 I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress ! shift and save yourself.  
 My master and his man are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, 170  
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;  
 And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.  
 My master preaches patience to him ; and, the while  
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;  
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool ! thy master and his man are here :  
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ; 180

<sup>170</sup> *a-row*, one after the other. nicks or notches (*Century Dic-*  
 (a) <sup>176</sup> *nicks*, cuts, or marks with *tionary*). See Supplementary  
 Notes. (a)

I have not breath'd, almost, since I did see it.  
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*  
 Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress : fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me ; fear nothing. Guard  
 with halberds !

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness you,  
 That he is borne about invisible :  
 Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here,  
 And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious Duke ! O ! grant me 190  
 justice,

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
 When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
 Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood  
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Ege.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
 I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio !

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman  
 there !

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,  
 That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
 Even in the strength and height of injury. 200

Beyond imagination is the wrong  
 That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great Duke, she shut the doors  
 upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

<sup>192</sup> *bestrid*, i. e. stood over to  
 defend. (a)

<sup>206</sup> *harlots* meant at first only

persons hired. But like "villain,"  
 it came to be used as a term of  
 reproach, and, at first, for men as

*Duke.* A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou  
so ?

*Adr.* No, my good lord : myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,  
As this is false he burthens me withal.

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, 210  
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

*Ang.* O, perjur'd woman ! They are both for-  
sworn :

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised what I say ;  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her  
Could witness it, for he was with me then ; 220  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him : in the street I met him,  
And in his company, that gentleman.  
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not ; for the which  
He did arrest me with an officer. 230  
I did obey, and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats : he with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,

well as women. Its peculiar reproach, when applied to women, is strictly derived from the venality which its radical sense im-

plies. [The origin is obscure ; very early it meant vagabond, thief.]

<sup>210</sup> pack'd, leagued. (a)

To go in person with me to my house.  
B' th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble  
more

Of vile confederates: along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch, 240  
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 't were, out-facing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together ;  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250  
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

*Ang.* He had, my lord ; and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him, 260  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;  
And then you fled into this Abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these Abbey walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.

I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven !  
And this is false you burthen me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this !  
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly : —  
You say he din'd at home ; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying. — Sirrah, what say you ?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he din'd with her, there, at the Por-  
pentine.

*Cour.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that  
ring.

*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege ; this ring I had of  
her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey here ?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange. — Go call the Abbess  
hither. —

I think you are all mated, or stark mad. 281

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Æge.* Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a  
word.

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus,  
And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir ;  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords :  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound. 290

*Æge.* I am sure you both of you remember me.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;

272 coldly, coolly, reasonably. (n)

281 mated. Cf. Supplementary Notes. (n)

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life till now.

*Æge.* O! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,

Have written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice? 800

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

*Æge.* Not know my voice? O, time's extremity,  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue

In seven short years that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? 810

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up,

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses (I cannot err)

Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy, 820

Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

<sup>806</sup> *careful.* Cf. Supplementary Notes. (a)

*Ant. E.* The Duke, and all that know me in the city,  
Can witness with me that it is not so.  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and  
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Abb.* Most mighty Duke, behold a man much  
wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.* 330]

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;  
And so of these: which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? — or else his ghost.

*Dro. S.* O, my old master! Who hath bound him  
here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty. — 340  
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.  
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.  
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

<sup>340-44</sup> In the original these lines are preceded by 356-61, — an error corrected by Capell.

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ; 350  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.  
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right.  
These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in semblance, —  
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea ; —  
These are the parents to these children, 360  
Which accidentally are met together.  
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I : I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart : I know not which is  
which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious  
lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous  
warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband ? 370

*Ant. E.* No ; I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so ;  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother. — What I told you then,

<sup>360</sup> Malone supposed that the preceding line had been lost. But *Egeon's* morning story and the consequent conviction flash on the *Duke's* mind at once. (w)  
*children*, here in effect a trisyllable. . . . (w)

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,  
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir: I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me. 390

*Ang.* I think I did, sir: I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these errors all arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need: thy father hath his life. 390

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my  
good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the Abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail 400

<sup>388</sup> *all arose.* The folio [followed by recent editors, including *Globe* and *Cambridge*, but not *Rolfe*] has *are arose*. . . . (w)

<sup>389</sup> *sympathized*, i. e. generally shared. A participle. (a)

<sup>400</sup> *Twenty-five.* The original has *Thirty-three*, which, as *Ægeon* says that he had parted from his

boy seven years before, when the latter was eighteen, must be wrong. (w) [Late editors follow *Cambridge* in adhering to the folio. There is no way of reconciling I. i. 196 and V. i. 320 with V. i. 326 or V. i. 400. Cf., to confound the confusion, I. i. 133.]

Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour  
 My heavy burthen here delivered. —  
 The Duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity,  
 Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me :  
 After so long grief, such nativity !

*Duke.* With all my heart : I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, *ÆGEON*, Courtezan,  
 Merchant, *ANGELO*, and Attendants.]

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board ?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked ?

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the 410 Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me. — I am your master, Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* *ANT. S.* and *E.*, *ADR.*, and *LUC.*]

<sup>402</sup> I. e. "I have gone in travail until this present hour delivered me here of my heavy burthen." The folio has *'are delivered* ; with manifest error. Singer and Dyce [and recent editors] read *no'er delivered* ; but the reading of the text gives a better, more natural expression of *Æmilia's* idea. [*Cambridge* reads *no'er*.]

<sup>404</sup> *calendars*. Cf. I. ii. 41 (*almanacks*). (R)

<sup>405</sup> *gossips' feast*, baptismal feast for the attendants or sponsors. (R) *joy*. The original has *go*, which Heath corrected. [Recent editors, following *Globe* and *Cambridge*, retain *go*.]

<sup>406</sup> *nativity*. [Dyce] read *festivity*, which is a plausible suggestion. But a long travail and a happy birth is plainly the dominant thought of *Æmilia's* speech. [*Riverside* adopts *festivity* ; *Cambridge* does not.]

<sup>410</sup> *lay . . . in*, were stored at. (R)

<sup>414</sup> The old stage-direction is *Exeunt omnes. Mane[n]t the two Dromio's and two Brothers*. But from the last speech of *Antipholus* of Syracuse, it is plain that he and his brother go out with the other gentlefolk, and that the two bondsmen remain behind. (W)

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner :  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my  
brother :

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir : you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That 's a question : how shall we try it ? 420

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior : till then,  
lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus :

We came into the world like brother and brother ;  
And now, let 's go hand in hand, not one before an-  
other. [Exeunt.

<sup>418</sup> *kitchen'd me*, entertained me in the kitchen.

**THE TWO DROMIOS**

From an engraving by J. Bauer, after the painting by  
Richter

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, Act V, Sc. i









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## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

White's title of W. W.'s translation given in note 1 to Introduction differs slightly in punctuation from that given in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part II, Vol. I (really Vol. V of the whole work).

- I. i. 1. *Solinus*. The later folios have *Salinus*.
- I. i. 4. *partial, to infringe*, biassed so as to be led to infringe. *Cambridge* omits comma.
- I. i. 8. *gilders*. The folios spell *gilders*.
- I. i. 17-20. *Nay . . . dias*. The text follows the folio with regard to the division of the lines. *Cambridge* (following Malone) divides: *more, seen, fairs, born*, — making four lines of three. *Cambridge* retains the *any* which the folios have before *Syracusan* in l. 18. Pope was the first to omit this.
- I. i. 31. *cam'et*. So the folio. *Cambridge, camest*.
- I. i. 42. *Epidammum*. See note in *Irving* as to the form *Epidamnus*.
- I. i. 43. *the*. Folio, *he*. *random*. Folio, *randone*.
- I. i. 56. *burden*. Folio, *burthen*. The folio line runs: "Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike." It is not certain that the modern text is an improvement or that Shakespeare did not intend the more poetical reading of the first folio.
- I. i. 61. *we came aboard!* *Cambridge*, departing from the folio, makes this a separate line, and is followed by recent editors.
- I. i. 89. *sun*. The folio has the old spelling, *sonne*.
- I. i. 91. *wish'd*. So the later folios. First folio, *wished*.
- I. i. 94. *Epidaurus*. Folio, *Epidarus*.
- I. i. 117. *bark*. The folio has *backs*.
- I. i. 131. *of, from*. The construction is involved, but the meaning is that trying to find one child, he was meanwhile running the risk of losing the other.
- I. i. 145. *princes, would they, may*. The folio omits the commas, which are necessary to the conditional construction. Hanmer, following Theobald, inverted this and the preceding line.
- I. i. 152. *Cambridge* retains the folio reading: "To seek thy help by beneficial help." Rolfe does so too, and points out that to seek a person's life meant then as now to destroy it. Herford silently adopts *life*; Gollancz follows the folio. It seems that not only is

it a good example of the same word used in two different senses, but that the line as it stands in the folio is distinctly more poetical than it is in its amended form. The text, as White noted, is as amended by Pope.

- I. i. 158. *Egeon*. Folio, *Egeon*.
- I. i. 159. *liveless*. White contended that *liveless* was not a typographical error, but a form of the word in use when the line was written. Probably the phrase means that *Egeon* will put off the end of his life, which is not happy enough to be much more than deathlike. In view of the plastic condition of Elizabethan English and the not specially poetical quality of the phrase "lifeless end," it does not seem necessary to abandon the folio.
- I. i. 1. *Merchant*. *Cambridge* follows Dyce and other modern editors in making the speaker *First Merchant*.
- I. ii. 4. *arrival*. The first folio has a *rivall*.
- I. ii. 11, 12. The three later folios invert the order of these lines.
- I. ii. 24, 32. The folios *E. Mer*. *Cambridge*, *First Mer*.
- I. ii. 28. *afterwards*. Steevens' reading in place of the original *afterward*, which *Cambridge* restores.
- I. ii. 30. *myself*. The later folios read *my life*.
- I. ii. 37. *failing*. In White's original text he followed the folio and read *falling*. In his "Supplementary Notes," however, he wrote: "Read, without a doubt, 'who failing there,' &c. The two drops are 'in the ocean,' and one seeks the other. It does not fall into the ocean." *Cambridge* and other late texts read *falling*. Logically this adoption of Barron Field's conjecture seems to have everything to recommend it.
- I. ii. 40. *them*. The three later folios alter *them* to *him*, referring to brother alone. *unhappy*. The reading of the later folios. The first has (*unhappie a*).
- I. ii. 55. *o' Wednesday*. Steevens' reading for *a wensday* of the first three folios.
- I. ii. 65. *score*. The folios read *scoure* or *scour* (fourth folio).
- I. ii. 75. *the Phenix*. Not an inn. Rolfe notes that private houses often had distinctive names.
- I. ii. 76. *stay*. Rowe's reading. *Cambridge* returned to the *stays* of the folio.
- I. ii. 93. *God's*. Hanmer's reading. The folio, *God*.
- I. ii. 94. *an*, for the *and* of the folios, as often.
- I. ii. 96. *o'er-raught*. The folios have *ore-wrought*.
- II. i. 1. Stage-direction. White's reasons for placing the scene in the court of the house may be found in the following portion of his original note, omitted from the footnote: "I have placed it in the court; because in Eastern houses, and those of all tropical countries, there is an inner court open to the street, in which the

females of the household pass much time: into this court the *Dromios* would run with their messages, and in a part of such a court, covered with an arched roof, *Adriana* would most probably sit at dinner in the first Scene of the next Act."

- II. i. 11. *o' door*. The fourth folio has *adoor*; the others *adors*.
- II. i. 15. *lash'd*. Steevens suggested *leash'd*, which seems plausible but unnecessary.
- II. i. 20. *men . . . masters*. The folios have *man* and *master*, and *Lord* in l. 21.
- II. i. 21. *wat'ry*. *Cambridge* prints *watery*. The folio has *watry*. The later folios have *wide* for *wild*.
- II. i. 30. *where*. Johnson suggested *hars*.
- II. i. 32. *pause*, i. e. reflect with the result of doing nothing rash. *She* refers to *Luciana*, apostrophised as *Patience*, or else to *Patience* personified.
- II. i. 39. *would'st*. The folios have *would*.
- II. i. 71-4. Prose in the folios.
- II. i. 72. *errand*. The first three folios, *arrant*.
- II. i. 73. *bear*. *Cambridge* returns to the folio *bare*.
- II. i. 93. *blunts*. The three later folios, *blots*.
- II. i. 101. *stale*. In *Riverside* White explains this word as meaning "stalking-horse."
- II. i. 109-13. White's original note on this passage is worth giving entire.

"This passage stands thus corrupted in the folio:—

‘ I see the Iewell best enamaled  
Will loose his beautie: yet *the* gold bides still  
That others touch, *and* often touching will,  
*Where* gold and no man that hath a name,  
By falshood and corruption doth it shame.’

The restoration is the resultant of the labours of Theobald (or Warburton), Steevens, and Collier. The corruption was produced by mistaking ‘*tho*’ for ‘*the*,’ ‘*an*’ for ‘*and*,’ and ‘*wear*’ (by the ear) for ‘*where*.’ Theobald read,

‘ and *so* no man that hath a name  
*But* falsehood,’ &c. ;

Heath, more plausibly,

‘ and *so* a man that hath a name  
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.’”

[There is of course little need of adding to the numerous interpretations of the passage, yet it may be pointed out that it is per-

haps possible to paraphrase in a far-fetched way the folio text just as it stands, save for the substitution of a period for the comma after *will*.

"I see that the best enameled jewel [*Adriana's* self in the composite ornament of matrimony, in which the husband is the gold and the more substantial portion] will lose its beauty; yet the gold still endures vulgar contact (*bides still that others touch it*) and will continue to endure such frequent contact (*and often touching will abide*). But since (*where* = *whereas*) neither gold nor any (*no* — the single negative having a double application) man that has a reputation (*hath a name*) by (contact with) falsehood and corruption acquires (*doth itself*) shame; and since my beauty cannot please my husband's (*his*) eye, I'll weep what is left of it away, and weeping die."

- II. i. 110. *lose*. The folio prints *loose*. '*bides*. Folio and *Cambridge*, *bides*.
- II. ii. 3. *out*. *Cambridge* and the earlier folios transfer the period from the end of this line to the end of the next. But surely l. 4 belongs with l. 5, as Rowe perceived.
- II. ii. 12. *didst*. The first folio, *did didst*.
- II. ii. 28. *jest*. Dyce plausibly suggested *jet*.
- II. ii. 29. *common*. Cf. the use of the word in "Boston Common." Hanmer, misled by *serious*, read *comedy*.
- II. ii. 45-6. *Cambridge* adopted Capell's arrangement as two lines of verse.
- II. ii. 94. *falling*. White retained this reading in *Riverside*, as also *trimming* in l. 98, thus varying in both instances from the *Cambridge* text.
- II. ii. 102. *no time*. Rolfe quotes Crosby's defence of the folio reading, *in no time*, as the only one in which a quibble is discernible. *Dromio*, by use of fine and recovery, shows how to recover *in no time* hair lost by nature.
- II. ii. 137. *off*. The folios have *of*.
- II. ii. 147. *distain'd* ought by Shakespeare's usage to mean *stained*. If it does, considerable ingenuity is needed to explain the passage, unless we take into consideration the difficult passage II. i. 109-13 and the interpretations suggested. *Unstained* has been suggested and frequently adopted. Theobald gave *dis* a privative force. The opposite of *stained* is the meaning to be preferred, it would seem, for it lends force to *Adriana's* injunction, "Keep, then, fair league," &c.
- II. ii. 176. *stronger*. The reading of the fourth folio. The other folios have *stranger*.
- II. ii. 178. *ought*. Warburton's reading. The folios, *ought*.
- II. ii. 182. *moves*. Usually explained as equivalent to "appeals to."

- Perhaps better, "puts me forward as the object (*theme*) of her tirade." Singer needlessly adopted *means* from the Collier MS.
- II. ii. 186. *this sure uncertainty*. Gollancz paraphrases: "This to her surely a thing uncertain." Rolfe explains: "Know this to be surely a thing uncertain." Does it mean: "This thing sure to her but uncertain to me"?
- II. ii. 196. *am I not*. *Cambridge* follows Theobald's *am not I*.
- II. ii. 206. *laugh*. The folios have *laughs*, which is retained by *Cambridge*.
- III. i. 19. *Y'are*. *Cambridge*, *You're*.
- III. i. 23. *A table-full of welcome*. The folio and *Cambridge*, *A table full of welcome*.
- III. i. 24. *churl*, common man. The word can scarcely be used in its current signification, yet that it can be found omitted from a glossary of this play where *cares* (l. 28) is explained as "delicacies" and *mickle* (l. 45) as "much," would indicate that the word is considered as presenting no difficulty. One of the most perplexing of editorial duties is to determine how far the context renders such glossarial aid unnecessary, e.g., whether it is not plain that in V. i. 238 *anatomy* means "skeleton," in V. i. 311 *grained*, furrowed, and in V. i. 332 *genius*, attendant spirit.
- III. i. 31. *Gin'*. *Cambridge* follows folio in reading *Ginn*.
- III. i. 39. *an*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *and*.
- III. i. 41. *not, come again, &c.* The folios have no comma.
- III. i. 48. *Luca* [*within*]. The folios, *Enter Luca*.
- III. i. 49. *Faith*. So the folio and also III. ii. 132. In both places *Cambridge*, *'Faith*; but IV. iv. 155 all copies, *Faith*.
- III. ii. 16. *attaint*. Folio, *attains*.
- III. ii. 20. *ars*. So the three later folios. First folio, *is*.
- III. ii. 26. *wife*. Folio, *wiss*.
- III. ii. 34. *earthy gross*. So the folio, but *Cambridge* hyphens. Similarly, IV. iii. 2 *well acquainted*, 13 *new apparell'd*. In III. ii. 64 *Earth's-heaven*, the folio and *Cambridge* do not hyphen.
- III. ii. 43. *no*. The three later folios, *a*, altering the characteristic double negative.
- III. ii. 46. *sister's*. Folio, *sister*.
- III. ii. 49. The reading *bed*, now adopted, is that of all the folios save the first.
- III. ii. 52. Some emendations have been suggested for this line, but as Rolfe remarks, it seems to be only a way of asserting that Love will not drown.
- III. ii. 64. *Earth's-heaven*. *Cambridge* reads *Earth's heaven*. The phrase has been paraphrased as follows: "All the happiness that I wish on earth, and all that I claim from heaven hereafter."
- III. ii. 66. *aim*. Capell's correction. If *am*, the folio and *Cambridge*

reading, be substituted, it may, as Marshall suggests, be equivalent to "am inseparable from thee." Rowe, as White noted, read *mean*.

- III. ii. 91. White refers to Grose's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* for *Dromio's* gross allusion.
- III. ii. 127. *chalky*. Folio, *chalkle*.
- III. ii. 139. *carracks*. The folio spells *Carrecks*.
- III. ii. 146-9. *and, I . . . wheel*. *Cambridge*, following Knight, prints as two lines of verse, rhyming *steel* and *wheel*.
- III. ii. 151. *And*. So the folios. *Cambridge*, *An*.
- III. ii. 160. *high*. The first three folios spell, *hie*.
- III. ii. 169. *here is*. The folios have *here's*.
- IV. i. 1. *Merchant*. *Cambridge*, *Second Merchant*. So in V. i.
- IV. i. 4. *guilders*. Folios, *gilders*. Cf. I. i. 8.
- IV. i. 17. *her*. As White noted, the folio has *their*. The correction was made by Rowe.
- IV. i. 21. The punctuation suggested in the footnote is that of *Cambridge*.
- IV. i. 28. *carat*. *Cambridge* spells *carat*. The first folio spelt *charect*; the later folios, *Raccat*.
- IV. i. 43. *An*. The folios, as often, *And*.
- IV. i. 47. *to blame*. The folio, *too blame*.
- IV. i. 53. *the chain*. The punctuation of the folios. *Cambridge*, after Dyce, an exclamation point; Johnson, a dash.
- IV. i. 56. *me by*. Heath conjectured *by me*.
- IV. i. 60. *wh'er*. *Cambridge* reads *whether*.
- IV. i. 75. *dar'st*. *Cambridge* and White's second edition, *darest*. It may be noted that White frequently failed to follow *Cambridge* in avoiding such contractions authorised by the folio.
- IV. i. 85. *there is*. The folios have *there's*.
- IV. ii. 27. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, I. iv. 32.
- IV. ii. 34. *One*. The first folio, *On*.
- IV. ii. 45. *is*. *Cambridge* reads *he's*.
- IV. ii. 46. The first three folios read *send him Mistris redemption*; the fourth capitalises the last word. Rowe, misled by the capital and the absence of commas with the vocative, not unusual in the folios, made *Dromio* call *Luciana* "Redemption."
- IV. ii. 56. *a'*, *he*, and so altered by Capell.
- IV. iii. 18. *calf's-skin*. The folios, *caluss-skin*, an earlier genitive form.
- IV. iii. 24. *'rests*. Warburton's reading. The folios omit the apostrophe. So *'rested*, IV. ii. 42, 45 above, and IV. iv. 3 below.
- IV. iii. 35. *ship*. The first folio, *ships*.
- IV. iii. 52. *damn*. The folios, *dam*. The pun is obvious.
- IV. iii. 53. *as much as*. Rowe's reading. *Cambridge* returns to the folios, which omit the second *as*.

- IV. iii. 59. *you*. Omitted in first folio.
- IV. iii. 62. Cf. *Tempest*, II. ii. 103.
- IV. iii. 71-6. Prose in the folios.
- IV. iv. 5. *messenger*: The folios have a comma; *Cambridge*, a full stop.
- IV. iv. 45. The rest of White's note is worth quoting.

“ Warburton makes the following apt quotation from *Hudibras*, which refers to *Ralpho's* skill in augury :—

‘ Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
That speak and think contrary clean ;  
What member 't is of whom they talk,  
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *knave*, *walk*. ’ ”

- IV. iv. 63. *customers*. As White noted, this word means “ those whose company you are accustomed to keep,” i. e. such persons as the *companion* (fellow) of l. 64.
- IV. iv. 69. ‘ *would you*. The folios and *Cambridge*, *would you*.
- IV. iv. 71. *say'st*. Rowe's reading. *Cambridge* returns to the folio, *sayest*.
- IV. iv. 82. *sooths*. The first folio, *sooth*; the later folios, *smooth*. *Contraries*. The first folio misspells, *contrariness*.
- IV. iv. 114-16. Prose in folios.
- IV. iv. 130-1. *Cambridge* prints as prose.
- IV. iv. 149-50. *And come . . . bound again*. Steevens' arrangement. *Cambridge* makes two verses ending *swords* and *again*, which is the arrangement of the folio. *Away! they'll kill us*, makes a separate line.
- V. i. 33. *God's*. The first two folios, *God*. In l. 36, all the folios, *Gods*.
- V. i. 45. *sour*. In the original *sower*, which was pronounced as two syllables.
- V. i. 67. *vile*. The first three folios, *vilde*, as often. So l. 236 below.
- V. i. 77. *brawls*. The first folio spells, *bralles*.
- V. i. 86. *have*. The first folio, *hath*.
- V. i. 97. *essaying*. *Cambridge*, *assaying*, which is the reading of the folio.
- V. i. 124. *reverend*. The first two folios and *Cambridge*, *reverent*. So III. ii. 90, V. i. 5 above. But in l. 134 all texts have *reverend*.
- V. i. 155. *whither*. The first folio, *whether*.
- V. i. 175. *scissors*. The first folio, *Cizers*. *nicks*. White's original note is as follows : “ Malone quotes the following illustrative passage from Gent's *Choice of Change*, 1598. ‘ Three things used by

## The Comedy of Errors

monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies : They are shaven and notched on the head, like foolcs,' &c."

- V. i. 186. *Alh.* Capell's reading. *Cambridge* returns to the folio, *Ay.* So above IV. iv. 111.
- V. i. 195-6. Prose in folios.
- V. i. 199. *dishonour'd.* Folio, *dishonored.*
- V. i. 235. *E' th' way.* The folio, *By 'th' way.* *Globe* and *Cambridge,* *By the way.* *Globe* follows *Steevens* and makes a separate line of *By the way we met,* beginning a new line with *My wife.* *Cambridge* writes as one long line, but suspects corruption.
- V. i. 245. *altogether.* So the folios. *Rowe* read *all together,* which is followed by *Cambridge.*
- V. i. 249. *in sunder.* The three later folios, *asunder.* The same folios often agree in differing from the first folio. So l. 291 *you both,* where the later folios omit *you.*
- V. i. 251. *hither.* The first folio, *hether.*
- V. i. 281. *mated.* Already used in III. ii. 54 as "stupefied," "bewildered." Here there seems to be also a quibble on the sense "given as mates."
- V. i. 298. *careful,* sorrowful. Cf. l. 310, *key of untun'd oars,* i. e. utterance of discordant sorrows. *deformed,* deforming, cf. l. 299. *defeatures,* disfigurements.
- V. i. 304. *Ay, sir.* The folios have *I sir.*
- V. i. 339. *looss.* Folio, *lose.* Cf. II. i. 110 above.
- V. i. 343. *burden.* The folio and *Cambridge* have *burthen.*
- V. i. 357. *Antipholus'.* So the folio, except for the apostrophe, as usual. *Cambridge,* *Antipholuses.*
- V. i. 398. *Have suffer'd wrong, go, &c.* The folios have a full stop after *wrong.*
- V. i. 405. *gossips'.* The apostrophe, as usual, is not in the folios.
- V. i. 406. *nativity.* Staunton also adopted Johnson's suggestion, *festivity.* Hanmer's emendation *felicity* is sometimes adopted and defended, e. g. *Irving.*
- V. i. 431. *senior.* The first two folios, *signior;* the last two, *signiority.*

The following alight alterations have been made in White's text :

- III. ii. 49. *bed.* White's text, *bride.*
- III. ii. 156. *be gone.* White's text, *bagone.* But IV. i. 107, IV. iii. 67, 70, V. i. 184, *be gone.*
- IV. i. 21. Colon after *a-year,* and period after *rops.* White had interrogation marks.
- IV. iv. 132. *idly* has been changed to *idly.*
- V. i. 97. *assaying.* White, *essaying.*

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

"Much adoe about Nothing. *As it hath been sundrie times publickly* acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. *Written by William Shakespeare.* — LONDON Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 36 leaves.

*Much Ado about Nothing* occupies twenty-one pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 101 to p. 121 inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and is without a list of *Dramatis Personæ*. In the quarto there is no division into Acts.



# Much adoe about Nothing.

*As it hath been sundrie times publikely  
acted by the right honourable, the Lord  
Chamberlaine his seruants.*

*Written by William Shakespeare.*



L O N D O N  
Printed by V.S. for Andrew Wise, and  
William Aspley.  
1600.



# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

## INTRODUCTION

**B**ANDELLO, an Italian novelist who died three years before Shakespeare was born, furnished him with the incident [Nov. 22] upon which this play hinges — the trick by which *Borachio* slanders *Hero* to her lover. It is found also in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Book V., and in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book II. Can. 4, an English translation of the former of which, by Sir John Harington, was published in 1591. No translation of Bandello's novel is known [though there was a paraphrase in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*]; but if any reader of Shakespeare finds it difficult to believe that such a man, at the age of thirty-five years, — fifteen of which he had passed in literary pursuits, at a time when Italian was more commonly known to educated Englishmen than French is now, — had mastered enough of that language to be able to read a short tale in it, I must confess myself but ill disposed to help him out of the further perplexity in which he will be involved by the knowledge, that, while in neither Ariosto's nor Spenser's version of the story is there the slightest coincidence with *Much Ado about Nothing* in name of person or place, in Bandello's, the friend and patron of the lover is *Don Pedro of Arragon*, the father of the lady, *Lionato*, and the scene, Messina, and that in Bandello alone are found the incidents of the entrance of the repudiated lady's window by a servant of her calumniator, her swooning and pretended death, the promise to her father to marry at his bidding, and her subsequent restoration to her repentant lover. The Italian's contribution to the play is limited to

VOL. II. — 16

these few bare names and almost barren incidents; for *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, *Dogberry* and *Verges*, *John* the Bastard, and even *Conrade*, *Borachio* and *Margaret*, and all that they do and say else, are Shakespeare's own. Not only so, but the four first-named characters, being purely English, and giving the tone to the composition, make *Much Ado about Nothing* a comedy of contemporary English manners.<sup>1</sup>

We are able to determine the date of the production of this play with accuracy quite sufficient to all the purposes for which exactness in such matters is valuable. It was published in 1600; *England's Parnassus*, which appeared also in that year, contains no quotation from it; and Meres, who could not have passed it unnoticed, when he did notice *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, does not mention it in his citation, so often referred to, which was published in 1598. We may therefore conclude that *Much Ado about Nothing* was written in 1598 or 1599 [probably the later, for there seems an allusion in III. i. 9-11 to the Cecils or to Essex's Irish Campaign of 1599]. There is no internal evidence upon this point; for Chalmers' conjecture, that when *Beatrice* says, "you had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it," an allusion is meant to an infirmity in the English commissariat of that day, which, from recent Crimean [and African] experience, seems chronic, rests on a foundation entirely too slender and fanciful.<sup>2</sup>

The text of the folio is printed with comparatively few and trifling errors, most of which are easy of correction, either by conjecture or by the aid of the quarto, which is also remark-

<sup>1</sup> It is possible that Shakespeare followed an older play on the same subject, and this is thought by some to have been *Ariodante and Genevora* (based on Ariosto and acted in 1582-3). The German Ayler's *The Beautiful Phœnicia*, founded on Bandello (probably through Belleforest) coincides in some special respects with *Much Ado*, and both plays may owe something to a common original distinct from Bandello. Shakespeare is also held by some to have been influenced in the matter of his wit-combats by his contemporary Robert Greene. (a)

<sup>2</sup> See in confirmation Furness' Introduction to this play. (a)

ably well printed for a dramatic publication of the period. Each copy contains a few words and brief sentences omitted from the other. It is plain from the repetition of certain somewhat striking errors of the press, which are particularly indicated in the Notes, that the folio was printed from a copy of the quarto edition; and this fact has caused most editors to adhere to the text of the latter, as "the more ancient authority," Collier giving, as an additional reason, his opinion that "the changes from the 4to in the folio are nearly all for the worse." As to its being the earlier printed edition, this fact has, evidently, no weight in deciding between the authority of an edition which is authenticated and that of one which is not; and not only is this truth applicable in the present instance, but we know that the copy of the quarto from which the authenticated folio was printed had been used in Shakespeare's theatre as the prompter's book, and there subjected to several alterations and corrections; and thus its essential differences from the quarto have a special and peculiar demand upon our deference. The important errors (to a reader) of the quarto which the folio leaves uncorrected are of such a nature that they might remain without inconvenience upon a prompter's book;—such are the printing of verse as prose and the use of the names of actors, instead of those of characters, as prefixes. The various differences of text bearing upon this point are all considered in the Notes.

As to preference between the readings of the two editions, that is mere matter of opinion; and fortunately the cases in which such preference may be exercised—not by any means admitting that it should be—are of comparatively little moment. But I am surprised that any reader of Shakespeare should consider, for instance, the change of "any man that knows the *statutes*," in the quarto, to "any man that knows the *statues*," in the folio, for the worse, or think the same of the change from "*beat*" in the quarto to "*bear*," in the lines,

"—— a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes,"

in the folio :—the difference between a vision of angelic white-winged innocence bearing away, all shameful, the blushes of the shrinking girl and a vision of the same impersonated virtue violently beating them off, being one about the propriety or the beauty of which there would seem to be no room for discussion. The significant change in *Dogberry's* speech, III. v. 62, from “*examination*,” in the quarto, to “*examine*,” in the folio, is remarked upon at length in the Notes: its character admits no doubt that it was made “by authority.”

The readings of the folio, in all important variations, seem to me much preferable to those of the quarto; but the former is followed in this edition, with assistance from the latter in cases of apparent misprint only, not for that reason, but because the folio was printed,—and carefully printed for the day, even as to punctuation, contracted syllables, and capital letters,—from a copy which had evidently had the benefit of at least a partial correction, and because it has the authority of Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's fellow-actors.

As to the period of the action and the costume of *Much Ado about Nothing*, the former is not determinable within narrow bounds; and it is of no consequence that it should be; for the list of *dramatis personæ* is of the composite sort, and the exteriors which the characters present must of necessity be those of different times and nations. A Sicilian costume of any period anterior to the writing of the comedy, and during which the island was under the dominion of Spain and involved in war, is appropriate to the personages of higher rank; and we must look to the England of Shakespeare's day to furnish dresses for *Dogberry* the Constable, *Verges* the Headborough, the Sexton, and the Watch. Vecelli is authority for the former, and a woodcut on the title page of Dekker's *O per se O*, 1612, for the Watch among the latter.

We call this play *Much Ado about Nothing*; but it seems clear to me that Shakespeare and his contemporaries called

it *Much Ado about Nothing*; a pun being intended between "nothing" and "noting," which were then pronounced alike, and upon which pun depends by far the more important significance of the title. This is not the place for minute orthoepical discussion; but that accented vowels had their pure and simple sound in a very much greater degree in Shakespeare's time than now, and that this was preserved in compound words, no sufficiently observant person, familiar with the literature of that time, can have failed to notice. Upon this fact depends, for instance, the *Host's* joke in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. i. 106, "he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs";—and I remark here that the pronunciation "*pro-verb*" still lingers in New England. Shakespeare's contemporary John Florio tells us, in his Rules for the Italian Tongue appended to his Dictionary, that the "round or firm" Italian *o* "is ever pronounced as our *o* in these words: Bone, Dog, Flow, God, Rod, Stone, Tone"; by which we see that three words of the seven have lost the pure sound of *o*. This is rather less than the proportion of those which have undergone a similar change throughout the language. But a joke of *Touchstone's* is quite decisive upon the point that the combination *o t h* was sometimes, at least, pronounced *ote*. He says (*As You Like It*, III. iii. 9), "I am here with thee and thy *goats*, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the *Goths*"; and if the pronunciation of "*Goths*" was not "*goles*," he might as well have said "among the Vandals." To this add another example, even more conclusive—the spelling, in the original, of "mote" in the following line (*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 161), and in every other instance in which the word is used in that volume, although it was pronounced *mote*, and had been so spelled in earlier days:—

"You found his *Moth*, the King your *Moth* did see.

In this very play, too, is another passage especially in point,—that in which (II. iii. 56–9) *Balthazar* uses the words "note,"

"notes," and "*noting*," and *Don Pedro* replies, "Note, notes, forsooth, and *nothing*." Here, if "*nothing*" were pronounced *nothing*, the Prince might as well have said "any thing"; but both quarto and folio give him his pun as well as his jeer. Theobald, failing to perceive this, changed "*nothing*" to "*noting*"; and so the passage remained until the present day. In the great Roman tragedy, too, of the Triumvir and the Egyptian Queen, the original has either *Anthonie*, *Anthony*, or even *Anthonius*, although the man was called then, as now, *Mark Antony*. So *Antonio* of *The Tempest* is *Anthonio* in the original, and *Armado* in *Love's Labour's Lost* is generally *Armatho*; and a common word which occurs in this play, "*lantern*" (so written originally and always so pronounced), was in Shakespeare's day, and until recently, spelled *lanthorn*; and the last syllable of "*murder*," then written *murther*, seems to have been pronounced somewhat like the same syllable of the French *meurtre*.

But as to the significance of the title. The play is *Much Ado about Nothing* only in a very vague and general sense, but *Much Ado about Noting* in one especially apt and descriptive; for the much ado is produced entirely by noting. It begins with the noting of the Prince and *Claudio*, first by *Antonio's* man, and then by *Borachio*, who reveals their conference to *John*; it goes on with *Benedick* noting the Prince, *Leonato*, and *Claudio* in the garden, and again with *Beatrice* noting *Margaret* and *Ursula* in the same place; the incident upon which its action turns is the noting of *Borachio's* interview with *Margaret* by the Prince and *Claudio*; and finally, the incident which unravels the plot is the noting of *Borachio* and *Conrade* by the Watch. That this sense, "to observe," "to watch," was one in which "note" was commonly used, it is quite needless to show by reference to the literature and the lexicographers of Shakespeare's day; it is hardly obsolete; and even of the many instances in Shakespeare's works, I will quote only one, from *As You Like It*, III. ii. 265-7, which happens to be in all points correspondent. "*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*] *Celia*. You bring me out:—Soft!

comes he not here? *Ros.* 'T is he! Slink by and note him."  
Upon the other point let these lines of Shakespeare's speak : —

"Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose *nothing*."<sup>1</sup>  
*Sonnet XX.*

<sup>1</sup> White's ingenious arguments as to the proper title, to which he adhered in *Riverside*, do not seem to have met with much consideration. They were, however, combated by Ellis, and an interesting summary of the respective arguments may be found in Furness' note on II. iii. 59. It seems clear that White was not wrong in emphasizing the confusion of the *th* and *t* sounds, but that he exaggerated the importance of the *noting* that takes place in the drama. The reader who is interested in the other problems raised by the play will do well to read Furness' remarks on the sources, especially on the old play *Benedicte and Betteris*, and on the contention of Brae and Fleay that *Much Ado* is the mysterious *Love's Labour's Won* mentioned by Meres. (x)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*

JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*

CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence.*

BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua.*

LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

BORACHIO, } *followers of John.*

CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } *two Officers.*

VERGES, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

A Sexton.

A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*

BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*

MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*

URSULA, }

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE : Messina.

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# Much Ado about Nothing

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## ACT ONE.

SCENE I. — *Before LEONATO'S House.*

*Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.*

**LEONATO.** I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Messenger.* He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a

<sup>1</sup> [*Enter LEONATO.*] Here the stage-direction in folio and quarto is "Enter Leonato Gouvernour of Messina, *Innogen his wife*," &c.; and at the commencement of the next Act, "Enter Leonato, his brother, *his wife*," &c.; but as *Innogen* neither speaks nor is spoken to . . . she has no place

among the *Dramatis Personæ*. . . . *Don Pedro.* *Don Peter* in both folio and quarto, here and immediately after; but in the next stage-direction, and afterward, *Don Pedro.* (w)

<sup>1</sup> *sort*, kind, but some editors treat it as equivalent to "rank." [Cf. 33.]

lamb the feats of a lion : he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters, and 20 there appears much joy in him ; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears ?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd : how much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping ?

*Beatrice.* I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd 30 from the wars, or no ?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady : there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece ?

*Hero.* My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O ! he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight : and my uncle's Fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and chal-

<sup>30</sup> *Montanto.* *Beatrice* speaks of the soldier who dwells so much in her thoughts, by a term of the fencing school (w) [to wit, "an upright blow or thrust." Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, iii. 27. *Globe* and *Cambridge* follow the folio in spelling *Mountanto*.]

<sup>36</sup> *pleasant*, full of fun, or witty. (x)

<sup>37</sup> *set up his bills.* Posting small placards was, in Shakespeare's day, the only mode of making matters public, except proclaiming them by a crier. (w)

<sup>38</sup> *flight.* The flight arrow was long, and was used for long shots. (w)

<sup>39</sup> *subscrib'd*, signed.

leng'd him at the bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many 40  
hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how  
many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all  
of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too  
much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these  
wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath help to  
eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an  
excellent stomach. 50

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he  
to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd  
with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff'd  
man; but for the stuffing, — well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There  
is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and 60  
her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit  
between them.

*Beat.* Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last  
conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now  
is the whole man govern'd with one; so that if he have  
wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a  
difference between himself and his horse; for it is all

<sup>40</sup> *bird-bolt*, a short and thick arrow [Cf. Supplementary Notes].

<sup>46</sup> *meet*, even. (R)

<sup>49</sup> *eat*. The [first] folio has *eats*, with a long *s*; the quarto [and second folio], *eats*. . . . (W)

<sup>58</sup> *stuffing*. Cf. Supplementary Notes. (R)

<sup>64</sup> *five wits*, sometimes "five

senses," but here the five mental faculties, "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory." (R)

<sup>66-7</sup> *bear it for a difference*, in the heraldic sense "a distinguishing mark for different branches of the same family." Cf. *Hamlet* IV. v. 183. (R)

the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. — Who is his companion now? He hath 70 every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him 80 to the Devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

90

*Leon.* You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approach'd.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, JOHN the Bastard, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, and others.

*Don Pedro.* Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

<sup>80</sup> *squarer.* So long as quarrelsome boys "square off" at each other, explanation of this word is superfluous. (w)

the folio, in which *John* is generally so styled.

<sup>81</sup> *you are come.* The quarto reads *are you come.* (w)

<sup>82</sup> [*JOHN the Bastard.*] Thus

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace ; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain ; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave. 100

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Benedick.* Were you in doubt, that you ask'd her ?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick ; we may guess by this what you are, being a man. — Truly, the lady fathers herself. — Be happy, lady, for you are like 110 an honourable father.

*Bene.* If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick : no body marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear Lady Disdain ! are you yet living ?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick ? 120 Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted ; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women : they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that :

<sup>104</sup> *Were you in doubt.* The quarto adds *sir (w)* [and is followed by *Cambridge*].

<sup>121</sup> *convert to, become.* (a)

I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man 130  
swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind,  
so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate  
scratch'd face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were  
such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of  
yours.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your 140  
tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way  
o' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick; I know  
you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all. — Leonato, —  
Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick — my dear  
friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we  
shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily  
prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear  
he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart. 150

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be for-  
sworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being  
reconciled to the Prince, your brother, I owe you all  
duty.

*John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I  
thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your Grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato: we will go to-  
gether. [*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.* 160

*Claudio.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of  
Signior Leonato?

<sup>136</sup> *vers.* Cf. Supplementary Notes. (R)

<sup>146</sup> *This is.* The quarto has *That is.* [So Cambridge.]

*Bene.* I noted her not ; but I look'd on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady ?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment ; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex ?

*Claud.* No ; I pray thee speak in sober judgment. 170

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise : only this commendation I can afford her ; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome ; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou think'st I am in sport : I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her ?

180

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel ?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow ? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter ? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter : there's her cousin, and she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you ?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

184-5 . . . *Benedick* asks, " Do you mean to tell us that the blind boy has the eyes of a greyhound,

and that Vulcan's forge and anvil are used to work wood ? " (w)  
186 go, join. (z)

*Bene.* Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a 200 yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on 210 my allegiance, — mark you this, on my allegiance. — He is in love. With who? — now that is your Grace's part. — Mark, how short his answer is: — with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it utter'd.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: "It is not so, nor 't was not so: but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise. 220

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

<sup>198</sup> *suspicion*, i. e. of "horns." (R)

<sup>201</sup> *Sundays* — i. e. When you are most yoked to your wife. (R)

<sup>202</sup> [*Enter DON PEDRO.*] Both folio and quarto add, "JOHN the Bastard," but with error; *John* afterward learns from *Borachio* what passes at this interview.

<sup>215</sup> See Supplementary Notes. (R)

<sup>216</sup> *It is not so, nor 't was not so.* This is the burden of a fearful old story, as bloody as *Blue Beard*, without its whimsicality. . . . (W) [For this tale of "Mr. Fox" see Malone's *Variorum* and Furness' edition of the present play.]

*Claud.* And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And by my two faiths and troths, my lord,  
I speak mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved,<sup>230</sup>  
nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that  
fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in  
the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, but in  
the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her ;  
that she brought me up, I likewise give her most hum-  
ble thanks ; but that I will have a recheat winded in<sup>240</sup>  
my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,  
all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do  
them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the  
right to trust none ; and the fine is, (for the which I  
may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with  
love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger,  
my lord ; not with love : prove that ever I lose more<sup>250</sup>  
blood with love than I will get again with drinking,  
pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang

<sup>237</sup> *spoke.* The quarto, *spoke*.  
(w) [So Cambridge.]

<sup>238</sup> *despite of*, aversion to. (r)  
<sup>239-40</sup> *in the force of his will.* War-  
burton's professional eye first de-  
tected the allusion here to heresy,  
as defined in scholastic divinity ;  
according to which it was not  
merely heterodox opinion, but a  
wilful adherence to such opinion.

The subject was a familiar one in  
Shakespeare's day. (w)

<sup>240</sup> *recheat winded in my fore-  
head.* The recall which the hun-  
ter blew upon his horn was called  
the "recheat." *Benedick's* mean-  
ing is sufficiently obvious. (w)  
[See Supplementary Notes.]

<sup>241</sup> *fine*, conclusion. (r)

me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder and call'd Adam.

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try: 260  
 "In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

*Bene.* The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign, "Here you may see Benedick the married man."

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad. 270

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

<sup>267</sup> *hang me in a bottle, like a cat.* It was a cruel sport of the day to shoot at a cat in a [wicker] bottle (w) [or a small barrel].

<sup>269</sup> *Adam*, an allusion to one of the three celebrated archers, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley. See the *Outlaw's Ballad* in Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry* [and Supplementary Notes]. (w)

<sup>261</sup> *In time the savage bull.* This

line is quoted, with a slight error, from Kyd, *Spanish Tragedy*, Act II. [who got it from Thomas Watson's *Passionate Century of Love*].

<sup>270</sup> *horn-mad*, mad as a bull, with a quibble on cuckoldry. (R)

<sup>272</sup> *Venice.* The courtesans and intriguing ladies of Venice were famous, the world over. (w)

<sup>274</sup> *temporize with the hours*, comply with the humour of the time. (R)

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you — 280

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: from my house (if I had it) —

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on, neither: ere you flout old ends any farther, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit BENEDICK.

*Claud.* My liege, your Highness now may do me good. 290

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach: teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero; she's his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O! my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love; 300  
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars —

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words.

<sup>280</sup> guarded, trimmed. (a) letters, such as *Don Pedro* and  
<sup>280</sup> old ends, alluding to the *Claudio* have just been quoting (w)  
old formal phrases for closing [and to other trite quotations].

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,  
 And I will break with her, and with her father,  
 And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end, 310  
 That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
 That know love's grief by his complexion!  
 But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
 I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader  
 than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.  
 Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest;  
 And I will fit thee with the remedy.  
 I know we shall have revelling to-night: 320  
 I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
 And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;  
 And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale:  
 Then, after, to her father will I break;  
 And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.  
 In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in LEONATO's House.*

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Leon.* How now, brother? Where is my cousin,  
 your son? Hath he provided this music?

<sup>309-10</sup> *and with . . . have her.*  
 These words, found in the quarto,  
 are not in the folio.

<sup>315</sup> *salv'd*, palliated. (x)

<sup>317</sup> *grant*, gift. *necessity*, i. e.  
 what satisfies a need. (x)

<sup>318</sup> *'t is once*, i. e. settled once  
 for all, or, enough. (x)

<sup>1</sup> [*Enter LEONATO and AN-  
 TONIO.*] In the stage-direction  
 here, both in folio and quarto,  
*Antonio* is called "an old man,  
 brother to Leonato"; and in suc-  
 ceeding directions and prefixes,  
 "Old man," or "Brother." (w)

*Antonio.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my 10 niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, 20 that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. — O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. — Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another Room in LEONATO'S House.*

*Enter JOHN the Bastard and CONRADE.*

*Conrade.* What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

\* *news.* The quarto has *strange news*, and in *Antonio's* next speech, *thus much overheard* (w) [and is followed in both cases by recent editors, after *Globe* and *Cambridge*].

\* *thick-pleached*, thickly interwoven. (w)

<sup>1</sup> *good year*, a mild oath. See Supplementary Notes. (x)

*John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*John.* I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st<sup>10</sup> thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

*Con.* Yea; but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have<sup>20</sup> of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flat-<sup>30</sup> tering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and

<sup>4</sup> Both folio and quarto lack it. [*Cambridge* follows them.]

<sup>8</sup> yet. The quarto, at least [and so *Cambridge*].

<sup>11</sup> born under Saturn, and hence predisposed to a morose melancholy. (x)

<sup>18</sup> claw (the ears), flatter. (x)

<sup>28</sup> root. The quarto, true root.

[*Cambridge* follows it.]

<sup>26</sup> canker, dog-rose. (w)

<sup>29</sup> fashion, assume. carriage, behaviour. (x)

enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*John.* I will make all use of it, for I use it only. 40  
Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

*Borachio.* I came yonder from a great supper: the Prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio? 50

*Bora.* Even he.

*John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*John.* A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and

<sup>40</sup> *I will make.* The quarto reads *I make* (w) [and is followed by *Cambridge*].

<sup>41</sup> *model*, ground plan. (a)

<sup>42</sup> *And who, and who.* This iteration, tame in itself, and out of place after the Bastard has, with deliberation, called *Claudio* "a proper squire" [i. e. a "pretty youth"], is entirely unsuited to

the taciturn phlegm of *John*. I have not a doubt that we should read, "And who? which way looks he?" [*Cambridge* retains the second "and who."]

<sup>43</sup> *entertain'd for*, employed as. (a)

<sup>44</sup> *smoking*, i. e. burning perfumes in. Juniper was much used for this purpose. (a)

Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipp'd <sup>60</sup> behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

*John.* Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

70

*John.* Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! — Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT TWO.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in LEONATO's House.*

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

**L** *LEONATO.* Was not Count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. 10

*Leon.* Then, half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face, —

<sup>60</sup> *sad, serious.* (n) *whipp'd* *me behind.* (w) [*So Globe and behind.* The quarto has *whipt* *Cambridge* and recent editors.]

*Beat.* With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, — if he could get her good will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

20

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in 30 the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-'ard, and lead his apes into Hell.

40

<sup>16</sup> *if he could get her good will.* The quarto [followed by *Cambridge* and recent editors] had *if a could*, &c., "a" being colloquial for "he." The quarto frequently uses *a* thus; the folio rarely. The vulgarity is allowed to remain in the mouths which it becomes. Elsewhere *he* is used.

<sup>20-21</sup> *in the woollen.* Cf. Supplementary Notes. (a)

<sup>20</sup> *bear-'ard*, i. e. bear-ward, — spelled, in both folio and quarto, *berrord*, which shows the pronunciation. [The bear-ward also kept apes, to lead which into hell was a proverbial expression for "to die an old maid."]

*Leon.* Well then, go you into Hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the Devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to Heaven, Beatrice, get you to Heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so, deliver I up my apes, and away to St. Peter for the Heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit; and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* Well, niece, [*to HERO,*] I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. 50

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over- 60 master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer. 65

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the Prince be too impor- 70 tant, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer: for, hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,

<sup>65</sup> *Father* is omitted in the folio; evidently by accident. It appears in the quarto. (w)

<sup>70</sup> *important, importunate.* See *Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 138. (w)

and a cinque-pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical ; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry ; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 80

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle : I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room !

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR ; JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and Maskers.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend ?

*Hero.* So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and, especially, when I walk away. 90

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company ?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so ?

*Hero.* When I like your favour ; for God defend, the lute should be like the case !

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove.

<sup>76</sup> *measures*, a stately dance.  
... (w)

<sup>79</sup> *cinque-pace*, a dance of five steps. (R)

<sup>86</sup> [*Enter DON PEDRO . . . BALTHAZAR ; JOHN.*] The folio and quarto have "Balthazar or dumb John," evidently a misprint for "and don John." . . . The old

copies have *Maskers with a drum.* (w)

<sup>94</sup> *favour*, face. *defend*, forbid. (R)

<sup>97</sup> *Jove*. The folio has *Love*, which, of course, is a misprint for *Jove*, the word in the quarto. The story of *Baucis and Philemon* is related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book VIII. (w)

*Hero.* Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

*Balthazar.* Well, I would you did like me. 100

*Margaret.* So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better ; the hearers may cry Amen.

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer !

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done ! — Answer, clerk. 110

*Balth.* No more words : the clerk is answered.

[*They part.*]

*Ursula.* I know you well enough : you are Signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the wagglng of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down : you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not. 120

*Urs.* Come, come : do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit ? Can virtue hide itself ? Go to, mum, you are he : graces will appear, and there's an end.

[*They pass on.*]

100, 108, 105 These three speeches are assigned in both folio and quarto to *Benedick*. Theobald first saw that the whole of the dialogue with *Margaret* belongs to *Balthazar*. *Benedick* is at this time engaged with *Beatrice*, as

we see by their entrance, almost immediately after, in the midst of a conversation, of which we hear only the close. Cf. IV. ii. 67.

118 *dry hand*, sign of a cool temperament. *up and down*, exactly. (a)

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*. — Well, <sup>130</sup> this was Signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the Prince's Jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both <sup>140</sup> pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me!

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper <sup>150</sup> that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

<sup>130</sup> *Hundred Merry Tales*. "A C Mery Tales" is the title of an old jest book printed first by Rastell, and therefore between 1517 and 1533. Only one copy is known to exist; and that is imperfect. . . . (w) [Reprinted by Hazlitt in *Shakespeare's Jest Books*, 1864. A perfect copy, dated 1526,

was discovered in Germany and printed in 1866.]

<sup>138</sup> *only his gift*, i. e. his only gift, — for which the text may be an accidental transposition.

<sup>143</sup> *boarded*, accosted. (n)

<sup>147</sup> *comparison*, i. e. a witty one. (n)

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then, exeunt all but JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

*John.* Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing. 160

*John.* Are not you Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well: I am he.

*John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night. 170

*John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so: — the Prince woos for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues:

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch 180

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

This is an accident of hourly proof,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Count Claudio ?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me ?

*Claud.* Whither ?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain,<sup>190</sup> or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the Prince would have served you thus ?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat<sup>200</sup> the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. — But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The Prince's Fool! — Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry. — Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged<sup>210</sup> as I may.

<sup>190</sup> *usurer's chain*, the neck-chain worn by rich merchants who were the chief money-lenders. (R)

<sup>200</sup> The story to which this

speech refers appears to be entirely lost. . . . (W)

<sup>202</sup> Cf. Supplementary Notes. (R)

*Enter DON PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* Now, Signior, where's the Count? Did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your Grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be<sup>220</sup> whipp'd.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipp'd! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have<sup>230</sup> bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

<sup>221</sup> [*Enter DON PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.*] The direction in the folio is, "*Enter the Prince,*" and afterward, "*Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero*"; but in the quarto we have, "*Enter the Prince, Hero, Leonato, John and Borachio, and Conrade,*" and afterward, "*Enter Claudio and Beatrice.*" In both we have specimens of the carelessness with which entries were marked in early impressions of old plays.

. . . Cf. ll. 217-18 and 289. [Modern editors, following *Globe* and *Cambridge*, make *Don Pedro* re-enter alone.]

<sup>226</sup> lodge, game-keeper's cottage. (R)

<sup>226-230</sup> *I told . . . bind him up.* The words *I*, *good*, and *up*, which are found in the quarto, were omitted in the folio.

<sup>228</sup> flat, stupid. (R)

<sup>231</sup> bird's. Cf. Supplementary Notes. (R)

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

*Bene.* O! she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's Jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poiniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the North Star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire, too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in Hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

<sup>247</sup> *impossible conveyance*, incredible dexterity. (a)

<sup>250</sup> *her terminations* [terms]. The folio omits *her*. . . . (w)

<sup>257</sup> *infernal Até*. Although *Até* was not a Fury, but the Goddess of Discord, Warburton's opinion

that this is "a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in raggs," is most probably correct. (w) [But no authority has been found for it by Furness.]

*Enter* CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's<sup>270</sup> beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure this Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and<sup>280</sup> I gave him use for it — a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice; therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

<sup>280</sup> *Prester John* was the fabulous ruler of a country supposed to be in the far East. No one of course knew any thing of him, yet almost every one believed in his existence, and believed with wonder. See [the supposititious] Sir John Mandeville's account of his travels, written in the fourteenth century. (w)

<sup>270</sup> *off.* All modern editions,

hitherto, have *of*. [Recent editors follow White and the old copies.]

<sup>277</sup> *this Lady Tongue*. Thus the folio. The second folio has *this lady's Tongue*, which, on account of the allusion to a *dish*, is possibly the correct reading. The quarto has *my lady Tongue* (w) [and is followed by recent editors, after *Globe* and *Cambridge*].

<sup>281</sup> *use*, interest. (a)

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, Count? wherefore are 290  
you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? Sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry,  
nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and  
something of a jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be  
true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is  
false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and 300  
fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and  
his good will obtained: name the day of marriage,  
and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and, with  
her, my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and  
all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, Count, 't is your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I  
were but little happy, if I could say how much. — 310  
Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself  
for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his  
mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps  
on the windy side of care. — My cousin tells him in  
his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin. 320

<sup>296</sup> *civil as an orange*, with a  
quibble on Seville.

<sup>297</sup> *a jealous*. The quarto has  
*that jealous* [and is followed by  
modern editors, after *Globe* and  
*Cambridge*].

<sup>299</sup> *conceit*, idea of the case. (a)

<sup>301</sup> *broke*, i. e. broached the  
subject. (a)

<sup>319</sup> *her heart*. So the quarto.  
The folio has *my heart*, — a mani-  
fest error. (w)

*Beat.* Good Lord, for alliance! — thus goes every one to the world but I; and I am sun-burn'd: I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

330

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. — But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that was I <sup>340</sup> born. — Cousins, God give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle. — By your Grace's pardon.

[*Exit BEATRICE.*]

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd <sup>350</sup> herself with laughing.

<sup>331</sup> *for alliance!* How many marriages are being made. (x)

<sup>332</sup> *to the world.* For a woman to "go to the world" was for her to be married; the phrase signify-

ing either to go the way of the world, or to take a place in the world. (w)

<sup>340</sup> *ever*, always. (x)

<sup>350</sup> *unhappiness*, mischief. (x)

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 360

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till Love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of 370 affection, th' one with th' other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

<sup>362</sup> *hear tell.* This form of speech, which Shakespeare constantly puts into the mouth of personages of the highest rank [?], is in common use in New England.

<sup>365</sup> The folio omits *my*, which is found in the quarto. (w)

<sup>371</sup> *th' one with th' other.* Thus both folio and quarto, and yet all modern editions [still] have *the* in both instances. The pronunciation, as could be shown by numberless instances, was *t' one* and *t' other*. . . . (w) [See Supplementary Notes.]

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help 380  
my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest  
husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him :  
he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and con-  
firm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour  
your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick ;  
— and I, with your two helps, will so practise on  
Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his  
queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice.  
If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer : his 390  
glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go  
in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Another Room in LEONATO'S House.*

*Enter JOHN the Bastard, and BORACHIO.*

*John.* It is so : the Count Claudio shall marry the  
daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord ; but I can cross it.

*John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be  
medicinal to me : I am sick in displeasure to him,  
and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges  
evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this mar-  
riage ?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that  
no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

*John.* Show me, briefly, how.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship, a year since,

<sup>384</sup> *strain*, descent.

<sup>389</sup> *queasy stomach*, fastidious taste. (a)

how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*John.* What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

20

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince, your brother: spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

30

*John.* Only to despise them I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio, (as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less  
40  
likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night

<sup>21</sup> *temper*, mix. (R)

folio and quarto. Theobald read

<sup>42</sup> *term me Claudio*. Thus both

*term me Borachio*. The old text

before the intended wedding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of her disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown. 50

*John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — LEONATO'S Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK, a Boy following.*

*Bene.* Boy!

*Boy.* Signior.

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that; [*Exit Boy.*] but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool

is right; for, plainly, *Borachio* wheedled *Maryaret* into playing with him at a scene between the other lovers. He himself declares, V. i. 940-49, that she was innocent of any attempt to injure her mistress.

<sup>48</sup> *her disloyalty.* The old copies have for *her* the needless and unpleasant repetition *Heroes*; which, there can hardly be a doubt, was the result of a mis-

taking of "her," in the MS., for a customary abbreviation of the proper name. [*Cambridge* reads *Hero's.*]

<sup>1</sup> [*Enter BENEDICK, &c.*] Folio and quarto have "Enter Benedicke alone," the Boy's entrance not being noticed. (w)

<sup>4</sup> *orchard*, synonymous with garden in Shakespeare's day.

<sup>6</sup> [*Exit Boy.*] See Supplementary Notes. (x)

when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd 20 orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet — just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but Love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one 30 woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I, for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

<sup>21</sup> *orthographer* [i. e. Euphuist]. Folio and quarto have *orthography* (w) [so modern editions, but not *Riverside*].

<sup>22</sup> *cheapen*, ask the price of. (a)

<sup>23</sup> I. Cf. Supplementary Notes. (a)

<sup>24</sup> See III. iv. 12. Verplanck supposed that Shakespeare "had an especial and somewhat whimsical dislike to all disguises of the head by art." They were but too common in his day.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is !  
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony. 40

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud.* O, very well, my lord : the music ended,  
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song  
again.

*Balth.* O ! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice  
To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection. —  
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more. 50

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing ;  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit  
To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ;  
Yet will he swear he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come :  
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes ;  
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

<sup>38</sup> [*Enter* DON PEDRO . . . *and* BALTHAZAR.] The quarto has "*Enter* prince, Leonato, Claudio, *Musicks*," and afterward, "*Enter* Baltaser *with musicks*"; but the folio has only, and in the first place, "*Enter* Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacks Wilson," giving us plainly in this Scene, as in another of this play, a transcript from the very prompt book used at Shakespeare's theatre. Jack Wilson not being "nominated"

in the quarto, it is plain that the copy from which the folio was printed has other authority than that which pertains to the older edition. . . . (w) [See Supplementary Notes. Also for next note.]

<sup>40</sup> *kid-fox.* "Kid," as meaning "young," is still in use among the lower classes. But it is more than probable that we should read *hid-fox*.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks ;

Note notes, forsooth, and nothing ! [Music.

Bene. [*In the arbour.*] Now, divine air ! now is his soul ravish'd !— Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies ? — Well, a horn for my money, when all 's done.

BALTHAZAR'S Song.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever ;  
One foot in sea and one on shore ;  
To one thing constant never.*

*Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.* 70

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;  
The frauds of men were ever so,  
Since Summer first was leavy.  
Then sigh not so, &c.*

<sup>68</sup> *crotchets*, whimsies and quarter-notes. (R)

<sup>69</sup> *Note notes, forsooth, and nothing.* This is one of many evidences that *th* used to be pronounced as *t*, and "nothing" as "no-ting." But the ortho-epical point not having been noticed hitherto, Theobald read *noting*, and was invariably followed, until Collier restored the original word, merely, however, on the principle of adherence to

"the oldest authority." See *Introduction*. (W)

<sup>71</sup> *Into, Hey nonny, nonny.* For the hitherto unsuspected significance of this strange burthen see Florio's *New World of Words*, ed. 1611 : "*Fossa*, a grave, a pit, a trench. . . . Used also for a . . . *nony-nony*."

<sup>72</sup> *dumps*, mournful songs. (R)

<sup>74</sup> *frauds . . . were.* The folios, *fraud . . . were* ; the quarto, *fraud . . . was*.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha? no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift. 80

*Bene.* An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord. 90

*D. Pedro.* Do so; farewell. [*Exit BALTHAZAR.*] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* [*Aside to PEDRO.*] O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aloud.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 100

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit! There was never coun-

\* *stalk on; the fowl sits.* An allusion to the use of the stalking horse behind which the ancient fowler hid himself from the birds. (w)

terfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it. 110

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you, — you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick. 120

*Bene.* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en th' infection: hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?" 130

*Leon.* This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper. — My daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O! — when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the 140 sheet?

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: — "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays; — cries, "O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!" 150

*Leon.* She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms[-deed] to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, 160 out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating

<sup>149</sup> *prays*; — *cries*. Folio and quarto [and recent editors] have *prayers, curses*. Why should *Beatrice* curse? But the needful correction is thus but partly made; for *Claudio* having already said that *Beatrice weeps, sobs*, it is plain that *cries* means that she *cries out*, "O sweet Benedick!" Hitherto the text has predicated nothing of her exclamation.

<sup>150</sup> *alms[-deed]*. Folio and

quarto [followed by recent editors] have *alms*; but *alms* meant only a charitable gift, and "an alms-deed" was a recognised phrase, signifying not only such an act, but any equally worthy. Thus *Queen Margaret* says of *Gloster* in *3 Henry VI.*, V. v. 79, "murder is thy alms-deed." [Cambridge reads *alms*; *alms-deed* was due to Collier's folio.]

in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made 170 her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely, she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn it; 180 for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either 190 he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep

<sup>170</sup> daff'd, doffed. (w)

<sup>181</sup> contemptible, contemptuous, —a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's day. (w)

<sup>184-5</sup> good outward happiness, agreeable exterior. (u)

<sup>190</sup> see. The quarto has say, and afterward, most christian-like (w) [and is followed by recent editors, after *Globe* and *Cambridge*].

peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love? 200

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready. 210

*Claud.* [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

*D. Pedro.* [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.]

BENEDICK *advances from the harbour.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick: the conference was 220 sadly borne. — They have the truth of this from Hero.

<sup>198</sup> *large*, broad, free-thinking.

(*r*) <sup>200</sup> *seek*. The folio has *see*, which, from the situation of the parties, seems to be a misprint for the "seek" of the quarto.

<sup>201</sup> *wear it out*, efface it. (*r*)

<sup>202</sup> *counsel*, reflection. (*r*)

<sup>203</sup> The quarto omits *to have* (*w*) [*So also Cambridge.*]

<sup>215</sup> *gentlewoman*. The quarto has *gentlewomen* (*w*) [and is followed by *Globe* and *Cambridge*].

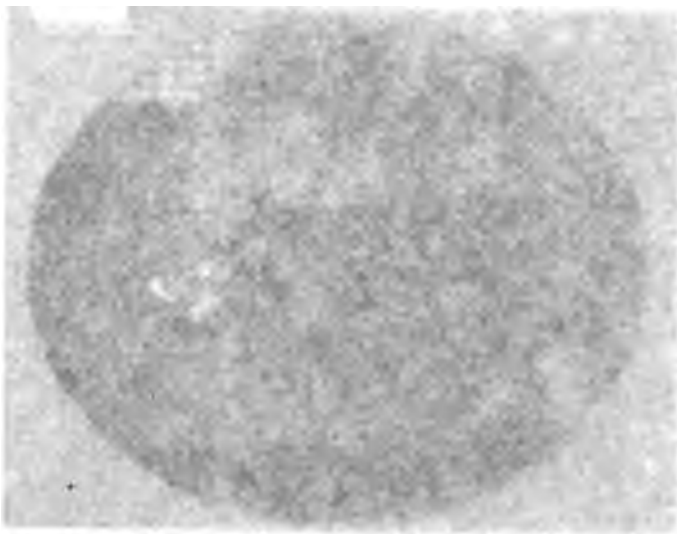
<sup>221</sup> *sadly borne*, conducted with gravity. Change of usage is also shown in *reprove* for *disprove* (l. 232) and *sentences* for *sententious* quotations (l. 241). (*r*)

E. L. DAVENPORT AS BENEDICK AND JOHN GILBERT AS DOGBERRY

From engravings.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING











They seem to pity the lady. It seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd. They say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry. — I must not seem proud. — Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 't is so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. — Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a

knife's point, and choke a daw withal. — You have no stomach, signior : fare you well. [Exit.]

*Bene.* Ha ! " Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner " — there's a double meaning in that. " I took no more pains for those thanks, than <sup>260</sup> you took pains to thank me " — that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. — If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain : if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.]

### ACT THREE.

SCENE I. — LEONATO'S *Garden*.

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

**HERO.** Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour ;  
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice  
 Proposing with the Prince and Claudio :  
 Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
 Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
 Is all of her : say, that thou overheard'st us ;  
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
 Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,  
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10  
 Against that power that bred it. — There will she hide  
 her,  
 To listen our propose. This is thy office ;  
 Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.]

\* *Proposing*, conversing, —  
 from the French *propos*, "dis-  
 course." (w)

<sup>12</sup> *propos*. So the quarto.  
 The folio misprints *purpose*. [See  
 Supplementary Notes.]

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
As we do trace this alley up and down,  
Our talk must only be of Benedick :  
When I do name him, let it be thy part  
To praise him more than ever man did merit.  
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick  
Is sick in love with Beatrice : of this matter  
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
That only wounds by hearsay.

20

*Enter BEATRICE, behind.*

Now begin ;  
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :  
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

30

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose  
nothing  
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —  
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;  
I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock.

*Urs.* But are you sure  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

*Hero.* So says the Prince, and my new-trothed  
lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam ?

*Hero.* They did intreat me to acquaint her of it ;

40

\* *haggards of the rock, wild hawks of the mountains.* (w)

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,  
To wish him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman  
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* O god of love! I know he doth deserve  
As much as may be yielded to a man;  
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

50

*Urs.* Sure, I think so;  
And therefore, certainly, it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw  
man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,  
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister:  
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,  
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed:  
If low, an agate very vilely cut:  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out,

60

<sup>a</sup> Cf. Supplementary Notes.  
(a)

<sup>b</sup> *black*. Dark-complexioned men were called black. Cf. *Two Gentlemen*, V. ii. 12. (w)

<sup>c</sup> *agate*. This comparison to

the diminutive figures sculptured upon agate seal rings was not uncommon in Shakespeare's day. (w) [Quarto and folios spell *agot*.]

And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

70

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

*Hero.* No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions  
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.  
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me  
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:  
It were a bitter death to die with mocks,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

80

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick,  
And counsel him to fight against his passion:  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.  
She cannot be so much without true judgment

<sup>70</sup> *purchaseth*, acquireth. (a)

<sup>72</sup> Cf. Supplementary Notes.

(a)

<sup>76</sup> *press me to death*. The *poine forte et dure*, used of old as the last resort to compel accused persons to plead, was inflicted by stretching them on their backs upon their dungeon floor, and gradually heaping heavy weights upon the chest and abdomen until a plea was extorted or death ensued. During the process, the sufferer was allowed only water from the pool nearest the prison.

(w)

<sup>79</sup> *bitter*. The original has *better*, — an obvious and easy mis-

print, which is corrected in the second folio. The quarto has the same error and another, *a better death than die*, which reading has most strangely been given in all modern editions hitherto, but that could refer only to *Benedick's* consuming away in sighs; whereas it is herself that *Hero* represents as being in danger. *He* is threatened with no other danger from *Beatrice* than that in which he is already represented to be from her charms. [The *Globe* and *Cambridge* editors follow the quarto.]

<sup>80</sup> *tickling* is trisyllabic. (a)

(Having so swift and excellent a wit,  
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse  
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

90

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,  
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it. —  
When are you married, Madam ?

100

*Hero.* Why, every day ; — to-morrow. Come, go  
in :

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel,  
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* [*Aside.*] She's ta'en, I warrant you : we have  
caught her, Madam.

*Hero.* [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by  
haps :  
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO and URSULA ; BEATRICE  
comes forward.]

*Beat.* What fire is in mine ears ? Can this be true ?  
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?  
Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !  
No glory lives behind the back of such.

110

And, Benedick, love on : I will requite thee,  
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

<sup>101</sup> every day ; — to-morrow. . . .  
*Hero* uses a form of expression  
which has survived in America,  
although it is not in common use.  
It appears, for instance, in busi-  
ness announcements, that goods

will be ready "in all next month."  
(w) [Cf. Supplementary Notes.]  
<sup>104</sup> ta'en. The quarto has  
*limed* [and is followed by recent  
editors].

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band ;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.      [Exit.

SCENE II. — *A Room in LEONATO's House.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and LEONATO.*

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay ; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I : methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant ! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad, he wants money.      20

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it !

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

<sup>117</sup> *reportingly*, i. e. on mere report. (2)

<sup>118</sup> *hangman*, executioner, as often. (2)

<sup>20</sup> *draw, hang*. A quibble on the "drawing on hurdles to execution." Cf. *Measure for Measure*, II. i. 215. (2)

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love. 30

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode? 40

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No; but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that? 50

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

<sup>31</sup> *worm.* The tooth-ache was formerly supposed to be caused by a worm at the root of the tooth. (w)

<sup>32</sup> *can.* The original has *cannot*, — an obvious error. (w)

<sup>34-6</sup> The words *or in . . . doublet* in the allusion to the aping of foreign fashions that time out of

mind has been characteristic of the English race are found only in the quarto. Without it *Benedick's* "foolery" would be somewhat incomplete.

<sup>35</sup> *slops*, loose trousers or breeches. We still have "slop-shops."

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lutestring, and now govern'd by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. 60 Conclude he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried — with her face upwards.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the toothache. — Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby- 70 horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

<sup>64</sup> *wash his face.* That the benign effect of the tender passion upon *Benedick* in this regard should be so particularly noticed requires, perhaps, the remark that in Shakespeare's time our race had not abandoned itself to that reckless use of water, either for ablution or potation, which has more recently become one of its characteristic traits. (w) [*Claudio* seems merely to be referring to the use of cosmetics.]

<sup>66</sup> *conditions, disposition.* (a)  
<sup>67</sup> *face upwards.* Theobald read *heels upwards*, — a needless change. The Prince alludes to the burial mentioned by *Perdita* in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 131. [The passage is puzzling, but may imply that *Beatrice* would not be a suicide and should be buried in *Benedick's* arms.]

<sup>70-1</sup> *hobby-horses, wooden-heads, dolts.* (a)

*Enter JOHN the Bastard.*

*John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*John.* If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you. 80

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*John.* If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*John.* [*To CLAUDIO.*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know, he does.

*John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know. 90

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

*John.* You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearth of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter? 100

*John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she has been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who? Hero?

*John.* Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till 110

<sup>79</sup> *Good den*, a colloquial abbreviation of "Good even." (w) <sup>96</sup> *aim better at*, form a truer opinion of. (u)

farther warrant : go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day : if you love her then, to-morrow wed her ; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so ?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough ; and when you have seen more, and heard 120 more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses : bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned ! 130

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting !

*John.* O plague right well prevented ! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

*Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.*

*Dogberry.* Are you good men and true ?

*Verges.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for

<sup>128</sup> *night.* The quarto has *mid-night* (w) [and is followed by *Cambridge* and recent editors]. VERGES, &c.] In the original stage-direction *Verges* is simply designated as the "compartner" of *Dogberry*. (w)

<sup>1</sup> *Enter DOGBERRY and*

them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's Watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be Constable? 10

*1 Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

*2 Watch.* Both which, Master Constable, —

*Dogb.* You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, 20 let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the Constable of the Watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

*2 Watch.* How, if 'a will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, 30 and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the Watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

*2 Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a Watch. 40

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend ; only, have a care that your bills be not stol'n. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

*2 Watch.* How, if they will not ?

*Dogb.* Why then, let them alone till they are sober : if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for. 50

*2 Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man ; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*2 Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office you may ; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

<sup>48</sup> *bills.* The "bill" was a long-handled weapon like a halberd, uniting the spear and the axe. The entire costume of these watchman Scenes is that of Shakespeare's own time and country. In the original stage-direction [III. v.] Goodman *Verges* is called the *Headborough*. The Watch was chosen and regulated

much after *Dogberry's* fashion in *Stratford on Avon*. . . . (w)

<sup>67</sup> *If you hear a child cry.* &c. This is not much of a caricature ; for in the *Statutes of the Streets*, printed in 1598, it is ordered that "no man . . . shall whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night," or "keep any rule whereby any such suddaine out-

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not<sup>1</sup> hear us ? 70

*Dogb.* Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying ; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'T is very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge. You, Constable, are to present the Prince's own person : if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot. 80

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the Prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By 'r lady, I think, it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha ! Well, masters, good night : an' there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour. 90

2 *Watch.* Well, Masters, we hear our charge : let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door ; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

cry be made in the still of the night, as making an affray or beating his wife or servant," &c. (w)

<sup>82</sup> *statues.* So the original. The quarto has *statutes*. . . . (w)

<sup>89</sup> *Keep your fellows' counsels*

*and your own.* This is a part of the oath of a grand jury man, and is among the indications that Shakespeare was familiar with legal forms.

<sup>90</sup> *coil*, disturbance. (n)

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Bora.* What! Conrade!

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not! 100

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass! and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this penthouse; for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, Masters; yet stand close. 110

*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a 120 cloak, is nothing to a man.

<sup>104</sup> *scab*, with a quibble on "low fellow." (R)

<sup>106</sup> *penthouse*, porch, or shed over a door. (R)

<sup>107</sup> *like a true drunkard*. *Borachio* was not drunk, nor did he mean to represent himself as drunk at that time. This part of

his reply is an allusion to his name, which was the Italian term for a gross, gluttonous, bibulous liver. . . . (W)

<sup>119</sup> *unconfirm'd*, not fixed in the ways of the world; but Shakespeare probably wrote *unconfirmed* — to the world, of course.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year: 'a goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name. 130

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No: 't was the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club? 140

*Con.* All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so, neither; but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night.—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell 150 thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master, Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

<sup>130</sup> *reechy*, discoloured by <sup>130</sup> *shaven Hercules*, i. e. Hercules in the service of Omphale.  
"reck." . . . (w) (x)

*Con.* And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio ; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but<sup>160</sup> chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; — swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'ernight, and send her home again without a husband.

*1 Watch.* We charge you in the Prince's name, stand. 170

*2 Watch.* Call up the right Master Constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

*1 Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them : I know him ; 'a wears a lock.

*Con.* Masters, Masters!

*2 Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters, — 180

*1 Watch.* Never speak : we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

<sup>164</sup> *thy Margaret.* This reading of the authentic copy has been hitherto [and is still] most strangely set aside in favour of the less appropriate text of the quarto, *they Margaret.*

<sup>169</sup> *possess'd*, informed. (R)

<sup>175</sup> *lock.* Love locks were very commonly worn by the young

men of Shakespeare's day. (W) [They were tied with a ribbon and hung behind the left ear.]

<sup>181</sup> *Never speak.* In both folio and quarto these words are given to *Conrade*, by an evident error, which Theobald corrected. (W)

<sup>184</sup> *bills*, with a quibble on the legal sense of the word. (R)

*Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant you.  
Come, we'll obey you. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [Exit URSULA.

*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's not so good; and, I warrant, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. 10  
I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round,

<sup>16</sup> *question*, demand, with a legal quibble, "question" being used for "legal examination" or "trial." (R)

<sup>6</sup> *rabato*, ruff [or wire support of a collar. *rebato* in the originals].

<sup>17</sup> *night-gown*, wrapper. (R)

<sup>18</sup> *outs*, slashed openings. (R)

<sup>19</sup> *down sleeves*, *side sleeves*.

The dress was made after a fashion

which is illustrated in many old portraits. Beside a sleeve which fitted more or less closely to the arm and extended to the wrist, there was another, for ornament, which hung from the shoulder, wide and open. *side*, long. Occleve says these sleeves were long enough "to sweepe away the filth out of the street."

under-borne with a bluish tinsel ; but for a fine, quaint, 20  
graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is  
exceeding heavy !

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a  
man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee ! art not asham'd ?

*Marg.* Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ?  
Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? Is not your  
lord honourable without marriage ? I think you would  
have me say, saving your reverence, "a husband : " an 30  
bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend  
nobody. Is there any harm in "the heavier for a hus-  
band " ? None, I think, an it be the right husband and  
the right wife ; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy :  
ask my Lady Beatrice else ; here she comes.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now ? do you speak in the sick  
tune ? 40

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap 's into *Light o' love* ; that goes without  
a burthen : do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels ! — then,  
if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he  
shall lack no barns.

<sup>42</sup> *Light o' love*, a dance tune, popular of old. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. ii. 83. The notes of the air are printed in Malone's *Variorum Shakespeare* and in Chappel's *Ancient English Airs*. [See also Furness.]

<sup>45-6</sup> *look he shall lack no barns*. The quarto has *see*. They will lose the point of *Beatrice's* retort who do not know that the Scottish "bairns" was "barns" in English. . . . (w) [*Globe* and *Cambridge* read *see*.]

*Marg.* O, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. — 50  
Heigh ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the Star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume. 60

*Beat.* I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap. — By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distill'd *carduus bene-* 70  
*dictus*, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

<sup>58</sup> The word [noun] "ache" used to be pronounced like the letter H. See *Tempest*, I. ii. 370. (w)

<sup>64</sup> *turn'd Turk*, i. e. infidel to professions of scorn of men. (a)

<sup>66</sup> *profess'd apprehension*, set up as a wit. (a)

<sup>66</sup> *it.* Cf. Supplementary Notes. (a)

<sup>70-1</sup> *carduus benedictus*, "blessed thistle," thought of old to possess sovereign healing virtues, and to be particularly efficacious in affections of the heart. It is the *Atractylis Hirsuta* of Botany. (w)

*Beat.* *Benedictus!* why *benedictus*? you have some moral in this *benedictus*.

*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, 80 if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

90

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw: the Prince, the Count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exit.*

SCENE V. — *Another Room in LEONATO's House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

<sup>1</sup> [*Enter . . . VERGES.*] The folio in this Scene designates *Dogberry's* partner as the *Head-borough*, both in the stage-directions and in most of the prefixes.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you ; for, you see, it is a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends ?

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter : an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, 10 as, God help, I would desire they were ; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestest than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous : *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are 20 the poor Duke's officers ; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me, ah ?

*Dogb.* Yea, an 't were a thousand times more than 't is ; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting

<sup>17</sup> *palabras*, Spanish for "words." It was in quite common use, even among the *Dogberrys* and the *Slys* of Shakespeare's day. [Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, Induct. i. 5, where *Globe* reads *paucas pallabris*.]

<sup>24</sup> *on me, ah?* Thus folio and quarto. It is a small matter, but

all modern editions before this had *on me? ha!* — a different sentence and another word. (w) [White's reading is now generally adopted.]

<sup>25</sup> *times*. The quarto has *pound* [which *Globe* and *Cambridge* adopt].

your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see! — Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: — well, God's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. — An honest 40 soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipp'd: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicuous persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 50

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

*[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]*

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis 60

<sup>50</sup> *God's a good man*, a very ancient saying, and found in various old authors. (w)

<sup>54</sup> *It shall be suffigance*. Here both folio and quarto have *Exit*, — their only direction of the sort

for this part of the Scene. The error is patent.

<sup>60</sup> *Francis*. Is this meant for the *George Seacole* of III. iii. 11? (R)

Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine those men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a "non-come": only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FOUR.

### SCENE I. — *The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, JOHN the Bastard, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, Guests, and Attendants.

**LEONATO.** Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her; Friar, you come to marry her.

<sup>63</sup> *examines those.* Thus the folio. The quarto, which is [still] followed for the blunder's sake, in many editions, has *examination these*. But this blunder is not characteristic. *Dogberry* mistakes the significance of words, but never errs in the forms of speech. This putting of a substantive into his mouth for a verb is entirely at variance with his habit of thought. Shakespeare made him blunder in almost

every speech he utters; but his blunders are those of pretending ignorance and conceited folly. [White's statements were extreme. He retained *examines* in *Riverside*. Furness prefers *examination*.]

<sup>66</sup> *non-come.* Thus both folio and quarto. By printing it *non com.*, more like the abbreviation of the Latin *non compos*, former editors lost a part of *Dogberry's* mystification.



THE CHURCH SCENE

From the painting by J. Forbes Robertson

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act IV, Sc. 1.









Group of 19th-century men

*The presentation of Joseph's brethren to him*

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*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count?

*Hero.* I do. 10

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, Count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer; none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do!  
what men daily do, not knowing what they do! 20

*Bene.* How now! Interjections? Why then,  
"some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!"

*Claud.* Stand thee by, Friar. — Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul  
Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. — 30

There, Leonato; take her back again:  
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.  
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:  
O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

<sup>20</sup> *not knowing what they do!*      <sup>22</sup> *Benedick* quotes from the  
These words are found only in old school grammars.  
the quarto. . . . (w)

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,  
 To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,  
 All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
 By these exterior shows? But she is none : 40  
 She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ;  
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord ?

*Claud.* Not to be married,  
 Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,  
 Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
 And made defeat of her virginity, —

*Claud.* I know what you would say : if I have  
 known her,  
 You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,  
 And so extenuate the 'forehand sin : 50  
 No, Leonato,  
 I never tempted her with word too large :  
 But, as a brother to his sister, shewed  
 Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

*Claud.* Out on thee ! Seeming ! I will write  
 against it :  
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb,  
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;  
 But you are more intemperate in your blood  
 Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals 60  
 That rage in savage sensuality.

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide ?

<sup>44</sup> *approved, proved, convicted.*  
 (n)

<sup>50</sup> *'forehand sin*, sin by anticipation. (n)

<sup>56</sup> The punctuation of the folio

is, *Out on thee seeming, I will write, &c.* Pope read, *Out on thy seeming*, and was followed by most editors [but White's reading is now generally given].

*Leon.* Sweet Prince, why speak not you ?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak ?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream ?

*John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True ? O God !

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here ?

Is this the Prince ? Is this the Prince's brother ?      70

Is this face Hero's ? Are our eyes our own ?

*Leon.* All this is so ; but what of this, my lord ?

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your  
daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power  
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

*Hero.* O God, defend me ! how am I beset ! —

What kind of catechising call you this ?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.

*Hero.* Is it not Hero ? Who can blot that name      80

With any just reproach ?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero :

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one ?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden. — Leo-  
nato,

<sup>70</sup> The folio omits *so*, which is found in the quarto. (w)

<sup>82</sup> *Hero herself*. Some read *Hero herself*, which is plausible ;

but *Claudio*, in reply to *Hero's* question, speaks of the name, not directly of her who bears it. (w)

<sup>74</sup> *kindly*, natural. (u)

I am sorry you must hear : upon mine honour,  
 Myself, my brother, and this griev'd Count,  
 Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,  
 Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window ;  
 Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,  
 Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
 A thousand times in secret.

90

*John.* Fie, fie ! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,  
 Not to be spoken of ;  
 There is not chastity enough in language,  
 Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,  
 I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero ! what a Hero hadst thou been, 100  
 If half thy outward graces had been placed  
 About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart !  
 But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair ! farewell,  
 'Thou pure impiety, and impious purity !  
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
 And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,  
 To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
 And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me ?

[HERO swoons.]

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin ! wherefore sink you  
 down ?

110

*John.* Come, let us go. These things, come thus  
 to light,  
 Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, JOHN, and CLAUDIO.]

*Bene.* How doth the lady ?

*Beat.* Dead, I think : — help, uncle ! —  
 Hero ! why, Hero ! — Uncle ! — Signior Benedick ! —  
 Friar !

<sup>92</sup> liberal, libertine. (a)

<sup>106</sup> conjecture, suspicion. (a)

*Leon.* O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand:  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,  
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero?

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea; wherefore should she not? 120

*Leon.* Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?—  
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;  
For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I, for that, at frugal Nature's frame?  
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ;  
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,  
I might have said, " No part of it is mine ;  
This shame derives itself from unknown loins " ?  
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,  
That I myself was to myself not mine.

Valuing of her; why, she — O! she is fallen 140  
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

127 rearward. So the quarto.  
The folio has reward.

<sup>129</sup> *frame*, i. e. disposition, design. Collier's folio of 1632 read *frown*. The misprint would be

**easy, and the word is highly appropriate.**

184 *smear*d. The quarto has *smirched*. (w) [*Cambridge* adopts it.]

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,  
And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul tainted flesh !

*Bene.*

Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied !

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night ?

*Beat.* No, truly not ; although, until last night,  
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. 150

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd ! O, that is stronger  
made,

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron !  
Would the two Princes lie ? and Claudio lie,  
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with tears ? Hence ! from her ; let her die.

*Friar.* Hear me a little ;

For I have only silent been so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady : I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions 160  
To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes ;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these Princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. — Call me a fool ;  
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant

<sup>157</sup> *silent been.* All other editions hitherto [and nearly all still have] *been silent* ; but this is plain prose, as which, indeed, in quarto and folio the first four lines of this speech are printed doubtless by some accident of the printing

office. [White retained this reading in *Riverside*.]

<sup>158</sup> *bear.* The quarto has *beat* [which recent editors, following *Globe* and *Cambridge*, retain].

<sup>157</sup> *experimental seal,* the seal of experience. (u)

The tenor of my book ; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here      170  
Under some biting error.

*Leon.*                      Friar, it cannot be.  
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,  
Is, that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury : she not denies it.  
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of ?

*Hero.* They know, that do accuse me : I know none.  
If I know more of any man alive  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,      180  
Let all my sins lack mercy ! — O, my father !  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Friar.* There is some strange misprision in the  
Princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour ;  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the Bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.      190

*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her : if they wrong her honour,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,

<sup>169</sup> *reverence, calling.* The corrector of Collier's folio of 1632 has *reverend calling*, the correctness of which is probable. But cf. V. i. 64.

<sup>171</sup> *biting.* The corrector of Collier's folio of 1632 read *blighting* (i. e. blighting), which is specious.  
<sup>180</sup> *practice, scheme, invention.* (n)

Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
 Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,  
 But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
 Ability in means, and choice of friends, 200  
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

*Friar.*

Pause a while,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
 Your daughter, here, the Princes left for dead ;  
 Let her a while be secretly kept in,  
 And publish it, that she is dead indeed :  
 Maintain a mourning ostentation ;  
 And on your family's old monument  
 Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
 That appertain unto a burial.

*Leon.* What shall become of this ? What will  
 this do ? 210

*Friar.* Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf  
 Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :  
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
 But on this travail look for greater birth.  
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
 Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd  
 Of every hearer ; for it so falls out,  
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
 Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost, 220  
 Why, then we rack the value ; then we find

<sup>208</sup> *the Princes left for dead.*  
 Folio and quarto have *the Prin-*  
*cess (left for dead).* But *Hero*  
*was not a Princess.* . . . The  
 Princes had just left her for dead.  
 The same error occurred and has

been corrected in *The Tempest*,  
 I. ii. 173. (w)

<sup>208-10</sup> It was customary to affix  
 epitaphs or elegies to the hearse  
 or tomb. (r)

<sup>221</sup> *rack*, stretch, violently in-  
 crease. (r)

The virtue, that possession would not show us,  
Whiles it was ours. — So will it fare with Claudio :  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving, delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed : — then shall he mourn  
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)  
And wish he had not so accused her ;  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy ;  
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,  
As best befits her wounded reputation,  
In some reclusive and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the Friar advise you :  
And though you know my inwardness and love  
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly as your soul  
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief 250  
The smallest twine may lead me.

<sup>282</sup> *liver*, the supposed seat of  
amorous passion.

<sup>285</sup> *success*, i. e. what follows.

VOL. II. — 20

Cf. "succeed" in *Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 123.

<sup>248</sup> *inwardness*, intimacy. (R)

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented ; presently away,  
For to strange sores strangely they strain the  
cure. —

Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,  
Perhaps, is but prolong'd : have patience, and  
endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, HERO, and LEONATO.*

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason ; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is  
wrong'd. 260

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me  
that would right her !

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship ?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it ?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you.  
Is not that strange ?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not. It were  
as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as 270  
you ; but believe me not, and yet I lie not : I confess  
nothing, nor I deny nothing. — I am sorry for my  
cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me ; and I  
will make him eat it, that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word ?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it. I  
protest I love thee. 280

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me !

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

*Beat.* You have stayed me in a happy hour : I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I'love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha ! not for the wide world.

290

*Beat.* You kill me to deny. Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here : — there is no love in you. — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice, —

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy ?

300

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman ? — O, that I were a man ! — What ! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice —

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window ! — a proper saying.

310

*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice —

<sup>291</sup> *You kill me to deny.* The quarto [followed by recent editors] has *deny it*. [Either use is Shake-

spearian. *Globe* and *Cambridge* follow the quarto.]

<sup>300-4</sup> *bear her in hand*, delude her. (R)

*Beat.* Sweet Hero! — she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat —

*Beat.* Princes and Counties? Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count — confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into court'sies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

330

<sup>315</sup> *Counties.* "County" was the orthography of Shakespeare's day for *Comte*, the French title corresponding to "Earl" in English. . . . (w)

<sup>316</sup> *a goodly count — confect; a sweet gallant, surely.* Thus the folio, with a comma, of course, instead of our dash, [and *Confect* for *confect*]. *Beatrice* here is "huddling jest upon jest with impossible conveyance." Her wit and her anger working together, she at once calls *Claudio's* accusation "a goodly *conte* confect," i. e. a story made up, and him a "*count* confect," i. e. a nobleman of sugar candy; and then she clenches the nail by adding "a sweet gallant, surely!" . . . The quarto has "a goodly

*counts*, *counte* confect," which has been generally adopted [and is still] with the explanation that "*Beatrice* first calls *Claudio* 'count,' and then gives him his title, 'count confect!'" But surely this loses the point of *Beatrice's* innuendo, deprives what is left of its proper connection, and is inconsistent with the quickness and concentration of her wit and the state of mind in which she is. . . . (w) [*Cambridge* follows the quarto.]

<sup>319</sup> *court'sies.* Both folio and quarto . . . have *cursies*. It is possible that we should read "curses." (w) [The later folios *curlsies* and *courtesies*; *Cambridge*, *courtesies*, and now generally accepted.]

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough! I am engag'd, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Prison.*

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

*Verg.* O! a stool and a cushion for the Sexton.

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master Constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend?

10

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down "Borachio." — Yours, sirrah?

<sup>1</sup> [*Enter . . . Sexton.*] In the stage-direction of the folio he is called "the *Town Clerk*." There is great confusion in the prefixes of this Scene. Those to *Dogberry's* speeches have generally *Kempe* (once misprinted *Keeper*), — the name of the actor who performed the part, — sometimes *Constable*, and once *Andrew*; though *Kempe's* name was *William*, and no actor named *Andrew* is known to have been in Shake-

speare's company. The speeches of *Verges* are prefixed *Cowley*, the name of the actor who bore that part; and the *Town Clerks* of the stage-direction becomes *Sexton* in the prefixes. The folio follows the quarto, though with . . . one substitution in an important passage noticed below. (w)

<sup>4</sup> *Marry, that am I.* This is the speech assigned to *Andrew* in the old copies. (w)

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down "Master gentleman Conrade."

— Masters, do you serve God?

*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down that "they hope they serve God": — and write "God" first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, 20 and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. — Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside. — 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none? 30

*Sexton.* Master Constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the Watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the efast way: — Let the Watch come forth. — Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down "Prince John a villain." Why, 40 this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

<sup>18-19</sup> *Yea, sir, we hope . . . before such villains.* These words are found only in the quarto; perhaps, as Blackstone suggested, in consequence of the statute, 3 Jac.

1. *e.* 91, against the profane employment of the name of the Creator. . . . (w)

<sup>20</sup> *a.* i. *e.* one. (z)

<sup>21</sup> *efast*, i. *e.* quickest. (z)

*Bora.* Master Constable —

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

*2 Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

50

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

*1 Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

*2 Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, Masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato: I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.]

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinion'd.

*Con.* Let them be, in the hands of coxcomb.

<sup>64</sup> *Leonato.* The quarto has *Leonatoes.* (w) [Cambridge reads *Leonato's.*]

<sup>67</sup> *Let them be, in the hands of coxcomb.* Thus both folio and quarto—the speech, however, being erroneously assigned in the quarto to *Couley* (i. e. *Verges*) and in the folio to the *Sexton*. By failure to examine these pre-

fixes carefully Theobald was led to break this speech in two, and has been generally followed [till now]. His reading is:—

“*Verg.* Let them be in the hands—

*Con.* Off, Coxcomb!”

No part of this speech can be the *Sexton's*. He would not have made it, and *Dogberry's* ex-

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come, bind them. — Thou naughty varlet! 70

*Con.* Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? — O, that he were here to write me down, an ass! — But, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and which 80 is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FIVE.

SCENE I. — *Before LEONATO's House.*

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

**A**NTONIO. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;

And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief  
Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,

climation at it shows that the *Sexton* had already gone away. It belongs as a whole to *Conrade*. The abbreviation *Con.* was mistaken for *Cou.* (Couley). Hence

the confusion, which occurs again in l. 71. [*Cambridge* adopts the division as *Malone's*. See Supplementary Notes for a fuller discussion.]

Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
 As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel ;  
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine :  
 Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,  
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
 And bid him speak of patience ; 10  
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
 And let it answer every strain for strain ;  
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :  
 If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
 And, sorrow's wag, cry hem, when he should groan,  
 Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
 With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,  
 And I of him will gather patience.  
 But there is no such man ; for, brother, men 20  
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief  
 Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,  
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
 Would give preceptial medicine to rage,  
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words.  
 No, no ; 't is all men's office to speak patience  
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
 To be so moral when he shall endure 30

<sup>6</sup> *comforter*. Thus the quarto.  
 The folio misprints *comfort*. (w)

<sup>16</sup> *And, sorrow's wag*. Folio  
 and quarto have *And, sorrow,*  
*wagge*, from which sense cannot be  
 extracted, and for which the text  
 is an easy misprint. . . . (w)

[The *Globe* and *Cambridge* edi-  
 tors accept Capell's emendation :  
 " Bid sorrow wag, cry," &c.]

<sup>18</sup> *candle-wasters*. A term ap-  
 plied to those who sat up late at  
 night ; and here plainly meaning  
 midnight roisterers. (w)

The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood ;

For there was never yet philosopher

That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,

However they have writ the style of gods,

And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;

Make those that do offend you suffer too.

40

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,

And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the Prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

*Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*Ant.* Here comes the Prince and Claudio, hastily.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords, —

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord! — well, fare you well,  
my lord : —

Are you so hasty now ? — well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old  
man.

50

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,  
Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him ?

*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou, dissembler, thou. —

<sup>as</sup> advertisement, instruction.  
(w)

<sup>as</sup> push, an old form of " pish."  
(w)

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ;  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.*                Marry, beshrew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear.  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

*Leon.*    Tush, tush, man ! never fleer and jest at me ;  
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;

As, under privilege of age, to brag                                60  
What I have done being young, or what would do,  
Were I not old.    Know, Claudio, to thy head,  
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,  
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,  
And with gray hairs and bruise of many days,  
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child :  
Thy slander hath gone through and through her  
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,  
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,                                70  
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

*Claud.*    My villainy ?

*Leon.*                                Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

*D. Pedro.*    You say not right, old man.

*Leon.*    My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,  
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,  
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

*Claud.*    Away ! I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.*    Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my  
child :

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.*    He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :                                80

But that's no matter ; let him kill one first : —

<sup>66</sup> *fleer*, grin. (R)

<sup>68</sup> *head*, face. (R)

Win me and wear me ; — let him answer me. —  
 Come, follow me, boy ! come, sir boy, come, follow me.  
 Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;  
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother —

*Ant.* Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my  
 niece ;

And she is dead ; slander'd to death by villains,  
 That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. 90  
 Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !

*Leon.* Brother Antony —

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man ! I know  
 them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :  
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,  
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,  
 Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,  
 And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,  
 How they might hurt their enemies — if they durst ;  
 And this is all !

*Leon.* But, brother Antony —

*Ant.* Come, 't is no matter : 100

Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your  
 patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;  
 But, on mine honour, she was charg'd with nothing  
 But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord ! —

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

<sup>94</sup> *foining*, thrusting. (a)

<sup>96</sup> *cog*, cheat. (a)

<sup>94</sup> *Scambling*, scrambling. (a)

<sup>102</sup> Cf. Supplementary Notes.

*fashion-mong'ring boys*. Folio and  
 quarto have *-monging*. (a)

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*Leon.*

No?

Come, brother, away. — I will be heard. —

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exit* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

*D. Pedro.* See, see : here comes the man we went to seek.

*Claud.* Now, Signior, what news?

110

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, Signior : you are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I 120 came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee ; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard : shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. — I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels ; draw to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale. — 130 Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What ! courage, man ! What though care

<sup>108</sup> [*Enter* BENEDICK.] *Benedick* enters here in the old copies, and not just after the brothers go out, as he is usually made to do. It is the more natural and uncon-

strained arrangement. (w) [*Cambridge* adopts the usual order.]

<sup>120</sup> *minstrels*. The allusion is to the bows for stringed instruments.

kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. — I pray you, choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more. 140  
I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain. — I jest not: — I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. — Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 150

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. — Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," 160 said she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay,"

<sup>140</sup> *broke cross*, a tilting phrase.  
Cf. *As You Like It*, III. iv. 41-5.

<sup>143</sup> *turn his girdle*, i. e. get at his sword-hilt. (w) [Wrestlers turned their girdles before engaging; hence the figure.]

<sup>155</sup> *capon*, with a possible pun on a fool's "cap-on," a term of contempt. (x)

<sup>157</sup> *woodcock*, — used for "fool." (x)

said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman:" "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning: there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour 170 together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the prop'rest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, God saw him when 180 he was hid in the garden.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your 190 brother, the Bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [Exit BENEDICK.]

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

<sup>186</sup> Cf. I. i. 268. (2)

*D. Pedro.* And hath challeng'd thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

200

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say my brother was fled?

*Dogb.* Come, you, sir: if Justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be 210 look'd to.

*D. Pedro.* How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one?

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dogb.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; 220 thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done?

202 [*Enter DOGBERRY, &c.*] Here, as on the previous entrance of *Benedick*, the more natural arrangement of the folio has been set aside: in this case, to make *Dogberry* enter and speak at once. (w) [*Cambridge* again sets aside the folio arrangement.]

200 *reasons.* It must be remembered, as in reading *Falstaff's* "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries," that "reason" used to be pronounced as we now pronounce "raisin."

thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence? sixth and lastly, why they are committed? and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your 230 offence?

*Bora.* Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were 240 brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through 250 your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery. —

And fled he is upon this villainy.

<sup>240</sup> *incensed*, inflamed, instigated. Cf. *Richard III.*, III. i. 152, and *Henry VIII.*, V. i. 43. (w)

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear  
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

*Dogb.* Come; bring away the plaintiffs: by this  
time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the <sup>260</sup>  
matter. And, Masters, do not forget to specify, when  
time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes Master Signior Leonato,  
and the Sexton too.

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, and the Sexton.*

*Leon.* Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,  
That when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on  
me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast  
kill'd

Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone. 270

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:  
Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it. —  
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter's death:  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.  
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience,  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;  
Impose me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not, 280  
But in mistaking.

<sup>280</sup> *Art thou the slave.* The folio repeats *thou*, obviously by accident. (w) [Yet the repetition may have been intentional, to express horror. *Cambridge*, as usual, follows the quarto.]

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I ;  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live ;  
That were impossible ; but, I pray you both,  
Possess the people in Messina, here,  
How innocent she died : and, if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,  
And sing it to her bones : sing it to-night. —  
To-morrow morning come you to my house,  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us :  
Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin,  
And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O ! noble sir,  
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.  
I do embrace your offer ; — and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming :  
To-night I take my leave. — This naughty man  
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,  
Hir'd it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not :  
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me ;  
But always hath been just and virtuous,  
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under

<sup>806</sup> pack'd, i. e. compact, combined in [put up to]. So *Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 219. (w)

white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did<sup>310</sup> call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remember'd in his punishment. And also, the Watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

320

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go: I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health.<sup>330</sup> I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. — Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

<sup>331</sup> *God save the foundation.* nevolent institutions or foundations. (w)  
This phrase was used by those who received assistance from be-

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on ; we'll talk with Margaret,  
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — LEONATO'S Garden.

*Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty ?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me ? why, shall I always keep below stairs ?

10

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth ; it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret ; it will not hurt a woman : and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put 20 in the pikes with a vice ; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

[*Exit MARGARET.*]

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

<sup>20</sup> *lewd*, base ; not "licentious."

give thee the victory, — my shield as well as yours. (w)

<sup>8</sup> *style*, plays on "stile." (R)

<sup>21</sup> *vice*, screw for fastening the central pike to the buckler. (R)

<sup>17</sup> *give thee the bucklers*, i. e.

*The god of love,* [Singing.]  
*That sits above,*  
*And knows me, and knows me,*  
*How pitiful I deserve, —*

I mean in singing ; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme ; I have tried : I can find out no rhyme to “ lady ” but “ baby,” an innocent rhyme ; for “ scorn,” “ horn,” a hard rhyme ; for “ school,” “ fool,” a babbling rhyme — very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in 40 festival terms. —

*Enter BEATRICE.*

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call'd thee ?

*Beat.* Yea, Signior ; and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then !

*Beat.* “ Then ” is spoken ; fare you well now : — and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for ; which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss 50 thee.

<sup>26</sup> *The god of love.* Steevens says that this is the beginning of an old ballad by William Elderton. It is printed as prose in folio and quarto. (w)

<sup>28</sup> *carpet-mongers,* drawing-room heroes. (r)

<sup>27</sup> *innocent,* silly. (r)

<sup>40</sup> *for.* The quarto has *nor.* (w) [So *Cambridge*.]

<sup>47</sup> *came for.* Both the old editions [and several recent editors] omit *for*, which was supplied by Rowe. (w)

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

*Bene.* Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 60

*Beat.* For them altogether; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* "Suffer love!" a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed; for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for 70 yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. 80

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question: — why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no

<sup>60</sup> *rheum*, tears. (a)

III., I. iii. 292, and popularly also.

<sup>64</sup> *Worm*. Conscience is personified as a worm in *Richard* (a)

impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin ?

*Beat.* Very ill.

90

*Bene.* And how do you ?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home : it is proved, my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd ; and Don John is the author of all,<sup>100</sup> who is fled and gone. Will you come presently ?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, Signior ?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes ; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato ?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reads.*]

<sup>100</sup> *old coil.* *old* was used as an augmentative ; *coil*, confusion.

<sup>2</sup> *It is, my lord.* This reply is assigned to an attendant *Lord* in folio and quarto. The heading, *Epitaph*, is upon the same line ; but there can be no doubt that

*Claudio* reads the verses which he has brought to hang upon the tomb of his mistress. The lines, *Now unto thy bones, &c.*, which can belong to none but him, have the prefix *Lo[rd]*. (w)

Epitaph.

*Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero that here lies :  
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.  
So the life, that died with shame,  
Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb,  
Praising her when I am dumb. —*

10

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

*Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;  
For the which, with songs of woe,  
Round about her tomb they go.  
Midnight, assist our moan ;  
Help us to sigh and groan,  
Heavily, heavily :  
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered,  
Heavenly, heavenly.*

20

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night !  
Yearly will I do this rite.

<sup>21</sup> *Heavenly, heavenly.* The quarto [followed by the chief recent editors] has, by a misprint which may almost be called obvious, *heavily, heavily* ; the mistake being caused by a supposition that this line was meant for a repetition of the third above.

This is destructive of the fine sense that death is to be uttered (i. e. expelled, outer-ed [vanquished to the utterance] by the power of Heaven. [*Riverside* prints "Heavily, heavily" without comment.]

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Masters : put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about

Dapples the drowsy East with spots of gray.

Thanks to you all, and leave us : fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, Masters : each his several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds ;

30

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds  
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in LEONATO'S House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, Friar, *and* HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

*Leon.* So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her  
Upon the error that you heard debated :  
But Margaret was in some fault for this,  
Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd  
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 10  
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,  
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :  
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour  
To visit me. — You know your office, brother ;  
You must be father to your brother's daughter,  
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, Signior?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me; one of them. — 20  
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio, and the Prince. But what's your will?

*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:  
But, for my will, my will is, your good will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
In the state of honourable marriage: — 30  
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.

[Here comes the Prince, and Claudio.]

*Enter* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with* Attendants.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio:

We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd  
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind were she an Ethiop.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother: here's the Friar ready. [Exit ANTONIO.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter, 40

<sup>33</sup> The folio omits this line. (w)

That you have such a February face,  
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

*Claud.* I think he thinks upon the savage bull. —  
Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,  
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,  
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;  
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,  
And got a calf in that same noble feat 50  
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies, masked.*

*Claud.* For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine. — Sweet, let me see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand  
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy Friar:  
I am your husband if you like of me.

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: 60  
[Unmasking.]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

*Claud.* Another Hero?

*Hero.* Nothing certainer.

<sup>54</sup> White originally followed the folio and the quarto, giving the line to *Leonato*, but afterwards accepted Theobald's change assigning it to *Antonio*, which is

adopted by *Cambridge*. Cf. lines 14-16, above.

<sup>60</sup> *like of me*. For this construction cf. Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, § 177. (2)

One Hero died defil'd ; but I do live,  
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander  
liv'd.

*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify ;  
When after that the holy rites are ended,  
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :  
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,  
And to the chapel let us presently.

70

*Bene.* Soft and fair, Friar. — Which is Beatrice ?

*Beat.* I answer to that name. [*Unmasking.*] What  
is your will ?

*Bene.* Do not you love me ?

*Beat.* Why, no ; no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then, your uncle, and the Prince, and  
Claudio,

Have been deceived : [for] they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me ?

*Bene.* Troth, no ; no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,  
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for so  
me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead for  
me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter. — Then, you do not  
love me ?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

<sup>68</sup> The folio omits *defil'd* . . .  
(w)

<sup>76</sup> The old copies [and recent  
editors, following *Globe* and *Cam-*  
*bridge*] omit *for*. Hanmer in-

serted it for the rhythm, but in  
the folio this speech is printed  
as prose.

<sup>80</sup> *that*. The folio omits *that*  
here and in l. 81, and *such* in l. 82.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her ;  
For here's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

*Bene.* A miracle ! here's our own hands against our  
hearts. — Come, I will have thee ; but, by this light, I  
take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you ; — but, by this good  
day, I yield upon great persuasion, and, partly, to save  
your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace ! I will stop your mouth.

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married  
man ?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, Prince ; a college of wit-  
crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost 100  
thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram ? No : if  
a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing  
handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to  
marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the  
world can say against it ; and therefore never flout at  
me for what I have said against it ; for man is a  
giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. — For thy part,  
Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee ; but, in that  
thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and  
love my cousin. 110

<sup>97</sup> In folio and quarto this  
speech has the prefix *Leon.* ; but  
the error is plain. How was  
*Leonato* to stop *Beatrice's* mouth ?

And why, if *Leonato* stopped it,  
does the Prince immediately ad-  
dress *Benedick* ?

<sup>108</sup> The folio omits *what.* (w)

*Claud.* I had well hop'd thou would'st have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer ; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends. — Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterward. 120

*Bene.* First, of my word ; therefore, play, music. — Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow : I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. — Exeunt.*]



## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

The quarto version may be found in the Quarto Facsimiles and in *Bankside*. Dekker's *O per se O*, mentioned in the Introduction, is the fourth edition of the second part of his "Belman of London."

- I. i. 1. [*Enter LEONATO.*] As White remarks, the insertion of the silent character *Innogen* may be due to the fact that "the name is probably a transcript from the first draft of the play, in making which the author had a plan which he afterward abandoned." This was Theobald's supposition. Furness thinks it was probably a name in the old play Shakespeare may have revised, and that it was allowed to remain through carelessness.
- I. i. 40. *bird-bolt*. This sort of arrow was blunt and was used for stunning, not piercing birds. It was, as White noted, suited only to short distances. The quarto and the folios have *Burbolt*.
- I. i. 44. *Faith*. The folio has an apostrophe, which the quarto and *Cambridge* omit. Elsewhere, in this play, both quarto and folio omit the apostrophe.
- I. i. 49. *he is*. The quarto reading. The folios have *he's*.
- I. i. 58. *stuffing*. There is some difference of opinion as to whether *Beatrice* is still referring to *Benedick's* capacity as an eater. Her wit is so nimble that she is probably not harking back to an old thought—even to one only a moment old. Still less need is there for attributing a gross thought to her. She is probably questioning, for purposes of deception, the essential soundness of *Benedick*—of the man beneath his clothes, as Theobald suggested and Furness maintains.
- I. i. 80. *squarer*. In *Riverside* White, while giving preference to his former interpretation, suggested that Shakespeare might have written "young squire."
- I. i. 88. *he*. So the folio. The quarto, *a*, followed by *Cambridge*, *a'*. From many instances which follow, it will be seen that White's text generally takes the folio for its norm, while *Cambridge* as regularly follows the quarto.
- I. i. 89. *will*. It may not be superfluous to point out that this *messenger* seems to be of some social standing to judge from the tone of his replies to *Beatrice*, and that when he uses *will*, speaking in

the first person, he emphasizes his desire. "I prefer to remain friends with you" seems to be his meaning. Either he will not answer back or he will not report to *Benedick*, or he will do neither.

- I. i. 91. *You'll ne'er*. Folio, *you'l ne're*. Quarto and *Cambridge*, *you will never*.
- I. i. 136. *were*. Explained by Wright as attracted to the subjunctive by 't *were* of l. 135. *wear* has been suggested.
- I. i. 142. *o' God's name*. Both quarto and folio, *a Gods name*. *Cambridge* after Capell, unnecessarily and losing the idiom, *i' God's name*.
- I. i. 145. *Globe* and *Cambridge*, followed by recent editors, adopt Collier's punctuation and make the line read "That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio," &c.
- I. i. 165. Curiously enough, Furness seems to have been the first to note that we have here a plain indication that *Benedick's* raillery against women is assumed.
- I. i. 168. *tyrant*. Probably every reader will feel that the meaning of this word, while not the usual one, is sufficiently clear. Perhaps it may be paraphrased as runner down, depreciator.
- I. i. 196. *Cambridge* prints "Is it come to this? In faith," &c. Pope's placing of the question mark after "faith," which White followed, seems desirable. And, as Furness notes, Pope's retention of the "in faith" of the quarto and folio is very desirable. The elided form is found frequently in the folios, and so White used it here, after Capell. See three lines below, *i' faith*; the old copies, *y faith*.
- I. i. 215. This speech is obscure. Johnson transferred *utter'd* to *Benedick's* next speech. Steevens and Furness see in the *If this were so* an intended evasion by *Claudio*; the first makes *so were it utter'd* refer to the way *Benedick* has blabbed; the second, to the shortness of the answer *Claudio* would have to give to the question *With who?* if he really were in love. Perhaps, however, he means, while half evading the charge, to relieve his feelings by tacking on a clause of confession, intelligible to himself, to wit, that he would like to make as short work in uttering his wishes — to *Hero*.
- I. i. 227. *speak*. There seems no good reason for the general adoption of the quarto reading, *spoke*, yet *Cambridge* adopted it.
- I. i. 240-1. *Benedick's* meaning in his phrases *recheat*, etc., is plainly to allude to the horns of cuckoldry. In his phrase *invisible baldrick*, he means, probably, that he does not wish his shame to be either open (*recheat winded*) or secret (*bugle* hung in an *invisible* belt).
- I. i. 259. Collier disagreed with the mass of commentators by seeing in the *Adam* of this line not a reference to Adam Bell, but to the idea that the first that hits should have the name of the *first man*,

- Adam. Furness thinks this explanation not unlikely. Would not the full name Adam Bell have fitted in euphoniously and naturally if Shakespeare had had it in his mind?
- I. i. 274. *temporize*. Furness, not finding previous explanations satisfactory, suggests *temporize*, become pliant in temper.
- I. i. 283. *sixth of July*, an allusion to "midsummer madness" is here discovered.
- I. i. 287. *farther*. *Cambridge*, returning to the original, has *further*, as often. So *farthest*, II. i. 268. But III. ii. 127, V. i. 232, all texts, *farther*.
- I. i. 294. *any son*. Commentators have accused poor *Claudio* of being mercenary because he asked this question. May he not have done it in a lover's fear, for if *Hero* was *Leonato's* only child, the latter would be all the more loth to give her up?
- I. i. 309-10. White thought that the multiplicity of "ands" caused the skipping of the bracketed words by the printers of the folio.
- I. i. 311. *story*. *string* has been conjectured.
- I. i. 312. *do you*. *Cambridge*, regularly preferring the quarto, *you do*.
- I. i. 317. The explanation given in the footnote is due to Staunton, and is now frequently accepted.
- I. ii. 6. *event*. The quarto and first folio have *events*.
- I. ii. 9. *my*. *Cambridge*, as usual, adopts the quarto, *mine*. The question of the time and place of this and the preceding scene is much complicated by the question how the plot of *Claudio* and *the Prince* should have been so soon reported. Spedding proposed to make a new act begin with this scene. See Furness, who approves of Spedding's reasonable suggestion.
- I. ii. 23. *Cambridge* substitutes the stage-direction, *Enter attendants*, who must be relatives of *Leonato's*.
- I. iii. 1. *good year*. It should be observed that while editors still follow Hanmer's conjectural derivation from an alleged French *goujère*, it is extremely doubtful whether any light has yet been thrown on the origin of this phrase. As *The New English Dictionary* notes, the phrase "What the pox" fits in a singular fashion the passages where "what the good year" appears, but the latter expression seems to be Dutch in origin — "wat goetjaar" or, in French, "que bon heur est cela."
- I. iii. 7. *brings*. The quarto. The folios have *bringeth*.
- I. iii. 52. *And who*. It has been suggested that the repetition of this phrase indicates that *Don John* changes his mind as to the way he will ask his question.
- I. iii. 72. *Would*. White's original text had the apostrophe which is frequently omitted in the folios. Apostrophes have been deleted in II. i. 51 *faith*; II. iii. 79, &c.; II. i. 150 *partridge wing*; II. iii. 177 *bate*; III. iv. 56 *trow*.

- II. i. 30-1. *in the woollen*. Sometimes explained as "between blankets," i. e. without sheets (Steevens). Capell's suggestion, that it means "buried in woollen," i. e. in a woollen shroud, seems more plausible.
- II. i. 32. *on*. Folios, *upon*.
- II. i. 39. *bear-'ard*. *Cambridge* prints *bear-ward*.
- II. i. 46. *for the Heavens*. Much learning has been expended to show that this is a petty oath — but it is probably a mere adverbial phrase of place whither.
- II. i. 61. *an account*. The folios omit *an*.
- II. i. 76-7. *mannerly*, *modest*. *Cambridge* prints *mannerly-modest*. So IV. i. 229. *moving*, *delicate*, *Cambridge* prints *moving-delicate*.
- II. i. 77. *ancientry*. The folio prints *aunchentry*, i. e. ancient dignity.
- II. i. 79. *sink*. Folio, *sinkes*. The quarto, *sinks*.
- II. i. 96-9. In *Cambridge* these lines are printed as prose.
- II. i. 141. *pleasee*. So the quarto. Folios, *pleaseth*.
- II. i. 180-1. The reference seems to be to the well-known practice of witches in making images melt. *Blood* is probably equivalent to "passion," but the figure is obscure and perhaps the reader will come as near the poet's meaning without annotation as he will with it. In l. 182 *accident* is used where to-day we should say "incident."
- II. i. 189. *Count*. The quarto, followed by recent editors, after *Cambridge*, reads *County*, which means "Count." So in l. 359. Cf. *County Paris* in *Romeo and Juliet*.
- II. i. 190. *of*. Folio, *off*. The phrase means "In what fashion will you wear the garland?" Or can *off* be used much as in the phrase *set off*? The quarto, *of*.
- II. i. 195. *drover*. Rowe's reading. *Cambridge* returned to the folio *drovier*.
- II. i. 202. *If it will not be*. *it* here has been explained as equivalent to "fate," with "as I would have it" supplied. But perhaps *Claudio*, suspecting that his companion has no intention of leaving him, says that in that case he will do the leaving. The whole speech is puzzling. Cf. below, note on l. 208.
- II. i. 207. *but so I am apt*. *Benedick* retracts his admission just made.
- II. i. 208. *base*, *though bitter*. The text as it stands is fairly unintelligible.
- II. i. 231. *bird's*. *Cambridge* abandoned this reading of Rowe's and read both here and in l. 224 *birds'* (original, *birds*), which is necessitated by the next line, unless in the one case the mother-bird is meant, in the other her offspring.
- II. i. 244. *and that*. *Cambridge* omits *and*, following the quarto.
- II. i. 262. *follow*. Pope's reading. *Cambridge* returns to the origi-

- nal follows. In *Cambridge*, *Hero* and *Leonato* are added to the stage-direction, which follows l. 263.
- II. i. 280. *a while*. So the folio. The quarto and *Cambridge*, *awhile*. White regularly writes *a while*, e. g. IV. i. 201, 204, even where folio and quarto, *awhile*.
- II. i. 296. *civil*, *Count*. Theobald's reading. *Cambridge*, following quarto and the folios, *civil count*.
- II. ii. 25. *stals*. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. 101 for a note on this equivalent of "harlot."
- II. ii. 33. *Don*. So the quarto. The folios have *on*.
- II. ii. 36. *as*. So both quarto and folios, inside the parenthesis. *Cambridge* follows Capell and puts *as* outside of the dashes used. *in love*. So the quarto. The folios have *in a love*.
- II. ii. 48. *truth*. So the quarto. The folios have *truths*.
- II. ii. 54. *you*. So the quarto. The folios have *thou*. Furness thinks that possibly *thou* indicates that *Borachio*, after he has become a fellow conspirator with *Don John*, fancies that he has the right to employ the more familiar pronoun.
- II. iii. 1. Stage-direction *Garden*. *Cambridge* restored *Orchard*. Cf. l. 4. So for III. i.
- II. iii. 6. [*Exit Boy*] in *Cambridge* properly follows "again." There is, as Furness notes, a jest intended here. The *Boy* says, *I am here already*, meaning that he will be back in a jiffy. *Benedick* takes him literally.
- II. iii. 34. *I*. So the quarto. Omitted by the folios. *noble* and *angel* (35) constitute a jest, the former coin being worth less than the latter — 6s. 8d. as compared with 10s.
- II. iii. 38. *Cambridge* omits *Balthazar* and makes him enter at l. 43. As to the much-disputed question who *Jacke Wilson* was see Furness' long and interesting note. Perhaps he was the composer, John Wilson, later Professor of Music at Oxford. White in his original note favoured this view.
- II. iii. 43. *kid-fox*. *hid fox* is due to Warburton. Furness tends to approve this reading. *penny-worth*, i. e. more than he wants (Furness).
- II. iii. 59. *Note notes*. *Cambridge* has a comma after *Nota*.
- II. iii. 61. *sheep's guts*. Both quarto and folio, *sheepes guts*. *Cambridge*, *sheeps' guts*.
- II. iii. 72. *mo*. The folio and *Cambridge* spell *mos*.
- II. iii. 84. *night-raven*. No one seems to know what bird is meant. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, l. 7.
- II. iii. 95. *O, ay*. The old copies, as usual, *O I*.
- II. iii. 157. *but make*. *Cambridge* as usual adopts the quarto *make but*.
- II. iii. 172. *he*. So the folio. The quarto, *a*, and *Cambridge*, *a'*. Cf. l. 192.

- II. iii. 185. *'Fore*. Cambridge adopts the quarto *Before*.
- II. iii. 188. This line is given to *Claudio* in the quarto, and Cambridge as usual follows the quarto.
- II. iii. 193. *he must*. Rowe's reading, and so usually the folio in this play, as in next line; but here both quarto and folio, a. Cambridge, a'. So III. ii. 41. *he brushes his hat o' mornings*; both quarto and folio, a *brushes his hat a mornings*. III. ii. 49. *he rubs*; quarto and folio, a *rubs*. But elsewhere, to indicate the dialect of persons of inferior rank, White's text uses a' for a of the old copies. White justified his substitution of *he* for *a* in the mouths of the more dignified characters by the belief that he was carrying out the intentions of the editors of the folio.
- II. iii. 223. *full bent*, a term used in archery, meaning that the bow is bent till the head of the arrow touches it.
- III. i. 12. *propose*. In his original note White admitted that instances of the use of "purpose" in the sense of conversation could be found.
- III. i. 42. *wrestle*. Quarto and folios have *wrastle*. *with affection* — "An instance of the absorption of the definite article: 'wi th' affection'" (Furness).
- III. i. 61. *spell him backward*. Witches spelled names and read prayers backward.
- III. i. 63. *antio*. The folio has *anticks*; the quarto, *antiquis*. Cambridge as usual reverts to the quarto reading. Perhaps a distorted figure is meant, or a buffoon.
- III. i. 72. For the redundant *not both for and nor* have been suggested. Perhaps a dash after *not* might help. *from all fashions* is of course equivalent to "unconventional."
- III. i. 94-5. The punctuation of the old copies and Cambridge has been substituted for that of White's original, as being better.
- III. i. 101. *every day*; — *to-morrow*. Various explanations have been given of this passage. Herford sees in it a jesting reply to *Ursula's* ambiguous question — Every day after to-morrow *Hero* will be a married woman. Others take *every day* to mean *immediately, without delay*.
- III. ii. 39. *appear*. So the quarto. The folios have *to appear*.
- III. ii. 61. *Conclude*. Cambridge as usual accepts the quarto reading *conclude, conclude*.
- III. ii. 84. Capell conjectured that this line belongs to *Claudio*.
- III. ii. 102. *has*. So the quarto. The folios, *hath*.
- III. iii. 11. *Oatcake*. Both quarto and folio, *Oto-cake*, and Cambridge, *Otecake*. *Seacoal*. Folio, *Sea-coals*; quarto, *Sea-cole*; Cambridge, *Seacole*. So l. 13, and v. 61.
- III. iii. 24. *lanthorn*. Quarto and folio, *lanthorne*. Cambridge spells *lantern*.

- III. iii. 36. *talk*. The quarto has *to talk*, adopted in *Cambridge*.
- III. iii. 45. *those*. So the quarto. The folios have *them*.
- III. iii. 87. *Ha, ha, ha!* Both quarto and folio, *Ha, ah ha*; and so *Cambridge*, *Ha, ah, ha! an'*. The quarto and folios, *and*, as often, for *an*. The apostrophe is unnecessary.
- III. iii. 129. *year*. So the quarto. The folios have *years*.
- III. iii. 135. *sometime*. The quarto and the folios have *sometimes*, which is accepted in *Cambridge*, although it reads, ll. 137 and 138, after the old copies, *sometime*.
- III. iv. 19-20. *skirts round, under-borne, &c.* The old copies and *Cambridge*, *skirts, round underborne, &c.*
- III. iv. 30. *saving your reverence*. *Cambridge* encloses in quotation marks with a husband.
- III. iv. 43. *burthen*. The usual spelling of White's text, as *burden* is in the *Cambridge* text. In this case, quarto and folio, *burden*.
- III. iv. 44. *Yea*. *Cambridge* returned to the *Ye* of the quarto and the folios.
- III. iv. 66. *it*. Furness notes that *it* refers to *apprehension* used in the sense of "seeing clearly." I. e. the speech alludes to the deception practised on *Beatrice*.
- III. v. 34. *have*. *Cambridge* prints *ha'* (quarto, *ha*).
- III. v. 52. *may appear*. *Cambridge* follows the quarto in reading *it may appear*.
- IV. i. 22. *ha! ha! he!* So the folios. *Cambridge* follows the quarto, *ah, ha, he!* Cf. III. iii. 87.
- IV. i. 49. *you'll*. This is Pope's reading for the sake of the metre. *Cambridge* retains the *you will* of the quarto and the folios.
- IV. i. 57. *Dian*. The quarto and the two earlier folios have *Diane*.
- IV. i. 87. *are you*. So the quarto. The folios have *you are*.
- IV. i. 96. *spoken*. The quarto has *spoke*, adopted by *Cambridge*.
- IV. i. 144-6. *Sir, sir . . . to say*. Prose in the quarto and the folios.
- IV. i. 153. *two Princes*. This is the quarto text. The folio has *princes*.
- IV. i. 168. *tenor*. In the quarto and the folios, *tenure*.
- IV. i. 225. *Th' idea*. *Cambridge*, as often, has *The idea*.
- IV. i. 229. *moving, delicate*. *Cambridge*, *moving-delicate*.
- IV. i. 289. Furness approves Allen's suggested punctuation: "As strange as—the thing I know not." It seems a very happy one, as, indeed, do many of Allen's suggestions.
- IV. i. 275. *by it*. The quarto omits this phrase, and is followed by *Cambridge*.
- IV. i. 315. *Counities*. White's note on this word continues as follows: "It occurs several times in Shakespeare's works, though

much less frequently than 'Count.' This is the only instance of the plural. In the quarto of this play the orthography is always *county* or *counts*, which is in the folio altered to *Count* in every instance but this."

- IV. i. 333. *I leave*. So the quarto. The folios omit *I*.
- IV. ii. 26. *ear, sir: I*. The old copies, *ear sir, I*. *Cambridge* punctuates *ear: sir, I*.
- IV. ii. 50. *by th' mass*. So the folios. The quarto omits *th'*, and is followed by *Cambridge*.
- IV. ii. 67. In the Supplementary Notes to his First Edition White wrote: "When the Note on this passage was written, I had forgotten, or had not observed, that Theobald made the same distribution of the text [except for a comma]. He, however, gave no reasons for his decision." Theobald (1733, 1740) seems to have attributed the line as a whole to *Conrade*, and so Hanmer (1744) but with the change *Let us* for *Let them*. Warburton (1747) divided the line and read: Sexton. *Let them be in hand*. *Conr. Off, coxcomb!* and Capell (1760): Ver. *Let them be in bands*. *Con. Off, coxcomb!* Similarly, Steevens (1793): Ver. *Let them be in band*— *Con. Off, coxcomb*. Malone's (1790, 1821) reading is adopted by *Cambridge*. *Very. Let them be in the hands*— *Con. Off, coxcomb!* *Cambridge* thinks the first words may be a corruption of a stage-direction.
- IV. ii. 81. *in Messina*. The quarto has *is in Messina*, and is followed by *Cambridge*.
- V. i. 7. *do*. So the quarto. The folios have *doth*.
- V. i. 63. *mins*. So the quarto. The folios have *my*.
- V. i. 65. *gray*. The old copies and *Cambridge* spell *gray*. So V. iii. 27.
- V. i. 96. *anticy*. *antiquely* in the originals, and so *Cambridge*.
- V. i. 97. *off*. The quarto and the folios have *of*.
- V. i. 102. *wake your patience*. A puzzling passage, not yet well explained.
- V. i. 106-7. *No? Come . . . heard*. The old copies and *Cambridge* print as one line. The question mark after *No* is Capell's.
- V. i. 114. *liks*. The quarto and first folio have *likt*.
- V. i. 228. *Whom*. So the three later folios. The quarto and the first folio, followed by *Cambridge*, *Who*.
- V. i. 269-70. *Art . . . child*. So the quarto. Printed as prose in the first three folios.
- V. i. 337-8. The arrangement as verse is due to Pope.
- V. ii. 10. *keep below stairs*. It is hardly necessary to explain that this means "be always a servant."
- V. ii. 24. In *Cambridge*, *Exit MARGARET* is transferred to the next line.

- V. ii. 33. *names*. The first two folios have *name*.
- V. ii. 36. *it in*. The first two folios omit *in*.
- V. ii. 61. *altogether*. The quarto, folio, and *Cambridge*, all together.
- V. ii. 79. *monument*. So the quarto. The folios have *monuments*, which seems to militate against Herford's explanation that *monument* is used in the sense of memory.
- V. iii. 9-10. In his second edition White failed to follow *Cambridge* in making *Claudio* speak rather than read these lines. Furness prefers this division without noticing that White had anticipated him.
- V. iii. 16-17. One line in the originals.
- V. iii. 22-3. One line in the originals.
- V. iii. 32. *speeds*. So the quarto and first folio. The later folios, *speed*. *Cambridge*, after Thirlby and Theobald, *speed's*, i. e. speed us.
- V. iv. 16. [*Exeunt Ladies*.] Placed after l. 12 in *Cambridge*.
- V. iv. 50. *And got*. The first two folios have *A got*.
- V. iv. 52. *come*. The originals have *comes*, which is accepted in *Cambridge*. The stage-direction *Enter ANTONIO, &c.*, follows this line in *Cambridge*.
- V. iv. 70. *Mean time*. Printed as one word in *Cambridge*. So I. i. 275; iii. 37, &c.
- V. iv. 97. *Cambridge* inserts the direction [*Kissing her*].
- V. iv. 102. *he*. The originals have *a*, and *Cambridge*, *a'*.

Alterations in White's Text

- I. i. 58. The period after *stuffing* has been changed to a comma, and *Well* altered to *well*. (Theobald's corrections.)
- II. i. 39. *be'r'-ard* changed to *bear'-ard*.
- III. i. 94-5. Semicolon after *Madam*, changed to comma, and comma after *fancy* to colon.
- V. iv. 54. *Leon*. changed to *Ant*.











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